

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

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## ALONG THE PICTURED ROCKS.



AN INDIAN GRAVEYARD.

IT is nearly two hundred and fifty years since the white man first set foot on the Upper Michigan peninsula, and a little over two hundred since he made a settlement there. The first comers were missionaries and fur-traders, and it did not take them long to map the coast-lines of the region; but, outside of

the two or three places along shore where missionary stations were established, no settlements were made until comparatively recent times. The interior was an unknown region to all save the hunter and trapper until within a very few years. During the last days of 1882 the Detroit, Mackinac, and Mar-

quette Railroad, triangulating the peninsula by running from St. Ignace at the straits to Marquette on Lake Superior, a hundred and fifty miles distant, was opened to travel, and now tourists follow the iron horse through the heart of the hitherto mysterious woods, and from the new towns, fairly bristling with the stumps of recently-felled trees, that are here and there met with on the way, they can make little side-journeys to limpid streams, clear lakes, or gloomy woods, where trout, bass, or deer may often be found in astonishing numbers.

It was over this road that the Judge, the Greek Professor, and the writer hereof were whirled on a sunny day in June, 1883, on their way to find the ideal land for the summer resting. At St. Ignace we had heard that mosquitoes and other insects were uncommonly bad in the interior, by reason of the unprecedented rainfall of the season; and so, at the Judge's suggestion, we determined to go to the region of the Pictured Rocks and tarry on some wind-swept bit of highland till the insect season was fairly over, when we would return to the interior and carry out our original purpose of spending some weeks fishing in the numerous trout-streams there to be found.

At Munising Station our party left the train for a four-mile ride down to another Munising, which is on Munising Bay. The Judge, who has an aptitude for getting names wrong, had inquired of the conductor the distance to "Money-sing," whereat the Professor laughed immoderately, and even the oaken countenance of the conductor puckered into a grin as he gave the required information; but by the time we returned to the station the joke ceased to amuse. The Munisingers found more music in our money than was good for our pockets, and not even the Professor found any fun in the Judge's *Money-sing*.

The south shore of Lake Superior for a great distance is walled in with a soft friable sandstone which the early geologists assigned to the Potsdam period. This wall stood out to sea much farther at one time than it does now, and has been

weathered back to its present line. In the progress of this weathering, an island, eight miles long and half as many wide, has been left standing out in the lake, and a narrow, irregularly-shaped bay curves between it and the mainland. To this island the Ojibwas applied their generic *Munesink*, "the island," doubtless because it was by all odds the largest island in that region. For a like reason the early French discoverers named it and the two or three islets in its vicinity "Les Grandes Isles," and *Grand Island* the large one is to this day. The *Munesink* of the red man, softened into *Munising* by the white, has been found a convenient name for all the villages in that immediate neighborhood. As we have seen, the railroad-station is *Munising*, though the post-office, transferred from *Munising* on the bay to this place while we were at the Rocks, was burdened with the meaningless name of *Floeter*. Think of it! Such a name to be given, when the very streams and rocks and trees of the region are redolent of aboriginal names!

The first of the *Munisings* is the one established by the Indians, and it still survives. It is on the bay shore, and a mile and a half east of it is "Old *Munising*,"—old mainly because no one makes a permanent home within its precincts. A mineral spring gushing from the hill-side hinted to some one, in the early ages of *Munising* history, that there would be money in a summer resort located there, and so that Some One built houses and advertised the healing properties of the waters, the excellent fishing and hunting, to say nothing of the grand scenery and the salubrity of the summer climate; but guests came not, and the place was abandoned. Of late years a party of Chicagoans have taken possession during the summer months, and find rest and recreation; but on their departure the doors are nailed fast, and the place is left in possession of the village cows and the wild deer that go there to lick. Between this "Old *Munising*" and the Indian town, a mile from the former and half that distance from the latter, is *Muni-*

sing,—the Munising of the maps, the Munising at the end of the road,—the place to which we were now bound.

Jo met us at the station, and at once proposed to carry us and our impedimenta to Munising, four miles distant, for fifty cents each,—which was cheap enough. Jo is a "French Canadian,"—as indeed many of those living hereabout are,—and he is a talkative one at that. He drives one horse to his cumbersome wagon, over a splendid dirt-road that runs up and down picturesque hills covered with impenetrable thickets, out of which occasionally grow maples and birches of great size, which the charcoal wood-cutters of former years have passed by.

Jo entertained us that day with a bear-story. He told of a bear that one day, on this very road, trotted by the side of his wagon, and at last "set up," when he shot at it with his revolver; and as he told the story he peered into the thicket as if he expected a bear to walk right out at any moment and "set up" to be shot at for the amusement of his passengers. The Judge and the Professor evidently expected as much, for the former slipped the case off his Ballard, and, after inserting a cartridge, carefully wiped his spectacles, in accordance with a never-failing custom of his when he thinks game is around, while the latter fished up from the cavernous depths of an old-fashioned carpet-bag a prodigiously old single-barrelled pistol, which he declared would "shoot a bear's head off." Jo was not prepared for such a warlike demonstration. No doubt many a traveller before that had limbered up shot-gun or rifle at the recital of this same bear-story; but the sight of the terrible pistol, accompanied by its owner's certificate of its beheading powers, as well as sundry reckless flourishings and pointings by him, was too much for the driver, and, giving his horse a sharp cut with the whip, after a few turns of the cumbersome wheels he said we had passed the place where bears were to be seen. The Professor thereupon uncapped his gun and returned it to its place of safety, and then

Jo's amiable garrulity returned. The remainder of the way he occupied in detailing to the Professor the skill he had once shown in evading the payment of revenue while engaged in an illicit whiskey trade, and in combating what he considered that gentleman's mistaken notions concerning the moral aspects of the case.

Munising Station is three hundred and sixteen feet above the lake's level, and fully a third of that is descended immediately before reaching the bay. If the traveller who for the first time finds himself at the brow of that hill is favored with an unclouded sky and a fogless atmosphere, as we were, it will occur to him, if it has not done so before, that he is in a pre-eminently picturesque region. In the embrace of the two arms of the bay, which nowhere are over two miles in width, lies Grand Island, clothed in perpetual green. Along its exposed edge the white shaft of a light-house may be seen outlined against the green foliage in the background. On the narrow, ribbon-like bit of level land lying between the beach and the foot of the sylvan hills, two or three white cottages repose, and, looking up either arm of the bay between island and mainland, the vision is bounded by the distant vanishing line marking the union of ascending waters and descending skies. At the foot of the high hill on whose brow we are standing reclines sleepy little Munising. Once, no doubt, it was wide awake enough, for there, leaning against the hill's side, is an old and decaying iron-furnace. There was a time, and that not so far gone by, either, when yonder wharf received from barge and steamer great loads of iron ore, sent from the Negaunee mines; when the air resounded with the shouts of busy men; when the smoke from the kilns, which stand in a row on the hill-side like mammoth hives, hung over lowland and bay; when the furnaces glowed and the red flames leaped from the throats of these now leaning chimneys; but all is silent now. The outgo was more than the income, and the enterprise fell through.

Village and furnace and kilns and thousands of surrounding acres were turned over to distant mortgagees, who have most likely long since written on the wrong side of the profit-and-loss columns in their ledger-books the sums loaned on that security. Most of the inhabitants of the busy days have moved elsewhere, and those that have come to take their places and those that have remained are simply "staying." The greater number are fishermen during the summer, one tends store, Jo drives the hack, one or two make a pretence of farming, and a few wait around for something to turn up. During the fall and winter seasons nearly every man turns hunter.

Hard by the old furnace a limpid stream brawls over its rocky bed, and if the visitor will pick his way along its spongy margin, through brushy thickets and up the deep and somewhat narrow gorge which the stream itself has worn in the sandstone, he will soon come to the end, and, looking upward, will see about forty feet above him the water pouring over the rim of the rock wall to fall in a shower of spray at his feet.

The Judge had visited the Pictured Rocks the previous summer, and he advised sailing for Miner's Creek, the first proposed camping-ground, at once. This was about six miles east of Munising, and it was the first place after entering into the region of the Pictured Rocks where a landing and a camp could be made. John Clark, an Indian preacher, was employed to procure a boat and sail us out; and while he was hunting for the boat we strolled to the Indian village and took a peep at the inhabitants and their cabins. The Judge was recognized at once as a former visitor, and there ensued much handshaking and many inquiries after health. My camera received great attention. All wanted pictures, and I could scarcely get an unobstructed view of the little houses for the inhabitants. There are some ten or twelve cabins, which house about seventy souls. The most distinctively Indian aspect of the place is the undisturbed condition of the smaller

timber and underbrush that grows in the town. There were no streets, no alleys, no lots. Winding trails led from cabin to cabin and from cabin to bay; and, while every villager could hear every other villager's dog bark or cock crow, from the door-sills of no more than two or three cabins could another's house be seen. The village was in ambush.

These Indians are a remnant of the once numerous tribe of Ojibwas or Chippewas. They are generally somewhat undersized, mild, inoffensive, and thriftless. They have been brought under the influence of Christianity, and, apparently, are more rigid in their observance of the Christian precepts than are most white Christians. On our return we remained in Munising over Sunday, and the Judge, finding his laundried linen running short, went to Eliza, an Indian laundress, who, after hearing his story, agreed to do the work for him, telling him, however, that she did it because she considered it a work of necessity. When he went after his linen she refused all reward for her labor, saying, "I never take pay for Sunday work."

Clark having procured a boat, it did not take us long to transfer our chests, containing provisions, cooking-utensils, blankets, etc., necessary for a fortnight's stay in the wilderness, from the wharf to the boat, when, lifting our sails to the afternoon breeze, we were soon sailing eastward down the bay in high feather.

A mile-and-a-half run brought us to Sand Point, a long spit of sand-beach projecting into the bay, back of which point is a spot dedicated to Indian sepulture. Numerous flag-staffs were to be seen, from one of which a white flag was fluttering in the breeze, and from others shreds and streamers, the remains of flags. Our Indian skipper was appealed to for an explanation, but all he could say was, "The Indians have their customs, and putting flags over the graves of their dead is one of them." The custom is a survival of savagery,—one which Longfellow doubtless referred to when he wrote,—



Flags on graves and great war-captains,  
Grasping both the earth and heaven.

Directing our boatman to land, we visited this home of the dead. Parallel ridges of sand, three to five feet high and thirty to fifty broad,—a common feature up to a certain altitude along the south shore of Lake Superior, and evidently cast up by the waves at a time when the lake's level was much higher than it is now,—lie some distance back from the present shore-line, and in one of these the dead are buried. Over each

some covering of wooden box or cedar bark had been placed, and at the head of most a flag-staff stood, and at some was planted a round post and at others a board; but not a letter had been painted or graved to tell the name of a single sleeper.

Returning to our boat, we rounded Sand Point, and shortly thereafter came to the outliers of the Pictured Rocks. The strip of low land in which the Indian village and Munising and Old Munising and the graveyard, and also a camp-meeting-ground still east of the



THE OLD FURNACE.

graveyard, are located, soon narrows to a point after passing Sand Point, and thence on to Miner's Creek the shore is bounded by impassable cliffs. The first notable object claiming our attention was a huge buttress that rose sheer from the water's edge eighty feet high, and which at a distance challenged the belief that it was the remains of some Cyclopean structure of a past age. Two of these buttresses were to be seen, the Judge said, last year, and John Clark explained that one of them had fallen last spring,—"been struck by lightning," he thought. John gazed thoughtfully at

the jagged rocks that marked the place whence the buttress had fallen, and then volunteered this legend:

"That was Hiawatha's rock. It was a custom among our people for a young woman to signalize her entrance into the state of womanhood by retiring to some secluded place in the woods and camp for a definite period alone. Her movements were secret and to an obscure place, for were a young man, purposely or otherwise, to cross her trail while so encamped, woe be to him, for itchings, swelling, sores, and other abominations would attack him in the

feet and legs; and if he were to discover the place of her concealment a worse fate than that, even, would befall him. Merciful maidens sought for the most secluded camping-grounds, and one notably merciful was Hiawatha's niece. Hiawatha had two nieces, according to the tradition, one of whom was a pattern of piety and tender-heartedness. When the time came for her to retire to the solitudes, she walked so close to the water's edge that no young man could cross her trail, and she climbed to the almost inaccessible summit of the great jutting rock which had so recently fallen, and there encamped her allotted time. On her return to her people she was received with rejoicings, and the place of her camping was ever after held in remembrance by the Ojibwas," who for some unexplained reason connected it with the uncle's name instead of the niece's.

This legend, though not very striking, brought forcibly to our minds that we were on classic ground. Along the base of these very cliffs Hiawatha had paddled his canoe; in the vicinity of the Ahmeek-we-se-pe, the Beaver Creek to which we are ultimately bound, the cunning Pau-puk-keewis was made ten times larger than the other beavers; and a little farther on, at Nagow Wudjoo, — the great sand-hills, — old Sagoo, the chief of red-men liars, had his wigwam.

Succeeding Hiawatha's Rock came a long line of rock-wall, the top of which was covered by a growth of orchard-shaped trees which at irregular intervals sent trailing down the rock-wall long vine-like branches, and at a distance of half a mile away the illusion was perfect that there stood an old sea-wall, on the landward side of which was once a great city whose ruins were now overgrown with a rugged forest. This sea-wall appearance extends a mile or more down the lake, and is succeeded by a series of nearly perpendicular cliffs, many of which rise a hundred feet above the water. In these cliffs' sides niches, recesses, and narrow shelves frequently appear at varying heights, where

grasses, flowers, and even dwarfed shrubs find root-hold and live. Between the joints in the rocks the seeping waters never fail, and at intervals down the sloping sides of worn-back walls foaming rivulets gleam like silver threads as they glide from the summit down to the lake. At the base of the cliffs the water is of varying depth, and under the shadow of the great rocks it has on clear days an exquisitely beautiful greenish tint. Deep or shallow, the voyager can always see on the stony floor of the lake beneath him great angular blocks of sandstone, lying in confused heaps, that have fallen from the walls above. The grinding forces of nature are ever at work on these rocks. Along the water-line great holes, caverns, grottoes, and arched ways have been worn into the walls by the ever-restless waters, and at the calmest times the dip and drip and flow and reflow, as the waters play in and out of the holes and caves, is ever heard, while, if a sea be on, the waves pouring into the rock-bound chambers that abound all along the walls of pictured sandstone boom like the ocean.

The next and last object of interest before reaching Miner's Creek is Castle Rock, a sharply-rounded promontory rising one hundred and forty feet above the lake's surface. This is a noted point, and at a distance presents a striking resemblance to a mediæval castle with its turrets and towers, its bastions and battlements, and hence its name Castle Rock. Rounding Castle Rock, we come to the mouth of Miner's Creek. Here there is a gap in the "rock-ribbed hills," the land dropping down to an altitude of about forty feet above the lake's level. This is a triangular gap of low land, with each of its three sides rather more than a mile in length. Along the lake-side is as pretty a beach of white sand as can anywhere be found, where agates and carnelians may occasionally be picked up. Miner's Creek is so called from the fact that during the early days of copper- and iron-mining, farther up the lake, the miners, coasting along shore on their journeys to and from the mining regions, never failed to

camp at this place. The Ojibwa name of the stream, *Kee-che-kah-sah'-pe-kah-se-pe*, meaning, John Clark said, "Big Ravine River," like most other Indian names in this region has not been able to hold its own against the white man's more prosaic one. On the west side of the triangular gap the creek meanders, and behind it and also on the east side of the gap are cliffs, rugged and impracticable in some places, and weathered down in others till the deer can ascend and descend. At the angle farthest from the lake, which is where the creek enters the triangle, the two ranges of hills, failing to unite, are prolonged in an angle at first widening and next diminishing to a point of union, and lying in the oval-shaped valley between, but much less than it, is a small deep lake, abounding in pike and much frequented during the summer months by deer. Where the two hills unite, the creek pours over, making what is known to the few persons who have from time to time visited it as "Miner's Creek Falls."

Above the falls nature is in her wildest garb. Through the primeval woods the stream has worn a deep channel in the rock, thirty feet deep just above, and extending up stream I know not how far. Two miles up is another fall of forty feet, and to the ravine through which the stream runs a part at least of the way between the two we are indebted for the Indians' *Kee-che-kah-sah'-pe-kah-se-pe*,—a name which, long as it is, ought to be fixed to these beautiful falls. Down the ravine and over the broken rocks the waters swirl and rush to the brink of the precipice, which they leap, over a crescent-shaped rim bowing outward, to the valley below. This rim is a continuation of a huge columnar buttress that swells outward from the middle down to its broad base, and the white sheet of falling water striking below where the enlargement begins breaks into foam and runs in snow-white streams down to the broad pool at the base, presenting to the spectator a picture of unequalled beauty. A thin veil of mist ever rises and vanishes amid the leafy branches of the

birches, hemlocks, and maples that crown the walls above, while against the left bank of the pool at the foot of the fall, and extending some distance up the hill of *débris* that rises at the side of it, a strong current of air setting in from the descending stream perpetually blows a cloud of frosty mist, which nourishes a rank growth of moss.

With the green trees all around, with the rock-walls water-worn and moss-grown, with the hill-sides green with clinging shrubs, with the pouring, leaping, foaming waters, with the mist-cloud ever vanishing skyward, and, above all, with the everlasting solitude here seemingly personified, *Kee-che-kah-sah'-pe-kah-se-pe Falls* are more to be admired than the far-famed *Minnehaha*.

The boatman who descends the little lake in the valley will generally hear at his right a noise sounding like an approaching shower falling amid leafy woods; and if he will land his boat and follow the sound to its source, he will find one of the most charming cascades he ever saw. Imagine a great dome a hundred feet in diameter, with its roof in the centre sixty feet from the floor and descending on all sides, and the floor ascending likewise to the walls. Cut this dome in two from top to bottom, and one of the halves will represent the scene of this cascade. It measured fifty-one feet from the pool that received the falling stream back to the walls which upheld the great roof of rock capped with soil and trees, and an amphitheatre was thus formed of grand proportions. At the foot of the rising floor of the amphitheatre a spring of cool water bubbles up, and along the outer line of the opening grew thick beds of as green and delicate ferns as I ever saw. As we stood beneath the vaulted roof, and looked out toward the evening sun, which shone through a rift in the trees, the descending water sparkling and flashing as it broke into ten thousand drops in mid-air, the waving ferns at our feet, the two lines of high rock-wall receding in a widening angle, and the rampant trees growing among the huge blocks of sandstone that have

fallen into the valley between, presented a scene wild and romantic in the extreme, and one never to be forgotten.

The backbone of the Upper Peninsula, beginning about ten miles west of Munising Station and extending thence eastwardly about sixty miles, at from five to ten miles from the lake-shore, is made of Pictured Rock sandstone, and constitutes the water-shed for that distance between the two great lakes, Superior and Michigan. The streams that rise in spring on this highland and flow north into Superior necessarily are not true rivers, although it is quite common in that region to speak of them as such. Most of them before entering the lake scale the sandstone cliffs, thus making this a region of cascades and waterfalls. On the opposite side of the divide the waters, gathering into a dozen streams, glide sluggishly down the southern slope through heavy pine forests, and, uniting in one stream, form the Manistique,—the Ojibwa *O-nom-i-ne-tig*,—which discharges into Lake Michigan. All the streams flowing from this divide, south or north, abound in brook-trout.

This sandstone ridge is the home of a remarkable forest of hard-wood timber, interspersed with frequent white pines, generally of large size. The beech, the birch, the maple, the hornbeam, the basswood, grow in profusion, but not so large as the like species in Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, and none of the timber is as tall as it grows in the Lower Peninsula. I know of no place east of the Rocky Mountains where the hard-wood forest may be seen in all its unhewn glory as here. The traveller may follow the runways of the deer for miles and miles and never see the hack of an axe.

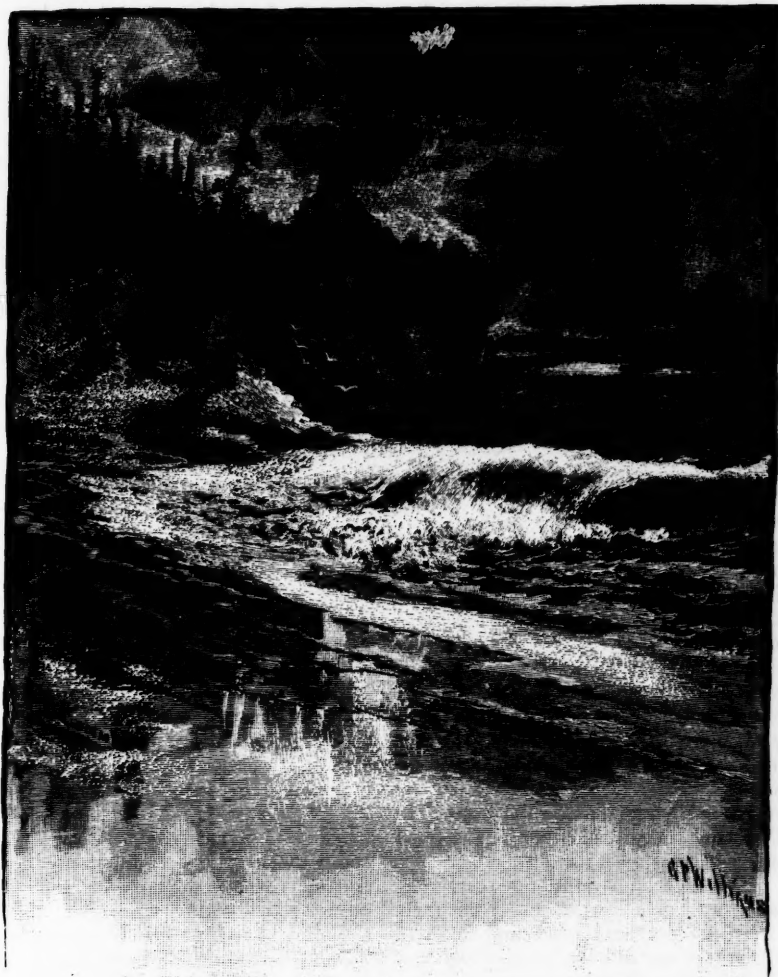
We returned to our landing at Miner's Creek. Clouds of mosquitoes met us as we stepped ashore, and at the site of an old camping-ground hard by our tent site three hedgehogs ambled off to the brush. Many tracks of deer and a few of foxes were seen in the paths. The tracks we hailed as a good omen, the hedgehogs we viewed with indifference, but the mosquitoes brought us misery that was unendurable. They

were in myriads, and the Professor writing home to his wife solemnly assured her that we had to "cut paths through their ranks to go from boat to camping-grounds;" and I am not going to gainsay him.

Our camp was delightfully located on high ground overlooking the water, where we hoped a lake breeze would blow the pests away; but our hope failed us. No man slept during our first night there, save the Indian. He, wrapping his head in a blanket, lay down to pleasant dreams, while we made smudges, anointed our hands and faces with "mosquito medicine," fought mosquitoes, and were glad when day broke.

It had been our intention to remain here a week or ten days, and then sail down to Beaver Creek, beyond the eastern extremity of the Rocks, and stop there as much longer, hunting, fishing, and exploring. But, now that we found mosquitoes swarming all about us, we were ready to re-embark and sail to any quarter where there was a prospect of relief. John Clark returned to Munising, as he had to set out in a day or so for Manistique to perform jury-service, he said, and we waited for some one to come along who would undertake to carry us farther. The night of the third day a boat-party put in on the return from a fishing excursion to Beaver Creek, and they reported such a scarcity of mosquitoes there that we were anxious to get off at once. Captain Jim Kishkatog, who had this party in charge, promised that he would return for us after he had taken his present passengers to Munising; and so we thought to be off soon for the more favored Beaver Creek.

That evening, as the sun was descending and the wind came soft and warm from the thickets and marshes along the creek, the mosquitoes swarmed, if possible, worse than ever. The Judge, who had quite a genius for making camp conveniences, after slapping and cuffing himself for some time in the vain effort to exterminate his tormentors, set about constructing, with hatchet and hand-saw, nails and a bolt of mosquito-bar, what



SIDE-VIEW OF CASTLE ROCK.

he termed "a mosquito-proof bed." Having made a framework, which he covered with the netting something after the fashion of the "curtained four-posters" of our great-grandmothers, he confidently assured us it would do, and, hoping for the best, at an early hour we crawled under the curtains and went to bed. But, alas! the itchings, stings, burnings, told us plainly that something else had crawled in also.

Not only were mosquitoes tuning in our ears, but the "no-see-ems" were stinging us like sparks of fire. After fighting his tormentors some time in silence, the Judge exclaimed, "It is strange I did not think of it before, but gunpowder beats all for cleaning out mosquitoes and 'no-see-ems'!" And with that he crawled out of bed, and after fumbling in his chest for some time he finally found the powder-flask,



and, pouring out a handful of powder on a board, slipped that under the netting and touched it off. Thunder and lightning! The flash of the powder was followed by a blaze of sparks from the burning mosquito-bar reaching to the ridge-pole of the tent, and the Professor, who was in a half-dozing state, thinking that the tent was on fire, in his frantic effort to escape not only kicked the Judge's curtain down, but wrecked the tent to such an extent that we had to re-stake it. Fortunately, the fire did not spread. A large hole was burned through the bar, but that was the end of the fire. It was also the end of experimenting with gunpowder as a "mosquito medicine" during the remainder of the trip.

The Judge's powder was a failure, but before morning the wind shifted to the north, and mosquitoes and "no-sees" disappeared. With the change of wind Captain Kishkatog returned, bringing with him a stranger whom he had undertaken to carry to a town farther down the lake than Beaver Creek. But no sooner had the captain landed than he discovered that he had forgotten his cartridges and would have to go back; and, as we had come to think that we had not taken a large enough supply of certain necessary articles of food, we were not sorry to see him return to Munising, notwithstanding he quartered his passenger upon us.

The night following the tent-explosion we again turned in at an early hour, hoping for a good night's sleep. Prior to that the hedgehogs had disturbed us on several occasions, prowling around our camp and gnawing at the provision-boxes. Once or twice the Judge had gone out and with a long slender pole had whipped them off. We were scarcely asleep when the exasperating rasp! rasp! rasp! of hedgehog-teeth on a box-lid awakened us. The Judge instantly rose and went out to drive the beasts away, and for some minutes we heard him muttering to himself in no good humor as he beat the bushes and thumped the logs in his endeavor to frighten them. Returning to the tent,

he stuck the pole he had been using into the ground, remarking to it at the same time, "There! I'll leave you here, and if that hog comes back I'll certainly kill it!"

It was not long before I heard his stertorous breathing, and pretty soon the Professor set in with his "nip-and-tuck" manner of sleeping, and I was on the verge of dropping off myself, when the rasping gnaw of hedgehog-teeth again aroused the camp. At once the Judge sprang to his feet, and, with an awful threat, seized the pole he had prepared and began the search for the disturber. But hedgehogs are not so easy to be found in the dark, especially by near-sighted eyes. The Judge peers here and he peers there, until at last he sees the black rascal humped up close by the smouldering camp-fire. Now look out, hedgehog! A night of vengeance has come! Planting one foot forward, and swinging his long pole backward far enough to give room for a tremendous blow, the irate man of law strikes with the force of a giant. We heard the angry z-e-e-p of the weapon, which was followed by such a clatter that the Professor and I both hallooed, "What's the matter?"

"Oh, I hit that fool pot! I thought it was one of them hedgehogs," was the fretful answer. And, sure enough, he had struck our galvanized iron kettle and battered it up so badly that, with all our tinkering at it the next day, and even on other days, it never ceased to resemble a "plug" hat after being sat down on. When the true situation dawned on the Professor, he almost laughed himself sick. He stood up and laughed, he sat down and laughed, and finally he went back to bed and laughed himself to sleep.

The morning succeeding the arrival of Captain Kishkatog with his party, that worthy had killed a deer at a salt-lick he had made while on a former visit, at no great distance from our present camp. Although he left with us a generous share of the venison, and we were needing no more at the time, the Professor was seized with a zeal to distinguish

himself by killing a deer. Having prepared himself with a squirrel-rifle of small calibre before leaving home, he had unbounded confidence in his ability to shoot anything at a reasonable distance. The morning after the Indian's hunt, as the first purple streaks began to show above the timber that grows upon the eastern wall of the Pictured Rocks, he stole forth and climbed into the

blind which the Indian had constructed within convenient shooting-distance of the lick. This was the Professor's first experience of the kind, and he did not have long to wait and shiver in the cool air of the morning ere a doe and her playful fawn emerged from a thicket and approached the lick. But the Professor had made up his mind to shoot at nothing save a buck, and a big



VIEW OF THE ROCKS.

buck at that; and so he stood stiffly erect on the platform in the trees, holding his gun in position to shoot when the right deer came. But why does his heart beat so loud? "Surely," he thinks to himself, "that deer will hear my heart beating and take fright and run. But no!—why, another deer is approaching!" and he stiffens himself into such an upright attitude, in his endeavor to keep perfectly still, that he feels sure if he were to lose his balance ever so little he would fall headlong and break to pieces. This deer is a buck,—a big buck,—the very one the Professor came out to see. As the animal steps

out from the thicket, he lifts his antlered head proudly and takes in the surroundings with one long look. The Professor thinks the buck is looking right at him; and never has he felt himself to be so conspicuous an object as at this moment. And then his heart! How like a great hammer it pounds away within him! Oh, if he could only muffle the noise of it! But the buck does not hear the Professor's heart beat, or, if he does, he probably thinks it is his own. Nor does he look up into the trees, for it has never occurred to him that a Greek Professor, armed with a squirrel-gun, would climb

into a tree. He is going to have a lick at that salt this cool morning, and stealthily and in a roundabout way he approaches it. Under cover of a clump of brush he stops and takes a second look, but nothing does he see that excites apprehension, nothing does he hear that is alarming,—not even the Professor's heart, which by this time is beating so furiously that the poor man feels the jar through his entire frame. A few more steps the buck takes, and now he has his nose to the salted earth. Now, Professor, is the supreme moment! The crisis is on you! Make ready! Take aim! Fire! Bang! The buck turns to look after the doe, who with her little one is stealthily making her way to the thicket. The Professor is amazed. He aimed—is sure and always will be sure—right at the buck's heart, and he confidently expected to see him double up and die in his tracks. Instead of that he stands and looks at the doe as if he thought she was in some way making a disturbance. Hastily the Professor re-loads. He does not measure his powder in the charger,—his hand trembles too much for that,—but after several attempts he manages to insert the nozzle of his powder-horn into the end of his gun and pours in powder until he thinks there is about enough. Then he rams down a bullet without a patch, and with shaking hand dabs on a cap, and, lifting the gun to his shoulder, bang it goes again. Just what took place after that the Professor was never quite certain. We heard three shots, but the Professor could never remember but two. He had an indistinct impression that the buck finally spread his broad white tail and fled, after which he descended from the blind and came into camp. Little by little he told the story of his morning's adventure, and wound up by asking the Judge, who made a great pretence of being a hunter, "What it all meant?" "Buckague!" answered the Judge, as he turned a flap-jack in the frying-pan.

If there is one thing more uncertain than the wind in the region of the Pic-

tured Rocks, it is an Indian boatman; but either will be sure to come if one waits long enough. The captain did not return on time. I don't think an Indian ever does. There is always something to delay him. The wind has to be "just so," or he refuses to go on the lake. No more dangerous shore can be found than this, exposed as it is to the east, north, and west winds, with but three possible landing-places in seventeen miles; and the Indian boatman retains a fear of the lake, inherited from the generations before him who hugged these shores, on fair days, in bark canoes.

The captain finally came, bringing with him Dan Sky, as ugly an Indian as one often sees, but a fellow I could not but admire for his habitual silence, save when he wanted to eat, and even then all he would say was, "Eat! eat!" but he made himself heard.

We set out on our farther journey down the lake early in the morning, before a gentle west breeze. Passing beyond the eastern limit of the beach, we reached the region of precipitous rocks once more, and sailed close to the wall, and then withdrew to a distance, in order that we might have the benefit of both near and far views. The near view presents the Rocks in all their rugged, massive, and towering grandeur, while the far shows rounded outlines and colors softened and beautifully blended. Shortly we came to a stream eight feet wide, scudding down a steep slope over two hundred feet from the brow of the cliff to the water's edge. A dallying ride of four miles—now sailing and then rowing, now at the very foot of the Rocks and then three-quarters of a mile away—brought us to the next break in the walls,—Mosquito Harbor. Here is from a half to three-fourths of a mile of rock-strewn, desolate-looking beach, backed by a plain covered with leafless, limbless trees. The view is gloomy in the extreme. We made no halt here, and were informed that boatmen never stop save when forced to do so from stress of weather. We imagined, as we sailed

by, that on this desolate shore the mosquitoes held high carnival long after other places had been abandoned by them, and that because of their abundance and ferocity the early *voyageurs* had given the place the name of "Mosquito Harbor."

Passing this place, we row in close to the foot of the towering walls once more. The pulseless waters this sunny forenoon, for the breeze has died down, suffer us to land on one or two gravelly beaches beneath the dripping walls, where photographic views are secured. Numerous bastions, thrust hundreds of feet out in the deep waters, are a feature of the

Rocks seen this day, and we now understand why the Ojibwas called the rock-display on this shore *Esh-quah-ah-se-bick*, a name they use to-day when conversing in their native language, and which means "End of the Rocks." The untravelled savage, as he hurried around the sharp angles of these massive promontories, saw in them the (to him) characteristic feature of the place; but when the travelled white man came, who had seen rock precipices and promontories elsewhere, but never pictures of curtains and draperies and ribbons and foliage, and of beasts and birds, and of grotesque forms that are neither beasts



CHAPEL FALLS.

nor birds, painted in all colors, shades, and tints between dead black and living white by nature's own hand, with ochres and pigments oozing from the rifts and joints in the rocks themselves, he exclaimed, "Behold, the Pictured Rocks!"

At length, by faithful plying of the oars, Jim and Dan bring the boat to the *Kah-yah-squaw'-be-kunk*, the Gull Rock of the red men, the Grand Portal of the white, twelve and a half miles from Munising, where the beauty and grandeur of the Pictured Rocks culminate. A triangular point here rises in perpendicular height between two and three hundred feet, bearing on its lofty crown a dense growth of trees. In

the rounded point the eroding waves have excavated a dome-shaped cavern seventy-five feet high and so wide and deep that in its yawning mouth a small steamer might ride in safety. Within this cavern, this *Grand Portal*, the waters have tunnelled a passage through to the lake beyond, through which adventurous navigators may push their boats. Before the stupendous cliff, with its wide and lofty gateway, the *voyageur's* boat sits on the ever-throbbing waters and he contemplates in silence a scene which neither pen nor pencil can reproduce. On the loftiest edge of the precipice and on the narrow shelves and ledges against its sides the gulls build their nests, and the screams

of these white-winged birds may ever be heard as on strong pinions they circle around their lofty eryies. The poet in the Song of Hiawatha, recounting the legends of a people who from time immemorial dwelt upon these shores, might, it would seem, have enriched his verse by many lines descriptive of the beauty and grandeur of the Pictured Rocks; but the poet never saw them till after the song was written, and he was content in the main to let the story linger among the wigwams, in the forests, and along the alder-bordered streams of the region. Once he refers to these scenes. He follows in imagination the wicked Pau-puk-keewis, who at this very place

Climbed the rocky headlands  
Looking o'er the Gitchee Gumee,  
Perched himself upon their summits.

\* \* \* \* \*

Stretched upon his back he lay there;  
Far below him plashed the waters,  
Plashed and washed the dreamy waters;  
Far above him swam the heavens,  
Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens;  
Round him hovered, fluttered, rustled  
Hiawatha's mountain chickens,  
Flock-wise swept and wheeled about him,  
Almost brushed him with their pinions.

As our boat rocked upon the heaving waters and we drank in the glory of the scene, a stone fell from the summit down to the water, striking a point we had recently passed over with force enough to have broken through our boat's bottom, after which we were careful to keep from under the overhanging walls.

Rounding the Grand Portal, we sailed down its eastern angle southerly for three-fourths of a mile, a third of the way being along a wall rising two hundred feet and as true as if made by plummet and rule. Beyond that we passed Echo Cavern, extending into the wall seventy-five feet, into which our boat was rowed, and where we were surprised at the echoes that greeted our halloos.

And then we came to the third and last gap in the Rocks. Chapel Beach extends half a mile along the shore, and at its eastern extremity is a beautiful cascade. The gap extends inland a mile or more, through which Chapel

Creek flows, and in which the creek widens into a long and deep lake on whose west shore is a fine display of ancient Pictured Rocks.

Chapel Beach and Creek and Falls are so named from an irregular rectangular, cavernous sandstone structure, about eighty feet long by fifty or sixty in width, beneath whose vaulted, tree-covered roof and between whose clumsy columns the lively imaginations of the pious early explorers saw a pulpit, an altar, and perhaps other sacred accessories, and hence the name. The pile is well worth a clamber; and whether the modern tourist sees any resemblance to a sacred place or not, he will see a work done by those great artisans of nature, water and ice and rain and sleet, that would have shed lustre on barbarian art.

Beyond the Chapel a line of impassable cliffs again appears, and after two miles comes the end of the Pictured Rocks. Between the Chapel and the end are the Cascade and Wreck Cliff. The former is a beautiful sheet of water, thirty feet in width, falling sheer over a precipice said to be one hundred and fifty feet high into the lake. Under any other circumstances it would have challenged our admiration; but we had during the day seen so many strange and startling views that we passed the place under a waning enthusiasm.

Wreck Cliff is interesting as the scene, many years ago, of one of those tragic shipwrecks which the terrific storms that occasionally sweep over the great lakes make all too common. The steamer Superior, bound for Marquette, her decks laden with a cargo of general merchandise and her cabin filled with passengers, was overtaken by a snow-storm off this shore, and, becoming unmanageable by reason of the loss of her rudder, was driven to her ruin upon these rocks. The story, as told in homely phrase around the camp-fire by an old man who had been one of a party that had gone to the scene of the disaster after the storm ceased, and helped to bury the dead with wooden shovels in the sand-



bar below Beaver Creek, where they were found, was gloomy in the extreme, and left a strong impression on our minds of the perils attending navigation in stormy weather off these Rocks. How any of the passengers on the ill-fated steamer succeeded in escaping from the stranded vessel to a cavern hollowed out in the cliff above the leap of the waves, and thence made their way to Munising through the pathless woods and in a snow sixteen inches deep, is yet a mystery. But such is the fact, and, more than that, one of the number was a woman widowed by the storm, and another, her babe of a few months old. In the arms of strong men that babe was borne in safety all that long wearisome march, and the mother, rising superior to her misfortunes, followed safely, while two men sunk under the hardships and perished on the way. Beneath the waters the evidence of that shipwreck may yet be seen on still days. As we were rowed over the spot, we saw through the clear tide the old boilers, engine-shafts, furnace-doors, and other metal pieces of the wrecked steamer lying on the stone floor of the lake, mute witnesses of that night of horrors a generation ago.

One of the most striking characteristics of the Pictured Rocks is the change in outline of the minor parts ever going on. The soft, fragile sandstone is the sport of winds, waves, ice, frost, and heat. Some of these forces are ever grinding away, and, as a consequence, permanency of outline is next to unknown. The Great Stone Faces, the Giant's Chairs, the Devil's Bake-Ovens, the Amphitheatres, seen and admired by tourists one year, disappear by the next. A few years since, an enthusiastic gentleman went the round of the Rocks and lavishly bestowed names upon what he deemed the most worthy views, but the destructive elements laughed him to scorn. His "Cave of the Gnomes," his "Hole in the Wall," his "Demon Arch," and all the rest, have been ground out of existence. Other caves and holes and arches have taken their places. A few of the

larger forms only may be seen year after year,—such as the Castle, Sail Rock, the Grand Portal, the Echo Cavern, the Chapel, and the Cascades.

In due time we reached the mouth of the Ahmeek-we-se-pe (Beaver Creek), four miles beyond the last rock exposure, where we pitched our tent on a high sand-bluff overlooking the lake and at the edge of a narrow belt of Norway pines. We were nineteen miles east of Munising, and fourteen west of Point Au Sable Light-House, the nearest inhabited places. Here we indulged in forest housekeeping for three weeks, a longer time than we had intended, for the wet season, and with it the mosquito season, was greatly prolonged, and our camp on the bluff was comparatively free from insect-molestation, and, besides that, all the surroundings invited us to lengthen our stay. A winding path through the "deep-tangled wild-wood" brought us half a mile south to Beaver Lake, the *Ahmeek-sah-kah-e-gan* of the ancient Indians, with its crystal waters surrounded by a cordon of evergreen trees. Here were monster bass and pike in great abundance, and on any sunny day sharp eyes could see one or more deer feeding on the farther margin.

At a convenient distance from camp trout-streams were found, and the Judge and the Professor never failed to have brook-trout when wanted. Even venison was a common article of diet at our table during these halcyon days. The Judge and the Professor proved themselves to be untiring hunters, and before the—I must say sometimes erring—aim of each a deer fell. The Professor did not, it is true, kill a "big buck," nor, for that matter, a little one. A doe, and a yearling one at that, satisfied his ambition, and its flesh was all the sweeter for its tender age. And it is worthy of remark, too, that he "aimed right at its fore shoulder" and hit it plump in the "top of its head," a circumstance that occasioned the Judge to remark, in a sarcastic vein, that it was "fortunate indeed he had not aimed at its *hind* shoulder!"

With our hunting and our fishing and our exploring our camp-life on the Ahmeek-we-se-pe ended all too soon; and while we joyfully welcomed the Sand Piper, sailed by its owner, Ed Cox, which came to take us back to

civilization, we regretfully turned our backs upon our wilderness home, and, with health mended and minds rested, retraced our course along the ever-to-be-admired Pictured Rocks.

D. D. BANTA.



#### A TWILIGHT REMINISCENCE.

ONE mild spring day, five years ago, my dear,  
 The larks went singing of you all the way ;  
 So now, at quiet close of this fair day,  
 Once more their upward, quivering notes I hear,  
 And now, as then, they seem to bring you near,—  
 Fair head, and peaceful eyes of holy gray,  
 And earnest voice, which ever found to say  
 Such strong, pure words as give men's spirits cheer.

One sigh, to-night, for that night's sake, lost friend !  
 I found you false, who thought you once so good ;  
 You deemed me harsh : so came the loveless end.  
 But sometimes, in the country's solitude,  
 The larks remember you, and I regret not  
 That what I thought you once I still forget not.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

## AURORA.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## IL CONTE CLEMENTE.

SASSOVIVO, when the ducal family occupied the villa, was the happiest town alive. Modern ideas of equality had not entered at its gates as yet, and if you had told its people that all men are born free and equal, they would not have considered the proposition worthy of a more elaborate reply than a "*Ma, chè!*" which is very nearly equivalent to "What stuff you talk!" The facts before their eyes would have outweighed any theories you might advance. Some were born to silks, and some were born to rags. Some learned to take their first childish steps on marble floors and velvet carpets and stumbled into the arms of gorgeously-dressed nurses, and some balanced themselves on rough bricks or fell with their noses in the dust. Some rode in silk-lined carriages and softly-cushioned cars, while others travelled on the horse of St. Francis or in third-class railway-cars, next to the cattle. Equality? *Ma, chè!* All you will get by it is an exchange of places. One will go up and the other will go down.

Therefore, when the dukes of Sassovivo came to town, the inhabitants smilingly went on their knees as a matter of course, and, also as a matter of course, the great family accepted their homage.

There was, however, a notable difference between the old and the new families. The Cagliostro's seemed to confer a favor in allowing themselves to be saluted, and had a quiet, chilly way of replying which some pronounced to be *fiacco*; the D'Rubieras smiled on their subjects and accepted homage as a courtesy.

The citizens, very much on the *qui vive* when the new family made their appearance, were disposed to respect them less on account of this compla-

cency. Like many others in many countries, they had taken Roman arrogance and rudeness for grandeur; but the new duke had not been among them long before they learned to stand more in awe of him than they ever had of the quiet gentleman who preceded him. His off-hand good nature was more than balanced by a remarkably black frown and an ominous silence when he was displeased; and he had an absolute disregard of small things and small persons which was the more haughty for being unconscious. He never ignored a salutation, however, no matter how humble the person. It became a saying in Sassovivo that if a cat sneezed when he was passing by, the duke would say, "*Felicità!*"

As for the two duchesses, the present one was decidedly preferred, though she was less dignified than the former. Madama Cagliostro, when in the country, had dressed very plainly, and her sole carriage was a linen-curtained wagonette. Madama d'Rubiera brought a shining landau, and the first time she drove out she was dressed in red from top to toe. They liked it. What was the use of having great people if they were going to look just like everybody else?

Everybody talked of their doings, from the bishop and the sindaco down to the beggar. All the artisans expected a job of some kind, if it were only to mend a saucepan or a hole in the garden wall; all the presentable people expected to be received, and a select few were sure of a dinner or two. The young men and the young women gazed with an equal fervor of adoration at Madama Laura as she drove out every day in a dashing new toilet, or one made to seem new by the brightening addition of a flower pinned to the parasol-top, or a bow set like Mr. Flintwinch's necktie, instead of being in its orthodox place in the middle of the throat,—ca-

prices of fashion with which Sassovivo had not heretofore become acquainted.

She gave them enough to talk about, but they talked admiringly or with bated breath. Even when poor old Giacomo's oversetting at the point of his lady's shoe and the chaplain's last absolution of an angry woman got about among the cream of the gossips, these facts were communicated with great reserve, and the listener smiled discreetly. It was known, too, that the duke had gone away unexpectedly, to be absent for an indefinite time, and that the duchess was expecting visitors. It was supposed that Giacomo could have given some explanation of all this if he would; but the poor old man was faithful in spite of his oversetting, and no one ever heard anything from him of that conversation under the palms.

A week passed rather quietly after the duke's departure. No one was received at the villa except the bishop, who reported the mistress of it as suffering from a slight touch of fever. Her illness was not, however, so severe as to prevent her reclining picturesquely in a garden lounge under the palms, with a voluminous mist of cerulean gauze about her to intercept any possible summer breeze. Monsignor did not say that she looked like a goddess floating on a cloud, but she might have suggested that fancy even to an indifferent person.

The day after his visit the landau appeared again, rolling down the avenue, with the duchess reclining in it quite alone. But, instead of making her usual circuit, ending in the town, where she always found some excuse for stopping a few minutes in the piazza, in the midst of a general doffing of hats, the carriage crossed the plain and took the direction of the railway-station.

"I do hope that Clem got my letter in time," she muttered, as she saw a feather of smoke over the tree-tops, showing that the train was near.

Her second letter to her cousin had reached Palazzo Fantini less than forty-eight hours before.

Martina, mindful of the treatment she had received with the first, left this

one on the kitchen-table when she took her master his coffee, and only recollected it when she had nearly shut the door behind her on taking the tray out.

"Oh," she said, putting her head into the room again, "there's a letter, Sign' Clemente. Do you want it now?"

"Do I want it now!" he exclaimed, starting up. "*Diamine!* when do you suppose I want it?"

Martina returned leisurely to the kitchen, and stopped to drink the coffee her master had left before going back leisurely to his chamber with the letter. It was a rather imposing square envelope, of pale-gray paper as lustrous as satin, with a gilt coronet. The other had been a modest incognita, in a long, bluish-white envelope.

A furious pull of the Signor Clemente's bell-wire saluted the girl as she crossed the antechamber,—a pull which was evidently its last, for there was a snap and twang of the wire without, and a simultaneous muffled bump of the tassel to the floor within, with the audible comment of a muttered curse from the Count Fantini.

Martina entered with a great appearance of having hurried herself nearly to death, and, presenting the letter, was hurrying out again, when her master called to her to stop.

"Wait and see if there is anything to say about it," he said angrily. "I can't call you again. The infernal bell-wire is broken."

"Oh!" exclaimed Martina, with compassionate surprise, gazing up at the curled and dangling wire and down at the prostrate tassel.

"And so," he went on, still more angrily, tearing the envelope open, "you leave a letter with a ducal coronet on it on the kitchen-table? It smells of onions already."

"Is there a ducal coronet on it?" Martina asked, with a look of childlike innocence.

Signor Clemente's face brightened as he read the letter. Its contents made him quite forget the annoying ways of a servant.

"Dear cousin," the duchess wrote,

"I want you to come here directly as soon as you receive this. The duke is gone away, and I have no idea when he will return. I am moped to death. Come and stay with me, and we can talk over the apartment at our leisure.

"Paula can see to everything at La Cala. She was always a better manager than you, and, I dare say, will be glad to have you out of the way. When she is obliged to leave the house, she can stay with some of her friends till we have a place to ask her to. Come as soon as you can prepare your valise. I shall be in an ill-humor if you make me wait."

It did not seem to strike the writer, and it certainly did not occur to the reader, of the letter, that, after having been nearly supported by her for months, it was scarcely kind for the brother to leave to his sister all the labor, sorrow, and embarrassment of breaking up an ancient household quite unsupported by his presence, and that when no new home was as yet provided for her.

With an air of joyful excitement the count communicated the contents of his letter to Martina. "You see, Tina, I must go as soon as possible," he said. "How soon can you have my things ready?"

Martina's wrath had flown with her master's. Only confide in her, and no matter what else you might do. Tell her a secret which no one else must know, and you might beat her with a stick if you wanted a *sfogo*. She could have everything ready for him to set off early the next morning, she assured him, and forthwith entered into the questions of wardrobe and luncheon. "And, Sign' Clemente, you had better slip away quietly, as if you were only going to stay a few days," she said. "For the shoemaker might ask for his money. I can send your trunk out to the cross-road to-night by David, and the diligence can take it up to-morrow as you go along. You can take your valise with you, and we will say that you are coming back the last of the week."

"Very well," her master replied ap-

provingly. "Now give me the hot water, and then go and tell Paula."

Paula did not look upon the matter quite so simply. She had been young, pretty, and rich, and, being now but forty-five years of age, had as yet reconciled herself but imperfectly to being a dingy old woman, good for nothing but to lift burdens from younger and finer shoulders.

"I don't know what I can do, Clemente," she said, a little stiffly. "Here is all the furniture to get out and store, or sell or give away. It is not a small job."

"Oh, do just as you please, Paula," her brother replied, with a generous, noble air. "I trust everything to you. We may want to keep some things, you know, such as linen and dishes; but it would probably cost more than the rest is worth to move it. I fancy that we shall have the apartment in Sassovivo furnished. Of course I shall write you at once everything I learn."

The end of the matter was that the count had his own way, as he always had at home. They were all up with early dawn the next morning. A breakfast and luncheon were prepared for the traveller; he was brushed, polished, fussed over, advised, and served. And at last, when Martina went down-stairs with his valise to the diligence waiting at the door, and he had just kissed his sister on both cheeks with a somewhat airy adieu, poor Paula threw herself sobbing into his arms.

"That the last of the Fantini should go away so!" she exclaimed. "That such a ruin should overtake a family that served in the Crusades!"

"Oh, cheer up, Paula!" replied the brother, trying not to be impatient. "All will come out right. We may be on the eve of a new fortune. Don't cry. And the diligence will be waiting."

He kissed her again, unclasped her hands, and hurried down-stairs. At that moment he cared no more about the Crusades and his musty family honors than he cared for the shell of the egg he had just eaten.



His sister sank into a chair where he had left her, sobbing as if her heart would break. It did not comfort her that he was so indifferent to the loss of their home. It made her feel more desolate. If he cared so little for the palace, how much less would he care for her! Indeed, in the depths of her heart she knew that he cared for no one but himself.

Martina returned brisk and full of spirits, to find her there still weeping.

"Now, Signora Paula, don't give way so!" she cried, with ready sympathy. "Try to eat an egg, do! I'll make you a cup of fresh coffee, and then you shall go to bed again. It sets the nerves all wrong to get up so early in the morning when you're not used to it."

"If they would let me have a room here, even in the upper story, I wouldn't go away one step," the lady declared. "To go away is like going to sea on a raft. I can't get it into my mind yet that we have no right to stay here. There ought to be a law to prevent the alienation of an old house from the family. It's all very well for Clement. He seems glad to go. Men can content themselves anywhere. But, somehow, my flesh seems to have grown to these walls."

"Yes," Martina assented, "women are soft things, like snails that can't live out of their shells. But we've got to go. And what would the Sign' Clemente do without us?"

"He is so selfish!" the sister murmured bitterly.

"All men are selfish," Martina said philosophically. "I think it's because we make so much of them. The more we make of them the more they become selfish. What's the use of crying over it? For my part, I like to have them depend on me. They are as helpless as babies without us, signora, for all they put on such airs; and you know there is nothing so selfish as a baby. But do we like them the less for it?"

While they talked, the master of the house, no longer master of anything, proceeded on his journey. He almost held his breath as they passed the

Mercato and went on through the scrubby woods and mountain-passes. He felt like a fugitive. There were two or three other passengers, but after a while they crowded themselves into the outside seats and left him in full possession of the carriage. At a cross-road a man stood watching a trunk. He whispered a few words to the driver, whom Martina had already prepared, and the trunk was taken up without the owner having to take any notice of it.

The mountains passed, he felt himself in a new atmosphere. There was no longer any danger of encountering creditors or curious people who might ask where he was going. He felt a passionate desire to cut himself quite loose from his past life. Of course they would all know where he was gone. He did not dream of hiding himself. But he did not wish to encounter them ever again.

Reaching the railway-station, he felt himself a prince. The sense of freedom and hope was so strong in him that he bought a first-class ticket to Sassovivo, though he had never travelled first-class in his life. It so happened that he was again alone in the carriage, so few Italians travel first-class. How wide the car was! How soft the cushions! how bright the windows! He put the elbow-rests up and stretched himself on the front seat, then on the back, not to rest, but to assure himself of possession. He sat up again and ate his luncheon. It recalled his mind to La Cala. How he hated the place!—its languid walks, its dull gossip, its poor cigars, and daily papers two days old when they reached him! How dingy and slow and hateful it all was!

"It is better to die than be shabby!" he thought, and felt himself a gentleman and a nobleman as he contemplated the neat, unpaid-for shoes put up on the opposite cushions, and the snowy cuffs his sister had made him out of an ancient wondrously fine linen sheet in the house, a part of his grandmother's wedding outfit.

At last, as the day began to wane, there was Sassovivo, far away, like a gray lichen against the mountain-side. The most luxuriant green swathed it about, it swam in a lake of olives, and between it and Monte Roccioso the yellow front of the ducal casino shone in the setting sun.

At the last station before Sassovivo, a gay party of *forestieri* entered the carriage,—two ladies and two gentlemen. He looked at them with a calm sense of superiority and toleration. He made no conversation with them, answering their smiling questions with an elaborate courtesy which soon put them at a distance.

They concluded that he must be a very grand personage, and took to observing him out of the corners of their eyes or in swift glances that swooped upon him in passing. They seemed to be Americans,—very good sort of people, he thought, but not very cultivated.

Presently an unpleasant thought occurred to him. After buying his first-class ticket and paying for his trunk, he had had but three lire left. Now, if the duchess had not received his letter in time, or if she should leave him to get up to the villa, two miles distant, as best he might, had he enough to pay? There was the porter at the station, the omnibus, and another porter in town. For the omnibus would, of course, leave him in the piazza. Now, he reckoned anxiously, a carriage would cost more than the omnibus, but it would take him directly to the villa and he could leave the servant to pay. That would smooth over his arrival. But how was he to pay the servant? He hated to begin by borrowing of Laura. To do him justice, he hated to borrow of any one and hated to owe any one. He would far rather have been rich. He always looked paler than usual when he had to ask for money, or when any one asked him for money. Paula had promised to send him a little if she could sell some of the furniture; but he might have to wait weeks for that. It had taken all that they could rake and scrape to pay his passage. He

was sorry that he had not taken a second-class ticket. It would have left him five lire more. The trouble grew as he dwelt on it, and they were approaching the station.

There was a little stir of preparation in the car, the travellers getting down their bags and bundles. The lady who sat opposite the Count Clemente, getting her ticket ready to deliver, took out a well-filled purse. As she opened it, he saw crowded silver pieces, a tight fold of bills, with a 50 visible on the outer fold, and a glimmer of gold from an inner pocket.

The thought flashed through his mind that a man in great need of money, being alone in the car with the owner of that purse, might fall upon her suddenly and get possession of it. He could stuff his handkerchief into her mouth to stifle her voice. He calculated how it could be done, darting swift glances at her, while seeming indifferent, reckoning the strength of her hands and arms, which were very slender. He could break her like a grasshopper. Such a little neck as she had, too. It would not be difficult to strangle her. If it were night and they were passing over a bridge, the needy man he was supposing, after having strangled her, might,—he glanced at the window,—yes, he might push her through and let her drop into the water.

A cold perspiration broke out over him as he imagined the scene. It was dreadful; but what right had she to parade her money so in public? How did she know to whom it might seem a possible salvation from utter ruin?

The young woman, being pretty and quite aware of these stolen glances, fancied that the very distinguished gentleman opposite admired her, and the thought made her a little oblivious of what she was doing and a little confused in her search for the missing ticket. Then a breeze blew through the open windows, blew her light veil across her eyes, and almost carried away a gentleman's hat. There was a slight scramble and laughter, and a shining

yellow napoleon dropped, unnoticed by its owner, to the floor.

Count Clemente bent forward to see if there were any private carriages in the station-yard, and in doing so carelessly set his foot on the gold piece. The train stopped, and everybody descended, the count last. He had dropped his pocket-handkerchief, and took some time to pick it up, picking up something inside of it.

As he was about to descend, a liveried servant came hastening toward him, hat in hand:

"Is it the Signor Conte Fantini? The signora duchessa is waiting for you in the carriage. Any other luggage, signor conte? If you will please to give me the paper, I will see to it all. This way, signor conte."

They passed through the station, and the servant made a sign with his hand. Instantly appeared a glittering landau with two high-stepping bays, before which omnibusses and dingy station-carriages melted away like mist. There was a gay and smiling lady on the cushions, who leaned forward to extend a small, gloved hand, and moved her flounces to make room for him beside her, and called him "Cousin Clemente" before all the admiring lookers-on. And then they went spinning away over the smooth road, the carriage light of sound and easy of motion, the great bays trotting as if they scarcely touched the ground.

Ah! He drew himself up with a deep, full breath. "In exitu Israel," he said, and laughed.

"How nice of you to come right away, Clem!" the duchess said. "But why didn't you send me a telegram?"

He did not reply that he could not afford to send telegrams. "I thought my letter would be in time," he said. "Besides, you could not doubt that I would obey your summons at once. I received your letter less than twenty-four hours before setting out. There is no diligence in the evening."

"Diligence!" echoed the duchess. "To be sure, so you have to make a part of the journey in a diligence.

Poor Clem! What a penance! Well, never mind! You needn't go back to La Cala again. I was there once when I was a little girl. Do you remember? It seemed to me very dull, but very grand. I went in at the lower *portone* once, and, going up-stairs, couldn't find my way to the piazza end. There I wandered about, crying, from room to room. One of the servants found me there and told me how to find my way. He said I should take a front room with the window on my right hand, then go straight ahead. I remember what a vista it made as he opened door after door in a line, till at last we reached the family rooms. You won't find the villa so grand, but it is comfortable."

The count sighed. "Our grandeur has all disappeared down that vista," he sighed, "and it will never come back again." He drew out his handkerchief to emphasize his emotion, as if the subject suggested tears, and a bright gold piece dropped from it into the rug under his feet.

"You careless, extravagant fellow!" the duchess exclaimed. "You shouldn't carry gold loose in your pocket."

He reddened as he stooped to pick it up. "It was an accident," he said. "I don't usually carry it so," which was quite true.

He felt as if he had been momentarily touched by a red-hot iron. It was the first time that he had obtained money in a way so near—well, some might call it stealing. It confused him. It occurred to him that he might meet the lady in town and restore the money to her. It would be easy to explain. He swiftly rehearsed the scene in his mind:

"Madam, after you left the car I found this napoleon where you had been sitting. As I observed that your purse was open, I presume that it belongs to you."

This should be said very gravely and rather carelessly, with a slight lifting of the hat. The hat must be but slightly lifted, for, in spite of her full purse, she was evidently not a great lady.

"Never mind about the palace, Clem," the duchess said, imagining him

to be full of a romantic grief and despair. "You were thrown away there. There was no career for you."

"I am content as long as I am near you, Laura," the count said, brightening. "Do you know, after that visit of yours so long ago I nearly died of grief? I cried all the night after you went away, and I had even thoughts of throwing myself into the cove."

"Is it really true?" laughed the lady. "Why didn't you tell me how much you cared?"

"What was the use?" her cousin replied gloomily, seeming to be looking back on long years of bitterness. "You would only have laughed at me. I was no match for you. Other and brighter destinies awaited you."

The duchess's color rose slightly, and she smiled and fanned herself. It was the first time that she had received any intimation that Cousin Clemente had been her life-long lover. "And then, you know, we were cousins," she said, as if that finished the argument.

He sighed. The Conte Clemente always made it a point to be sentimental with great ladies if he found an opportunity.

There was a moment of silence. Then his companion exclaimed softly, "Here we are! How do you like the place?" And he roused himself from the contemplation of his blighted affections, to see that they were bowling up a broad avenue, with the wide façade of the casino glimmering before them through plants and flowering trees.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### AN INOPPORTUNE VISIT.

At the same moment that the Duchess of Sassovivo stepped into her carriage to drive to the railway-station, Fra Antonio knocked at the door of the Convent of the Bambino Gesù, and asked to see the Suor Benedetta.

This great green door, half wood and half nails, with its ancient iron knocker, opened into a bare, square room, from

which an inner door led to an interminable corridor, one of those immense vaulted halls which are perhaps seen only in old convents. This one was saved from looking desolate by a large gothic window which occupied all the farthest end, and, as one entered, gave only a view of blue mountain-tops and sky.

Escorted by a lay-sister, the Frate traversed the whole length of the corridor and entered the last room. If he had been new to the place, he might have exclaimed at the magnificence of the scene which now burst upon him,—a mountain-range, summits near and far, and a wide, fertile plain, filling with their superb wealth of outline and color the two lofty arched windows of this corner room. From the street the *salon* seemed to be on the ground-floor; but the topmost leaves of a great fig-tree in the garden underneath were only just visible above one of the window-sills.

Fra Antonio went to stand before one of these windows, but not to admire the view. Signing himself with the cross, he began to whisper a prayer, his eyes fixed on a blue mountain-peak.

In a few minutes Suor Benedetta appeared, and at her bright greeting the priest turned with the last word of his prayer still on his lips. This might have accounted for a more than ordinary gravity of manner. He was always grave, was indeed singularly unsmiling, but there seemed now even a look of severity in his closed lips. Some little uneasiness showed itself in the nun's face as she invited him to be seated and pulled forward a very stiff-looking arm-chair. He silently evaded it, and took one of those penitential cane-seated structures which show in the maker either an innocent ignorance of human anatomy or a cunning and malignant desire to inflict all the discomfort possible, with the shoal sliding seat and back slanting forward at the top.

Seated there, with his broad-brimmed hat laid on his knees, Fra Antonio gave a new character to this ugly piece of furniture. If you had seen in the background a group of eager devotees

waiting to cut that chair into bits, to keep as relics, the moment he should rise from it, you would have found nothing discordant in the idea.

"You sent to me a week ago for Aurora Coronari's address," he said quietly, giving the sister no time to speak. "What did you want of it?"

Suor Benedetta blushed fiercely, but did not dare to lie. "The duchess sent to me for it," she said, "and I had forgotten it."

"You should have told her that you had forgotten it," said Fra Antonio, without a sign of anger, but also without any sign of compliment.

"She wanted me to get it for her if I hadn't it," the Suora said, still blushing deeply.

"You should have told me that you wanted it for her," the Frate replied, in the same quiet and direct manner.

The nun was silent.

"You have done very wrong," the priest resumed; "and you knew that you were doing wrong, or you would not have practised deceit with me. I think you knew, or suspected, that I would not have given Aurora's address to the duchess."

"How could I refuse to do what the duchess asked, when it seemed so simple?" exclaimed the nun, quite driven to the wall. "She would have been angry with me, and her friendship or enmity is of importance to us."

"You could have told the simple truth," Fra Antonio said, replying to the question and taking no notice of the argument.

Suor Benedetta was silent again. When Fra Antonio sat in judgment she was afraid of him, though he was ordinarily as gentle as a lamb. Charity made him stern at times.

The silence lasted but a minute, yet to the culprit it seemed an hour. Then the Frate spoke again.

"What is your conception of the proper character of a bride of Christ Jesus?" was his question.

The nun opened her lips, closed them again, clasped her hands and unclasped them, then burst into tears.

Fra Antonio rose.

"I will leave you to meditate on what she should do and what she should not do," he said. "Perhaps when you go to confession again you will tell me the result of your search. God bless you!"

He was gone. She heard his step in the corridor and heard the door close behind him. His few words remained and rang in her ears. Many words soften or blunt a rebuke. This stood bare and terrible, like a two-edged sword from which there was no escape. She fought pettishly against it with tears and self-excusing. It shone before her undimmed. It followed her about her duties that afternoon, up and down, and in the garden. She saw it everywhere.

"He is too uncompromising," she muttered, wiping her eyes. "He thinks—" Yet she could not say what he thought. He had made no accusation, except of a simple fact which she could not deny. He had awakened her conscience and set it to work.

"I didn't mean any harm," she protested to herself; and, saying so, she blushed.

"I am sorry if the duchess means any ill to Aurora," she said later. "But we poor nuns cannot be independent of the great. We are not allowed to offend them. I'm sure I try to do my duty. Though we call ourselves, unworthy as we are, brides of Christ, we are still human beings, and liable to fail at times."

The sole result of all her efforts to stifle her conscience was that the priest's words found an interval of silence in which they repeated themselves with the same clearness with which they had first been uttered. At last, her duties to the community ended, the Suor Benedetta entered the chapel, and, hiding herself behind the altar, bowed her forehead to the floor, which she watered with her tears.

"O my Divine Spouse, teach me what thy bride should be!" she whispered.

The duchess and her cousin were



having a very gay dinner together in that hour.

"We will go up to-morrow morning and see the castle," the lady said, as they returned to the *salon*. She had already told him of her letter to Aurora.

And the next morning they went up, going on foot, by way of the garden, a little stair leading up through some rocks, and a short lane which led them to the entrance of the castle.

As they entered the court-yard, all was still, and there was not a soul in sight. The door stood wide open into a large semicircular hall, which had a broad stairway curving round the side opposite the door.

"We may as well walk right in," the duchess said. "There is no one here but servants, if there are even servants."

They stepped in, and were half-way up the stairs when they met Giovanna coming down. At sight of them she stopped with open mouth and uplifted hands, mute with astonishment.

"I would like to look over the house a little," the duchess said, not too imperiously, but with no sign of expecting a refusal. "We will look only at the principal rooms, and then go up to the terrace."

"Yes, madama," gasped Giovanna. "*Favorisca*." And, turning back, she ushered the two into the drawing-room, which certainly was not in perfect order for visitors. There were shawls and bags and a sun-umbrella on tables and chairs, and the room did not appear to have been dusted that morning.

"Please to seat yourselves," Giovanna stammered, and before a word could be said to her was out of the room.

"What in the world does she mean?" the duchess said impatiently. "I hope she isn't going to sweep and dust the other rooms before we see them. Come and see what a beautiful view, Clemente."

He followed her to the window, and they stood looking out a minute. But the count thought much more of the interior of his future abode than of the

view from its windows, and soon began to make an examination of the room.

"It's a fine *salon*," he said, with great satisfaction. "If the other rooms are as pleasant of their kind, it will be a very nice place to live in. That door ought to lead to a dining-room. If that stupid woman would come back, we might see. She seems to have planted us."

"I shall not wait for her," said the duchess, and, crossing the room, was about to open the door in question, when it was opened from the other side, and a young lady dressed in black crossed the threshold and made a profound but state-ly reverence to the two, without uttering a word.

"I was not aware—" the duchess began, coloring slightly. "I thought that there were only servants in the house. May I ask to whom I am speaking?"

"To Aurora Coronari, duchessa," was the reply, and Aurora looked at her visitor with calm, clear eyes. "In what can I have the pleasure of serving you?"

The duchess was really embarrassed for a moment. "I must apologize," she said. "I had not an idea that you had returned, and I had a fancy for seeing something of the old castle of which I have heard so much. Please excuse me. Pray, when did you return?"

"I arrived only half an hour ago, and the man-servant has gone after my luggage," Aurora said, motioning her visitors to seats, which they, however, declined to occupy. "The servants were taken by surprise, which will account for the confusion and for their not having heard you ring. I shall have the pleasure of showing you the house at once; but you will find it rather dusty."

"Oh, I cannot think of troubling you now," the duchess protested cordially. "We can come another time. No, thanks; we will not sit down. I thought that you were not to return for a month."

"I did not intend to," Aurora replied. "But when I received your letter I thought it best to return at once. Indeed, my friend Mrs. Lindsay advised me to."

"Ah!" returned the lady, with a long inflection, and she bit her lip slightly. Then, "But we will talk that all over another time. You need to rest now."

She pressed Aurora's reluctant hand, and was turning away, but recollected herself: "I must present my cousin, Count Clemente Fantini, to you.—Clemente, you have heard me speak of the Contessina Aurora Coronari."

They saluted each other. The Signor Clemente had not removed his eyes from Aurora from the moment she entered the room. His searching gaze fixed on her face had marked its every feature, its expression, and seemed to penetrate her heart and read the thoughts and feelings that hid themselves under her proud yet gentle manner. There seemed to be a lamp set in each of her eyes that shone out clear and calm when she turned them on one or the other of her visitors. She was guarded, self-possessed, and cool. She meant to resist.

And how beautiful she was! The surprise of their visit had chased away the pallor of fatigue and anxiety, and a rich color glowed in her cheeks and hid their slight thinness. "Yes, she means resistance," the count said to himself, as they went down-stairs.

The two walked back to the rocks and down the stair in perfect silence. Their adventure was certainly a mortifying one. The duchess had to recollect, too, that she had perhaps apologized too much, and her cousin was not proud of the fact that in the whole interview he had not uttered a word. Reaching the villa garden, they stopped and looked at each other.

"She will resist," said the gentleman, uttering his thoughts aloud, and as he spoke his eyes contracted in a singular manner, expressive of anger and perplexity.

"What can she do against me?" the duchess exclaimed haughtily. "I hold the town in my hand. I could break her in pieces." She flung her hand out and clinched the fingers with an appearance of force and strength one would scarcely have expected in such small fingers.

"But if she should appeal to the duke?" said her cousin.

The lady's hand and eyes dropped, and her face reflected his own perplexed anger. "In the first place, he isn't here," she said slowly. "In the next place, I gave her to understand that I wrote with his knowledge and consent."

"You made a very great mistake," exclaimed her cousin sharply. "You should always be prepared for revelations, for detection. You should never do anything—above all, you should never write anything—which you cannot satisfactorily explain, if necessary. I tell you, Laura, that letter will bring us defeat."

He turned away from her and took two or three steps toward the house.

"I don't think you need find fault with what I do solely for your good," she cried out after him. "I'm sure I have already had trouble enough in trying to help you."

He turned back at her reproach. "Forgive me," he said softly. "So you have. I cannot help being irritable, dear, when I think that this plan of living always near you may fail."

"It mustn't fail," she replied. "We must study over the matter and make sure of our way."

"And," her cousin said, taking her hand and gently pressing it, "you must do nothing without my advice. You are so ardent that you are sometimes imprudent. It is a beautiful defect, Laura mia; but our plans must not be suffered to fail by it."

They were interrupted by the appearance of Giacomo, who, having seen them through the trees, discreetly approached, coughing at intervals.

Monsignor Valletta, the bishop, was coming up the avenue. Was the signora duchessa at home?

"Oh, certainly I am at home," the duchess replied. "I will come directly."

"And I will go up to the piazza before breakfast," said the Count Clemente, glad to escape for a moment to the uninterrupted company of his own thoughts.

Left alone, he stood and looked up

at the castle visible through the trees. Was it hate or was it love that he felt for the girl there? There was a flame of some sort kindling in his heart and beginning to flicker unsteadily. He felt a desire to return to the castle and see her again instantly. Who knew if he might not himself arrange the matter with her better than the duchess could? Women were always quarrelling. "I will try to see her as soon as possible," he thought. "Laura shall arrange it. I only hope that she may not be jealous."

He went up the narrow stair cut in the rocks which formed a natural barrier between the town above and the villa, which was lower. He was out of cigars, and needed one to tranquillize his nerves and help him to think.

The stair he ascended led to a small plot of green, from which one short, narrow street led straight to the castle and another to one of the chief avenues of the town. The latter was the shorter way to the piazza; but the count wished to pass the castle gate again.

As he approached it, two figures issued hastily and passed out into a street at right angles with the one to the villa. They were Aurora and Giovanna, and they had not seen him.

He followed them till half-way down the street they disappeared into a doorway. Reaching the door, he stopped and looked in. It was a great double door, clamped and full of nails, and it led to a covered court, beyond which was an open terrace with a balustrade. Dark walls soared on all sides of court and terrace, and a long corridor, open on one side, stretched off slanting at one side, seeming to follow the curve of the hill. There was silence, coolness, and the mingled shades of green-tinted light where thick boughs lifted themselves from unseen trees and the gray tint under the stone walls. Not a soul was in sight, and there was no sound of any human being. Aurora and her attendant had disappeared like shadows.

He looked about angrily. Where had she gone? Whom had she come here to see? What right had a girl like that to go about with a servant-woman only?

Who knew what might be going on? A hundred angry suspicions assailed his mind. Oh, if ever he should have anything to do with her, not one step should she take unwatched.

He commanded himself, however, and went out into the street again. He would not even ask what house it was. Laura would know, and it was best not to display curiosity. He went on to the piazza and bought his cigars, changing a napoleon to pay for them.

Going back to the villa, he saw through an open window that his cousin's visitor had not yet left her, and, turning aside, went up through a side-door to his own chamber.

"Oh, by the way, monsignore, I have been up to the castle this morning," the duchess was saying. "I had such a curiosity to see the place. It is said to be interesting. And of course, as a family possession, I wished to see it."

"How did you like it?" the bishop asked affably.

"I only saw the outside and the *salon*," she replied. "I did not know that the signorina was there. She arrived only this morning. So I postponed my examination till another time."

"Aurora come back!" said the bishop, with a look of pleasure. "I did not expect her so soon. I must go to see her."

The duchess lifted her head somewhat stiffly. "Monsignor is, then, a particular friend of the signorina," she said coldly.

The bishop looked at her in some surprise. "I have been for years a friend of the family," he said. "I knew her mother. Aurora is quite a child of Sassovivo."

"Then I hope, monsignore," said the lady, "that you will impress on the signorina's mind the impropriety of her keeping house in that independent manner. I am surprised that her friends have permitted it so long."

#### CHAPTER X.

WARNING A COLD WORLD.

THE *portone* at which Aurora had

entered was that of Fra Antonio's convent, and just inside the long open corridor which Count Fantini had seen were two rooms where female visitors could be received, the rest of the building being forbidden ground to them. At the outer door of these rooms the priest awaited his visitor. He had already been notified of her return and of her wish to see him immediately. She followed him into the *parlatoio*, leaving Giovanna in the anteroom.

They had scarcely uttered a word of greeting, but the moment they were alone Aurora clasped her hands, and, standing before the monk, waited for him to speak. There could be but one reason for her sudden return, and he knew that.

"Courage, signorina!" he said. "It will never do to become excited."

"You received Mrs. Lindsay's letter?" she asked, trying to be quiet.

"Yes, and I did as she requested. I have sent the enclosed letter to the duke, with no other comment than that I was requested to do so by Mrs. Lindsay."

"And he?" Aurora asked faintly.

"I am not yet sure that he has received the letter, as he has gone away, but I presume that he has. I requested him, to let me know when it reached him. There was some delay, as one person told me he had gone to Rome and another to Florence. I found that he had gone to Rome, and from there to the sea-shore, and I sent in such a way as to be secure."

Aurora drew a long breath of relief, and quietly seated herself on an oaken bench. Fra Antonio drew a chair within speaking-distance of her, slightly to one side, and sat with his eyes cast down. She told him of the visit she had just received from the duchess and her cousin.

"In what manner did you receive them?" asked the priest.

"With courtesy, but without cordiality," she replied. "That is, I had that intention in my mind and that wish in my heart."

"You did not give her any reason

to think that you would do as she wishes?"

"Not the least, I am sure. I carefully avoided any expression which might be construed into meaning that she had any right to be there. I invited her to come any day she liked to see the house, as she had spoken of it as interesting, but I was careful not to say even the conventional 'è padrona.' Moreover, I reminded her that the apartment was modern, having been built entirely, I said, by the father of my dear friend and protector, the Signor Glenlyon. Only the outer walls remained, I assured her."

Fra Antonio considered a moment. "I have been thinking," he said, "that it might be well for you to make an attempt to win the duchess. She does many kind actions here, and is good to the poor. She may not appreciate your position. Perhaps if you should go to her and tell her just how you feel, and that you would be unhappy having to leave the place, she might change her mind. You know in Sassovivo she could do you a great deal of good or a great deal of harm."

"Oh, if you tell me to go to her from policy, I cannot go," Aurora exclaimed. "Or, if I were to go, it would effect nothing."

A faint smile trembled for an instant on the monk's lips and faded as quickly as it came.

"Prudence would be the better word," he remarked.

"I am afraid that prudence would not sustain me in seeking such an unpleasant interview," Aurora said, with a troubled face.

"Go from charity," said the priest. "Here is a woman who has the misfortune to be entirely undisciplined, yet who has good impulses. People flatter her and let her do as she pleases. Maybe she knows that if she were not powerful they would not do so. I have heard the great lament that they did not know who were their real friends or what was the real truth in many circumstances about them. Take your heart in your hand, leave your dignity and

pride all at home, or throw them away; go to her to-day, if she will see you, and talk to her simply and affectionately. Assume that she has no wish to make you unhappy, and no unkindness whatever toward you. Assume that she would even resign a cherished plan rather than do you any harm. It is most probably so. Show confidence in her. Remind her, if it is necessary, that she occupies the place that was once near being your dear mother's, and that all your life you have been accustomed to going to the villa for affection and help, and have always found it there."

Speaking slowly and gently, Fra Antonio never raised his eyes from the floor. Aurora looked at him while listening, her eyes full of tears, her face bright in its reflection of the spirit of his words.

"I will go!" she said quickly, when he had ended. "I will send Giovanna down to ask if I can see her this afternoon."

"That is right. I will come up to the castle before Ave Maria to see if you have anything to tell me."

They rose. "Thank you, Fra Antonio," Aurora murmured, and lingered, and looked as if she would fain have said more. She was so glad to see him again, he was such a consolation to her, she loved his goodness so, that she was scarcely content to go without another word. But he bowed, and waited for her to go, and she went.

They returned to the castle, and Giovanna was sent at once on her errand to the villa. And so it happened that as the duchess gave her somewhat arrogant counsel to the bishop, and before he had collected himself to reply, a servant appeared and asked permission to deliver a message.

"Well?"

The signorina of the castle presented her respects to the signora duchessa, and begged to know if she might be allowed to speak with her at her convenience. She would gladly come at any hour that the duchess might be so kind as to name.

It sounded like submission.

"She can come this afternoon at four," the lady said graciously.

"You see, monsignore, you will not find her at home for your visit to-day," she added, with a rather malicious smile.

"I might not have gone to-day," he replied, and rose to take leave.

"He is going to see her now!" the duchess said to herself, observing that he took the short path of the rocks, instead of the longer Serpentino leading round the outside of the town.

And she was right. Monsignor hastened to the castle with all speed, and scarcely gave himself time to welcome Aurora back and congratulate her on her improved looks, before asking her what was going on between her and the duchess.

She told him all, even to the counsel she had received from Fra Antonio. "Dear Fra Antonio!" she concluded.

The bishop raised his eyebrows as he heard this advice; but he would not interfere between Aurora and her confessor, even though her projected visit might seem to him quixotic, the more so that the duchess must soon know that an appeal had been made to her husband against her before she was herself appealed to. This little discrepancy in the programme came, however, from the multitude of counsellors, rather than from any inconsistency in Aurora.

"Well," he said, "I wish you success. But do not be too much disappointed if you do not find the duchess very easy to soften. She is lively and she is passionate, but she is not tender."

"I hope that she will not be unkind," Aurora said anxiously, accompanying the bishop down-stairs.

"Now you are losing courage," he said, "and it is my fault. Go and do just as Fra Antonio told you to, and come to see me to-morrow and tell me that you have succeeded. After all, there is nothing so strong as charity."

She smiled again, and they stopped at the door. Monsignor was a somewhat worldly man, but he was sensitive to any appeal to his nobler nature.



"Your mother once told me a little story of you," he said. "She had been warning you that the world is cold. You were on the castle terrace. As she spoke, you flung your arms out as if embracing the universe, and exclaimed, 'I will warm it!' My dear child, there is but one way to warm the cold world. Charity, charity, charity! That may do it. Nothing else will. God bless you!"

At four o'clock the duchess, sitting *tête-à-tête* with her cousin, saw Aurora coming across the garden, accompanied by Giovanna. The contessina had put on her robes of reverence, and was looking exquisitely beautiful. There were violets in her little bonnet, which was almost invisible behind that purple wreath, violet ribbons fluttering in her transparent black skirts, and an amethyst in her belt-buckle.

"You must run away, Clem, and leave me to talk with her," his cousin said. "Not that way!" she added hastily, as he took a step toward the garden. "Go out through the dining-room."

"And why not this way?" the count asked, glancing back at her with eyes which showed green specks in the gray. "I want to assist your conference by first making a very conciliating bow to the young lady." He smiled somewhat disagreeably and continued his way to the garden, meeting Aurora near the door.

Full of her thought that charity alone would warm the world, she looked at him so sweetly that a genuine smile, full of surprise and pleasure, replaced the absurdly adoring expression he had carefully assumed. Bowing low, he stood aside, hat in hand, and looked after her till she had disappeared into the vestibule.

Aurora found the duchess biting her lips and still red with anger at her cousin's revolt. Clement had been with her but twenty-four hours, and already he was asserting his own will in everything and binding her will to serve him.

"Thanks, dear duchess, for permis-

sion to come so soon," Aurora said, after receiving the somewhat cold welcome of her hostess. "I wish to talk with you of your letter. I set off very soon after receiving it. That was the reason why I did not reply. There was a good deal to say, and I feared that a letter might give a wrong impression."

"Can it be that she does not mean submission, after all?" the duchess thought, and merely bowed with a faint smile.

Aurora continued, "It would make me so unhappy to leave the house, and it would be an injury to me, besides. I thought that perhaps you did not quite understand."

Then, rapidly, with a soft eloquence, and with little interpolated regrets that she should have to hesitate a moment in doing anything which the duchess could ask of her, she told her story. She described the homeless condition of herself and her mother when the Scotch gentleman Glenlyon, whose artist father had redeemed the old ruin and made a home there, took her as a companion for his ward. She touched upon her happy life with them, and dwelt on his kind thoughtfulness for her future. His first wish, she said, had been that she should have a home of her own. She told of his death,—how one morning they had found him kneeling at the balustrade of the terrace, with the rising sun shining on his white, lifeless head. At that spot where he rested, she and her mother had set a marble slab with an inscription, and a wreath of immortelles was always hanging there. The spot was sacred to her. Every stone of the walls was sacred and dear to her. The rooms were fragrant with violets which she had gathered and placed everywhere to make the house sweet, and they were yet more fragrant to her heart with all the memories they held for her. The garden was her delight. She knew every stem of every tree. The grape-vines had names, the flowers caprices which she watched. Her life had entered into everything, and would bleed if detached. To leave the house would

seem like being thrown overboard at sea and left to struggle with the waves and live and die struggling. Her books and studies were there, her mind was used to thinking there. She had, moreover, her pensioners, who calculated surely on the small help she could give them, and every crust of bread in the house was portioned out. Her grief, too, had consecrated the place. There was the chamber where her mother had died, and where her breath seemed yet to stir the silent air. There was the window where mamma stood when the late duke told her that he had loved her all his life, and where the soft after-glow of their youth had shone round them in an hour of perfect happiness. "Oh, I have taken possession of it all," she said, tears dropping down her cheeks. "My heart has sent little roots out to clasp it all in one whole with me, and I think it would kill me to go. Dear duchess, you have many homes, and I have but one. I am sure that you will not let me leave it." And, ending, she bent and kissed the lady's hand, and pressed it to her soft cheek, then, sitting upright, clasped her trembling hands in her lap and looked at the duchess for an answer. She had not spoken of her rights.

Two or three times while she spoke her listener had seemed moved; once she had extended her hand to touch Aurora's arm caressingly. But she had also thought, "This, then, is the way she talks! This is the way in which they make men admire them, these poetesses! If my husband heard her talk so, he would be quite swept away. He must have heard her, and it is for that he was so determined that I should not speak to her. How blooming her cheeks are, and how bright her hair! She must be twenty years younger than I am. Clemente will fall in love with her, if he has not already. He would not oppose her wishes as he has mine already, though I am his benefactress."

Jealousy rivets a triple mail around the soul it enters, and justice, compassion, even common sense, may strive in

vain to pierce it. The duchess thought, "I only propose to take from her an apartment, and she can easily get another and 'consecrate' it with her sentimental nonsense. She threatens my empire over men,—the only power I ever coveted. Yet she can cry out and have a hundred sympathizers, and I cannot say a word."

"Dear signorina, I quite understand all that you feel," she said, with an airy assumption of sympathy. "But in this world we cannot, unfortunately, be guided entirely by sentiment. I am surprised that no one of your many friends should ever have intimated to you the impropriety of your being the mistress of a house at your age. The respectable companion makes no sort of difference. The thing is manifestly improper."

Aurora blushed deeply. "No one in Sassovivo thinks so, madam," she said.

"I beg your pardon, but there are those in Sassovivo who think so," the duchess replied, with decision.

"Then some one must have suggested the thought to them, for no one ever said so to me, and my friends would have told me if they had heard. They all know me here."

Her voice faltered in speaking, and her sudden blush fading away left her very pale.

"Who knows anybody?" exclaimed the duchess. "They may call you a saint, and never think of suspecting you,—you may act like an angel, and even be ordinarily prudent,—yet the first person who chooses to whisper a word against you will be believed. Your best friends will believe. I tell you there is no such thing as having a confidence in any person whatever which will stand against an insinuation. There is nothing sure but proof positive, and proof positive you cannot have concerning any person, unless you can shut her into a cage and sit watching her night and day. The only way, the only proper way, for an unmarried girl, is to give no least opportunity to any one to talk. She must be constantly

under observation and have no possible way of concealing her actions."

Aurora rose. "I am sorry to have given you the trouble to listen to me so long, signora duchessa," she said faintly. She was very pale.

The duchess was surprised and displeased at this abrupt withdrawal.

"Oh, we haven't half talked the matter over," she said, with an air of smiling cordiality. "Of course I am very sorry for you, and I want to be a friend to you. You can quite depend on me."

"Thanks; but I do not think that I can very well talk more on the subject now," Aurora said, looking down, that she might not see a smile and expression which she felt to be false and cruel. "I have come all the way through from Genoa without resting, and I am very tired. With your permission, I will retire."

"I meant to ask you to drive out with me," the duchess said, accompanying her to the door of the *salon*. "But I see that it would be useless. Go to bed and have a good rest, and to-morrow morning I will come up to see you. I will come about eleven. Do not give yourself any anxiety. We will talk the matter over and arrange so that you shall be quite satisfied. You must depend on me as a friend." Aurora's pale and unresponsive face made her somewhat uneasy. "And now, goodbye, my dear." And she kissed her effusively.

Aurora submitted to her caress, murmured a word of thanks for her professions of friendship, and got away. She was so anxious to get away that she did not wait for Giovanna, who ran after her.

The duchess was about ringing a bell, when her cousin stepped out from behind a large screen which stood between an open window and the sofa occupied by her and Aurora during their conversation.

"You here, Clem!" she exclaimed. "How long have you been listening?"

"I told you that she meant resistance," he exclaimed, without replying to her question. "She will never leave

that place. She will go about reciting like an improvisatrice to everybody in town till they will look on us as monsters. Why didn't you propose that Paula and I should live there with her? You don't know how to yield in order to win, Laura."

He hated the girl, then. That was some comfort.

"Will you ring and order the carriage, Clemente?" she said somewhat loftily. "When you take that tone with me I shall not answer you." And she went out of the room to dress for a drive.

"I tell you, she will have to yield," she said later, as she drove with her cousin. "How is such a girl to stand against me here? There is not one who would dare to oppose me. If I say she must go, the bishop will advise her to go. If I say that it isn't respectable for her to stay there, there will be a hundred stories about her in a month; and they will be believed. The nuns will be with me,—they are so already,—and, if she resists, they will not receive her. She will be tabooed if she resists."

It was true. Aurora knew and felt it herself. If she resisted, her good name, her friends, her happiness and peace would melt away like mists, leaving her desolate. The bishop knew it when he had hastened to see her that day. He was perfectly aware that he could not take a stand against the great lady of the place. And Fra Antonio knew it when he bade Aurora take her heart in her hand in going to the duchess. "How could she resist the girl's affectionate pleading?" he thought.

The duchess took a rather longer drive than usual that day. She was discussing with her cousin the plan of which he seemed suddenly to have become enamoured,—that is, that he and Paula should live with Aurora at the castle. That would smooth out all difficulties, he declared. Paula would be an all-sufficient dueña; and once in, even if she should wish, Aurora could scarcely tell them to go away. She might prefer to go herself.

"Or you could marry her, and so have a home for life," his cousin remarked in a dry tone.

"She is not rich enough to tempt me," he replied coolly. "And, on the whole, it would be rather a poor exchange for La Cala. There at least I was the great man. Here there would be half a dozen as great, not to speak of the supreme Duke of Sassovivo and the baby Marquis of Subvite."

"Well," the duchess concluded, "we

will see what to-morrow brings forth. If no better offers, I will propose your plan. In any case, it would be a good place for Paula."

"Fra Antonio," said Aurora that evening, "I took my heart in my hand, and she has transfixed it."

"That is what happened to our Lord when he came into this world," the monk replied.

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### A LATE ROSE.

I SENT a little maiden  
To pluck for me a rose,  
The sweetest and the fairest  
That in the garden grows,—  
A blush-rose, proud and tender,  
Upon its stem so slender,  
Swaying in dreamy splendor  
Where yellow sunshine glows.

Back came the little maiden  
With drooping, downcast head,  
And slow, reluctant footsteps,  
And this to me she said :  
"I find no sweet blush-roses  
In all the garden-closes :  
There are no summer roses ;  
It must be they are dead !"

Then bent I to the maiden  
And touched her shining hair,—  
Dear heart ! in all the garden  
Was nothing half so fair !  
"Nay !" said I, "let the roses  
Die in the garden-closes .  
Whenever fate disposes,  
If I *this* rose may wear !"

JULIA C. R. DORR.

## PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES READE.

## CONCLUDING PAPER.

AT or about this time I came across Zola's loathsome book, "*L'Assommoir*." It struck me that some of the incidents might be utilized in a drama of English life. I prepared a scenario,—got a friend to assist me,—the play was completed and ready for representation. When I came up to town shortly afterward, I found that Mr. Reade had gone to Paris to see the play then acting at the Ambigu, and to confer with Zola on the subject of transferring it to the English stage. I wrote to Reade, telling him what I had done in reference to the same subject, and asking whether my piece would trespass on his *donnée*. He wrote me in return, reminding me how often he had been baffled and defeated in the theatre, assuring me that he was in sight of port at last, and imploring me in the name of our old friendship not to cross him in the ambition of his life. I could not withstand this appeal, and my unfortunate piece disappeared into the waste-paper-basket.

A few months afterward, "*Drink*" was produced, and I was delighted to find him once more a successful dramatist. Money came rolling in in abundance; he was happy, triumphant. In the midst of his happiness, at the height of his triumph, the blow fell which left him a desolate, broken man. I was abroad at the time, but there is a letter lying before me now in which, after recording the continued success of the new play, he refers to the struggles of his youth, the vicissitudes of his manhood, his repeated failures, his perpetual disappointments in the theatre; "and now," he continues, "now that I have attained the summit of my ambition, now that I am rich and prosperous, now—"

There is an inscription on a tomb in Willesden church-yard which will best tell the remainder of the sad story. I quote the epitaph in full:

Here lies the great heart of Laura Seymour, a brilliant artist, a humble Christian, a charitable woman, a loving daughter, sister, and friend, who lived for others from her childhood. Tenderly pitiful to all God's creatures, even to some that are frequently destroyed or neglected, she wiped away the tears from many faces, helping the poor with her savings, and the sorrowful with her earnest pity. When the eye saw her it blessed her, for her face was sunshine, her voice was melody, and her heart was sympathy. Truth could say more, and Sorrow pines to enlarge upon her virtues, but this would ill accord with her humility, who justly disclaimed them all, and relied only on the merits of her Redeemer. After months of acute suffering, bowing with gentle resignation, and with sorrow for those who were to lose her, not for herself, she was released from her burden, and fell asleep in Jesus, September 27th, 1879, aged 59 years. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." (Matt. v. 7.) This grave was made for her and for himself by Charles Reade, whose wise counsellor, loyal ally, and bosom friend she was for twenty-four years, and who mourns her all his days.

Twelve months or more passed before we met again. He was greatly changed, and lived more in recalling the past and preparing for the future than in the present; but we found many topics of common interest, and he loved to talk of old times.

I persuaded him with difficulty to accompany me once or twice to the theatre. We went to Drury Lane to see the Meiningen people, who appeared to interest him.

When I next quitted London I understood from him that he was engaged upon some Biblical studies, and that he did not intend to write for the theatre again. Apropos of Biblical studies: at this very time he related with great gusto a story about the late Sheridan Knowles. In his declining years, especially when he was ill, the veteran poet, who was a fine, noble-hearted, but hot-headed and eccentric Irishman, became exceedingly pious; as soon as he got better he changed his views, illustrating in fine form the adage,—



The devil was ill, and the devil a monk would be;  
The devil got well, and the devil a monk was he!

During his fits of piety he regarded, or affected to regard, the play-house as the bottomless pit of abomination; but, though he scorned the sin, he did not scorn the wages of it. I don't mean "death," but the fees arising from the representation of his plays. He was "death" on to them, certainly! And, ill or well, pious or otherwise, woe betide the luckless manager who ventured to do one of Knowles's plays without paying him for it!

One morning, ever so many years ago, in Reade's earliest juvenalia, the two authors met at the door of Mr. Benjamin Webster's house in Brompton. At that period Reade was more famous for his facts than for anything else, and it was well known how hard he worked in getting up his data. Knowles was coming out savagely pious because Webster had declined to accept a play of his. Reade was going in with a pile of manuscript under his arm, hoping to succeed in inducing the manager to cast his eye over a comedy. In his usual effusive fashion Knowles roared out, "How are you, my boy? God bless my sowl, how are you, and how have you been this age past? You're the very man I wanted to see! It's no use trying to see him," indicating Webster: "the owld thief had the impudence to tell me just now that tragedy's a dhrug in the market, and that he's got enough comedies to keep the Haymarket going for the next century! How lucky is this matin'! I've got a splendid pot-boiler,—a commission to write a polemical pamphlet to pitch into the Papists! I'm all right except for the facts. I don't know anything about them. Unfortunately, that's my wake point, but it's your strong one; so if you'll do the facts I'll do the fighting, and we'll divide the plunder between us."

Whether that pamphlet ever saw the light or not I am unable to say; I only know that Reade left the poet to do the "facts" as well as the "fighting."

To my astonishment, some few months after I left town I received the following letter:

"BLONFIELD VILLAS, October 16, 1882.

"DEAR JOHN,—I was in hopes you would have reported progress from the Channel Isle [Jersey] ere this. . . . Will you now kindly draw on your memory and send me a list of good old short pieces,—say forty-five minutes,—merry, but interesting, and not all practical jokes and nonsense? I want one for the Adelphi, which I lease from November 18th, for three months, to bring out our new drama, 'Love and Money.' Low comedian, young man, two or three ladies if necessary.

"Yours always,

"READE."

I was rather glad to hear that he was in harness once more, knowing as I did that loneliness and want of occupation would prey upon his mind.

He told me afterward that he had gradually drifted into this speculation against his inclination. The American right of the drama "Love and Money" had been disposed of for two thousand pounds to an enterprising manager in the States, upon condition that it was to be brought out first at the Adelphi Theatre. The money was paid in advance. All at once a difficulty occurred. The management of the Adelphi declined to accept the play. If it was not produced there, the purchase-money would be forfeited. The authors were on the horns of a dilemma. In the end they decided to take the theatre stipulated in the agreement and produce the drama themselves.

To give a filip to the business, the drama of "Dora," founded upon Tennyson's poem of that name, was revived. I ought to have referred to this play in the chronological order of its production, but women and actors are not good at dates. I have tried to keep pretty straight in this particular, but I fear I have not succeeded. I remember, however, as though it were yesterday, that seventeen or eighteen years ago Reade took me and a couple of friends down to Richmond and gave us a dinner at the "Star and Garter," previous to which he read us "Dora," and very much de-

lighted we were. As we drove back in the cool of the evening, he proposed that I should play "Farmer Allen," the "stern parient." At that time I had got the poetic drama on the brain, and I replied, with more candor than consideration, "that as yet I had not arrived at the 'King Lear,' and that when I did go into that line of business I'd rather go to the original than to an agricultural specimen of the article." He growled out something about "the insensate egoism of the actor," and subsided into a sully silence.

Afterward, by the light of more mature experience, I read this play, and, "albeit unused to the melting mood," I must candidly admit it beguiled me of a tear or two. What a charming work it is! I am convinced even now that properly placed in a small theatre it would run for an entire season. It was, however, as unfortunate on its revival as on its first production at the Adelphi in 1867, when Reade wrote a pamphlet in which he vivisected the unfortunate painter who he alleged had damned the play. Once I ventured to take up the cudgels on behalf of his victim, stating, moreover, that he was dead.

"So is my piece, sir, and he killed it," roared Reade. "Murdered it; for it was nothing less than murder!

Murder most foul, as in the best it is,  
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

I've no patience to think of it!—the flesh and blood and bones and brains of two great men—a great poet and a great dramatist—murdered by a wretched scene-painter!"

"But," I replied, "he was not a wretched scene-painter; on the contrary, he was a very admirable one. He was good enough for Charles Fechter; and when I opened my new theatre he painted all the scenery, and he didn't kill 'Hamlet.'"

"Because he couldn't; but he would have done so if he could! But there, there! you never saw the scene, you never saw the sun. There never was such a sun in the heavens, or on the earth, or in the waters under the earth! It was a beastly sun,—a sun which

went to bed drunk and got up groggy in the morning, looking like a blazing copper warming-pan!"

Having since enjoyed the luxury myself of paying a thousand pounds for the damming of a piece through the eccentricities of a drunken carpenter and the vagaries of an erratic moon, which wiggle-waggled up and down incessantly, I can sympathize now better than I did then with my friend's anger with the "duffers behind," and his scorn for the idiots in front, who concentrated their attention on sun, moon, stars, and cornfield,—upon anything and everything except actors and author.

In this remarkable pamphlet, which is now scarce and out of print, Reade proceeds to say, "The act-drop rose on the cornfield. We all know how the poet has painted it, and his picture was in the scene-painter's hands as a guide. But that gentleman preferred his own ideas of corn. He gave us the flowery mound and two wheat-sheaves, but his stage-cloth represented a turnpike road, with three rows of cut stubble (property), and his cornfield was a shapeless mass, streaked with fiery red and yellow ochre.

"'Dora, my girl,' said Farmer Allen, 'come to have a look at the wheat.' Once informed that the splashes of blood and ochre on that cloth were wheat, every Cockney who had voyaged into the bowels of the land as far as Richmond began to snigger. 'Opens a farmer's heart, it does,' says Allen, 'to look at a sixty-acre field of wheat like that.' Howls of laughter from floor to gallery, and the piece fell."

On the revival of "Dora" in 1882, nothing was left to accident with regard to the scenery. It was of the most elaborate, realistic, and perfect character. Mr. Warner, the leading actor of the company, who did not appear in the *pièce de résistance*, acted the patriarchal farmer, and, I believe, distinguished himself highly. The play was admirably cast in other respects, but it was unfortunately placed. It commenced the evening's performance at seven o'clock, so that in fact it was half over before

there was any one in the house to see it, and Reade ruefully informed me that so far from its production helping the receipts, they continued to dwindle down and down, until both pieces were finally withdrawn. Thus his latest theatrical speculation, and the very last performance of one of his most cherished works, was destined to end in a cruel disappointment.

The last time I met him in a theatre was at Drury Lane, the first night of "Freedom," in August, 1883. He had just returned from the Continent. He seemed feeble and tired, and left before the play was over. I brought him out and put him into a cab. He wished me to go home with him, but, unfortunately, I had a lady with me whom I had to pilot to the wilds of Clapham, — a circumstance I have regretted ever since, for he seemed to feel rather hurt by my refusal. I think that this was his last appearance in a theatre.

It was in the natural fitness of things it should be so. It was in that theatre that he saw "The School for Scandal" when he came to London a boy; it was in that theatre that "Gold" was produced; it was there that I had last met him when the Meinigen troop were acting. It was there he first saw a play in London; it was there he last saw one.

After we met at Drury Lane, I was a frequent visitor at Shepherd's Bush until he took that fatal journey to Cannes. To the last his interest in the theatre remained unabated, and it was his intention on his return to go into management once more.

His play of "Griffith Gaunt" had never been acted in town, and its success when produced in the country by the late Mrs. G. V. Brooke (Avonia Jones) had been but doubtful. It was a pet subject of his; but he was dissatisfied with the construction of the drama, and he asked me to take it in hand and see what I could do to remodel and put it into shape. I entered into his views *con amore*, rewrote the fourth act, and revised the last act, very much to his satisfaction. He was quite sanguine as to its chances of success, and

entered into an arrangement with me to manage a theatre for him on his return from Cannes. He had also arranged with Mr. Walter Gooch, the late lessee of the Princess's, to manage the front of the house. Alas! *L'homme propose et Dieu dispose*.

Before bringing these crude remembrances to a conclusion, I propose to speak, not of the brilliant dramatist, the great writer, but of the dear friend, the large-hearted, hot-headed, impetuous, generous, loving, and lovable man, — the man who was brave as a lion and gentle as a lamb, the man who was "the truest friend and noblest foe" I have ever met. It is not to be supposed that during all these years and the many transactions that occurred between us we did not have our points of departure: we were both too human to be infallible. Others will doubtless dwell upon his weaknesses, his faults. I do not care to note the spots on the sun: it is enough for me that he irradiates the earth and lifts my soul to heaven.

Were I to tell of the thousand generous and benevolent actions done by Charles Reade in silence and in secrecy, I should require a volume. A few instances, however, will suffice.

Of course every one knows that on the occasion of the famous trial in which the late Hepworth Dixon was concerned Reade sent him, unasked, a check for a thousand guineas: that Dixon did not accept the offer does not diminish Reade's generosity.

Two summers ago he asked me to go down to see a play of his at an East-End theatre. I did, and reported favorably upon a gentleman who played a principal part. The next day he received a complimentary letter and a "little check" from Mr. Reade.

A poor actor in great straits wrote only a few months back imploring help in the name of the dead. He received by return of post a bank-note, merely inscribed "A Voice from Willesden Church-Yard."

A literary man, then dying, and since dead, got his wife to write to Mr. Reade, asking the loan of a few pounds. She

received for answer, "Madam,—I never lend money, except on good security; but please hand the enclosed to your husband." The husband opened the letter and found a check for thirty pounds, with a hasty scrawl: "Dear X.,—A dear dead friend has left a little fund at my disposal. If she were alive I know she would send you the enclosed; I am, therefore, only carrying out her wishes. I send it upon one condition,—that you get down to Margate immediately and save your life for the sake of your wife, who is an excellent woman."

A poor lady, whom we had both known well in the heyday of her youth and beauty, the widow of a mutual friend, a distinguished actor and manager, "had married again in haste and repented at leisure." This haughty and imperious beauty was struck down with a mortal malady. She wrote one line: "Dear Charles Reade,—I am ill, dying, in want." He was in her miserable garret as soon as the first hansom could take him there. Two hours afterward he had removed her to decent apartments and placed her under the charge of a Sister of Mercy and one of the most eminent physicians in London. It was too late to save, but not too late to soothe her last moments and to surround her with everything Reade's generous care could provide.

One instance concerns myself. At a critical period of my life I had lost my whole fortune in a disastrous enterprise which left me high and dry without a shilling. I had dined at Albert Gate the night before. Next morning, Reade burst into my room and planked a bag of sovereigns on the table, quite sufficient to enable me to tide over my immediate necessities, exclaiming abruptly, "I saw you seemed rather *gêné* last night: there, that's something to buy postage-stamps with; and if you want any more, there's plenty left where that came from." And he was gone before I had time to reply.

During my visits to Shepherd's Bush last summer his health fluctuated, but I thought he was more hypochondriacal

than really or seriously ill. The sequel showed how much I was mistaken; and yet he wrote and worked pretty much as usual. Indeed, at this very time he informed me he had completed a novel, which he revised and left ready for publication. When the weather was favorable he would occasionally take an hour or two's drive, or pick himself up for a game at lawn tennis; but he soon became fatigued, and after dinner, in the very midst of conversation, he would drop off into a stupor of sleep for an hour or two. Years ago, when we were travelling together, whenever I had to act at night it was my custom immediately after dinner to adjourn to the nearest sofa for my siesta, a pleasant but pernicious habit acquired from long companionship with my earliest friend, the late Charles Mathews, who always found it indispensable to take forty winks before going to the theatre. At these times Reade used to chaff me about my indolence. I replied, "Ah, it's all very well; but you haven't had a dozen letters to write after a long rehearsal, and you haven't to air yourself before the public for four or five hours to-night; but I have." Now it was changed: it was his turn to sleep, mine to watch and wait. When he awoke he would soon pull himself together, and say, "Ah, John, it's your turn to chaff now."

His eyesight, which had always been weak, now got worse and worse. Even when a dozen candles were alight (he never used gas) he would exclaim querulously, "Dear me! how dark it grows!" All these symptoms of decaying nature alarmed me, though I did not think the end was so near.

The last night I was at Blomfield Terrace, previous to his leaving England,—he read me a remarkable paper on the book of Jonah. The subject was handled in his most masterly manner, but in the full flow of his impetuous eloquence we stumbled upon one of his characteristic blotches. It was to this effect:

"Having now arrived at this conclusion, we must go the whole hog or none."

I made a *move*.

He stopped, and said, "You don't like the hog, I see."

"I don't," I replied. "Do you?"

"Well, it's a strong figure of speech, and it's understood of the people; but you are right, John,—yes, you are right; it's scarcely scriptural: so out it goes."

It seems appropriate to recall that on that occasion, as we had done many a time and oft before, we discussed the everlasting problems of life, death, time, and eternity. Years ago he appeared to me somewhat agnostic in his views; now he hoped with a child's humility. When I was leaving, after some hours' earnest conversation, he said, "Well, when all is said and done, when Tyndal and Huxley have demonstrated to their own satisfaction that protoplasm is the beginning, when Darwin has shown that the great gorilla is the middle, and Mill has proved that annihilation is the end, there yet remains this fact which they can't get over,—there can be nothing more wonderful in our going hence than our coming here. Therefore perpend, my son, here are two quotations, both by great authors, Charles Reade and Alexander Pope. The first is this (two lines from your pet part, John),—

There are on earth but two things which never die,—Love, which decays not, and Faith, which binds the soul to heaven.

The last is,—

Hope humbly then, on trembling pinions  
soar;

Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.

Now, 'mark, learn, and inwardly digest' those two choice morsels: meanwhile, remember Albert Gate at four to-morrow."

On the morrow I was at the old home at Albert Gate, according to appointment. It had not been occupied for some time, and Mr. Reade had just arranged to let it. On my arrival I was shown into his disused study, the one so graphically described by him in "A Terrible Temptation." He had not yet come, but was expected momentarily. I had not been there for five years. How

dreary and dismantled it looked! The withered leaves which had fallen from the trees in the garden had been blown under the door-sill into the room, the fire was nearly out, the gloom of the gray wintry afternoon was settling down steadily from the gloaming into the murk. How changed it all seemed since the old happy times!

Presently he came in. Strange to say, he had not looked so bright and cheerful for ever so long. Age became him,—his white beard and silky white hair looked quite handsome; his eyes were sparkling, his cheeks a little flushed. His dress, too, was singularly becoming. He wore a large seal-skin coat, seal-skin gloves, and his usual sombrero. Round his neck was a large, soft muffler of white silk. When we parted, he seemed elate and confident. Of the two, I was the more sad and disheartened at his going away, although I little dreamt he was going to his death. I wished him God-speed, renewed health and strength, then he went one way and I another.

I had promised that I would settle some business for him at the Adelphi Theatre that evening; but as yet I had been unable to see the Fisheries Exhibition, and it was to close that night. Obviously it was a case of now or never: so to the Fisheries I went from Albert Gate. As marvellous a sight as the exhibition itself was the vast concourse of people which moved about in one continued stream through every avenue of the building, except in the weird and wonderful Chinese annex, which I had exclusively to myself and the electric light, save for one huge Chinaman, who looked as dead as Confucius and as stiff and wooden as the figure-head of the great junk. I had lost myself in another land, in another century, when all at once it occurred to me that the commission I had undertaken lay not in Pekin but in the Strand, and if I didn't look alive I should be too late to fulfil it. I had to take Paddington on my way back to town by train. Lucky for me it was that I alighted there, as it enabled me to escape by the skin of my



teeth being mixed up with the dynamite explosion which took place five minutes afterward.

Having executed my commission, I duly advised him thereof. Not hearing from him, I wrote again, and received the following letter in reply :

"HÔTEL SPLENDIDE, CANNES,  
"4th December, 1883.

"MY DEAR COLEMAN,—I certainly must have missed your letter somehow, and now write to thank you for your zeal and ability on my behalf.

"I shall be happy to receive communications from you with regard to any matter of public or private interest, so please note my address.

"My own condition is a sad one. Either I have a cancer in the stomach or bowels, or else a complete loss of digestion. So far as animal food is concerned, I have been obliged to resign it entirely, excepting in the form of soup, and soup is to me, as you know of old, little better than hot water. I am making arrangements to have a cow milked twice a day into my pitcher, and, if two quarts of milk and twelve raw eggs *per diem* will keep an old man alive, I may live another year.

"This is a delightful place if you keep in the sun, which is quite as warm as the sun of May in England, but it only warms the air where it strikes it. I find it winter in the shady streets, and everywhere after sunset; but there is a great difference between the temperature of this place and Paris, for here are avenues of palm-trees flourishing, not in boxes, but in the bare soil, not very lofty, but with grand and beautiful stems; there are also aloes in bloom, and orange-orchards weighed down with the golden fruit; there are also less pleasant indications of a warm climate: the flies are a perfect pest during meals, and at night I am eaten up with mosquitoes.

"Now, what are you doing? Please tell me. I have never been well enough to work on 'Griffith Gaunt,' but I have got your manuscript by me, and fully appreciate your excellent suggestions. . . .

"The charge for a letter to me is now only two and a half pence, and in my solitude and affliction a little gossip from my old friend will be doubly welcome. Write me, as soon as possible, a good long letter. Attack a sheet of foolscap,—don't be afraid of it,—and, above all, believe me

"Now and always yours,  
"CHARLES READE."

In compliance with his request, I gave him a full and particular account of all that was going on in town, at the theatres, etc., and endeavored to laugh him out of his sad presentiments, quoting the examples of Lyndhurst, Disraeli, Gladstone, Montefiore, etc. After this I wrote three or four times; but the above is the last letter I ever received from him. Knowing how erratic he was in his correspondence, his prolonged silence, though it pained me, gave me no cause for alarm, especially as I had read his letter on the Belt case, published in the "Daily Telegraph" immediately after the Lord Chief Justice had formulated his extraordinary dictum as to the value of opinion *versus* fact. In this, Reade's last published utterance, I was delighted to find all his old intellectual vigor and all his irresistible logic, all his remarkable power of grouping facts and balancing the weight of evidence for and against, all his judicial faculty of deciding fairly and impartially upon the merits of any case in which he was not himself personally interested. To my thinking, he had never struck out straighter from the shoulder, never written anything better or stronger: I concluded therefore that he was regaining health and strength, and I looked forward to his returning, like a giant refreshed, to commence our campaign next season.

I was soon disillusionized.

On Thursday, April 3, I was startled by the news that he had returned to England dangerously ill. I went down to Shepherd's Bush at once, and begged to see him; but the doctors had given imperative instructions that no one was

to be admitted except those who were in immediate attendance upon him. I was informed that he had been alone (save for his secretary) through the winter, and, finding himself death-stricken, he had summoned his relations to take him home. They found him almost *in articulo mortis*. When they arrived at Calais the Channel was dreadfully rough. In his best days he was a martyr to *mal de mer*, and had a horror of the sea; it was this alone which prevented him from accepting numerous invitations to visit America, where he was more popular even than in his own country, and where a royal welcome awaited him any time these twenty years.

For nearly a week his departure was delayed by the weather. At last came a lull, of which his friends took advantage. When they commenced to move him, the motion of the carriage caused him intolerable pain; but his nieces walked on either side holding his hands, and so they soothed him until at last he consented to be carried on board. Strange to say, he suffered very little during the voyage; but the railway journey home shook him terribly. When he got to Shepherd's Bush he had just strength to articulate, "I have come home to die."

His words were prophetic. When they had carried him to his chamber it was only too apparent that he would never quit it alive.

It was the second time within two months that the shadow of death had fallen on that roof. Only a few weeks previous, the head of the house,—“the Squire,” as they called him down at Ipsden,—Henry, the son of Charles Reade's eldest brother, a stout, hearty man of forty, had been stricken down with a mortal malady, and died in that very room.

It is idle now to think of what might have been, but it is my firm conviction that if, years ago, before functional derangement had set in, Mr. Reade had consented to be guided by medical advice and to take physic (which he always detested), above all, to submit to proper dietetic treatment, he would have been

alive now. It is quite certain that the eminent physicians who attended him during his last illness found that he had been entirely mistaken as to the nature of his disease. There was no indication of cancer in the stomach; but for years he had been suffering from induration of the liver and emphysema of the lungs, combined with functional derangement and impaired digestion.

From the moment of his return it was seen to be impossible for him to recover, but all that loving care and kindness could do was done to alleviate his sufferings.

On Sunday, April 7, I took my last leave of my poor friend. His nearest and dearest were around him. He was quite unconscious, and but the shadow of his former self. I asked him if he knew me, but he made no answer. I thought he pressed my hand gently as I kissed him; but in such moments as these our nerves are so shaken that we never really know what actually does take place. I only know I felt myself in the presence of death, and that I realized the fact, from which there was no escaping, that all hope was past, and that those who loved him best could only pray that the end might come soon,—the sooner the better.

The favorable bulletins which appeared for the next few days did not deceive me, and I was not surprised when the news of his release came on Friday.

They told me afterward that toward the end he wandered slightly, sometimes spoke in French to imaginary servants who were helping him aboard the boat at Calais; that he called for money to give them; and then at last

Life lulled itself to sleep, and sleep slept unto death.

On Tuesday, April 15, he was buried in Willesden church-yard. The funeral rites were as unostentatious as his life had been. There were only ten chief mourners,—kinsmen and old friends,—among whom I was privileged to take a place. Wilkie Collins was peremptorily ordered by his physician to refrain

from attending; but he wrote a most touching letter, bewailing the loss of his oldest friend,—a friend of forty years' standing. Mr. Edwin Arnold, who had a few days previously testified so eloquently in the columns of the "Daily Telegraph" to the sterling worth, the nobility of character, and the genius of Charles Reade, was also debarred from joining us.

The art of reading the "Order for the Burial of the Dead" with propriety is an accomplishment which appears to be rarely or never included among the acquirements of the average clergyman; but on this occasion the inspired words were read so nobly that they gained an added beauty from their touching and tender utterance by the vicar of Willesden, who is, I believe, an old friend of Mr. Reade.

The morning had been cold and gray, but the moment we left the church the sun shone forth bright and glorious on the masses of flowers which were heaped upon the coffin, on the lid of which was the following inscription:

CHARLES READE,  
Dramatist, Novelist, and Journalist.  
Born June 8th, 1814.  
Died April 11th, 1884.

"Dramatist" first,—always first! At his own request the words were thus placed. The ruling passion was strong in death, and to the last he remained faithful to his first and early love,—the Drama.\*

\* Since these reminiscences were penned, my attention has been directed to various statements made by the Rev. Mr. Graham in a certain sectarian publication with reference to his alleged "conversion" (?) of Mr. Reade. These statements are so highly colored that I cannot suffer them to remain unchallenged. Mr. Graham alleges that Mr. Reade was "distressed and conscience-stricken, and indeed utterly disgusted with his connection with the stage;" that after a fit of "backsliding" he talked of "cutting off his right hand," etc.

There can be little doubt that in the prostration which followed his great bereavement Mr. Reade for a short period was subject to religious melancholia: indeed, the surest proof of his mental debility is to be found in the fact that he, a man whose mighty intellect had plumbed the depths of secular and theological knowledge, should have submitted to the influence of an obscure Nonconformist divine. But when Mr. Reade returned to his normal frame of mind, he returned to his *premiers amours*.

When they laid him in the grave, as far as my eyes could see through the mist which rose before them, there were present two hundred people, more or less, among whom I could distinguish of men of letters only two,—Robert Buchanan and George Augustus Sala; of actors only four,—Messrs. Calhaem, Jackson, Billington, and Davenport. I noted also two tender-hearted women who came from a distance to strew flowers over his grave, and an eminent Nonconformist divine who also came to pay the last tribute to his friend. Had Charles Reade been a Frenchman, Paris would have been in mourning,—the people in their thousands would have followed to his last resting-place the man who from the first moment that he took pen in hand used it in behalf of the weak, the helpless, and the oppressed.

After all, what matters the absence of a few score actors or a few thousand spectators? Their absence or their presence troubles him not now. He sleeps none the less soundly beside his "wise counsellor, loyal ally, and bosom friend."

"Though he is dead, his name will live for evermore."

Yes! So long as England remains a nation, so long as the stars and stripes float over the great country which he loved next to his island home, so long as the language of Shakespeare and of Milton is spoken in any quarter of the habitable globe, so long will the name of Charles Reade be

familiar in men's mouths as household words!

JOHN COLEMAN.

His last words to me, in last October, referred, as I have mentioned, to our opening a theatre together on his return to England. His last letter of December 4, referring to "Griffith Gaunt," recurred to the subject, and the first word upon his tomb testifies to the pride and glory he took in his beloved art. Up to the last moment of his existence he received his royalties for the representation of his dramatic works. His heir receives them now. Finally, Mr. Graham, despite his bigoted and un-Christian-like animadversions on the stage, did not disdain to receive "the wages of sin" in the shape of a substantial legacy for himself and family, actually earned by the representation of these wicked stage-plays in that "pit of abomination," a play-house.

## HEADSTRONG.

A HOT July day was drawing to its lingering close. If the sun measures the day, it was already over; but, though the glow of his setting had faded, and the blue Italian sky, hanging "hollow and vast" over the Bay of Naples, was beginning to burn with stars, there was still light enough for two women, who were sitting together in a piazza overlooking the water, to see each other's faces. Measured by time, their acquaintance had been of brief duration. They had met only a week before, at Capri, and for a day or two the elder of the twain had been conscious that the very pronounced individuality of the other caused in her a certain passive disapproval, whether moral, or mental, or simply one of taste, she hardly knew. But, the companions of each having been summoned away on their arrival at Naples, a limited knowledge of Italian on one side and a growing inclination to study character on the other had drawn them into closer communication, with mutually satisfactory results. They were both Americans, to begin with, though Bertha Allen, if put to her patriotic catechism, would probably have avowed that every year of her life narrowed her exclusively national sympathies and expanded her sense of universal human fellowship, and that although she thought she had a sufficiently comprehensive appreciation of New York and Boston, she was in no hurry to renew her acquaintance with either. Mrs. Sherwood, on the contrary, after the year abroad to which her physicians had sentenced her for the second time within a decade, professed herself more and more tired of Europe and more ardently American with every day she lived.

"I hate these Italians," she had said on the day of her first encounter with her present companion: "their lying, cheating, nasty ways make me sick. And the French one has to deal with in

Paris are no better. I can't talk to them myself,—their confounded lingo won't stick to my American tongue,—but I get an interpreter and dispute their bills and back them down out of their impositions, with a conviction that I am doing the State some service. I suppose I should have stayed at Nice six months longer if my landlord hadn't been such a barefaced fraud. I beat him, though. I got a lawyer and proved him wrong at every point, and have the satisfaction of knowing his house has stood empty ever since. It cost me more than the rent he asked me, to be sure, but it wasn't the stupid money I cared for, but the principle of the thing. I would have spent a thousand dollars on somebody else to make him fulfil his contract and prevent his getting one cent more than he was honestly entitled to."

"I should imagine that fine sense of abstract justice would be an expensive one to gratify," said Bertha, "besides the wear and tear that it must give your nerves. It doesn't strike me, either, as quite so characteristically American as some of your other sentiments. I'm afraid we rather incline to let ourselves be cheated, as a rule, not because we don't see what is going on, but because it is generally too much trouble to prevent it."

"Whether it's American or not, it's me," was the response. "Perhaps, after all, that's what I care most about."

"Now, that sentiment I heartily approve," said Bertha. "I'm not sure, either, that it isn't essentially patriotic. In that sense I am as thorough an American as yourself. Only, my own 'me' is inclined to take money-matters rather lightly and expend what little force it has in other directions."

There had been several members of the party for the first few days,—some of them English, a nationality for which Mrs. Sherwood privately expressed to

her solitary compatriot her lively aversion. "I detest the English everywhere," she protested, "more than I do any other people anywhere, except the Irish in California. I used to believe in Fenianism and want to contribute to armed rebellion and all that sort of stuff, until I went to California and saw their abominable performances with the Chinese. And what was it all about, I'd like to know? The heathen Chinese wears a pigtail, works all day long for a dollar a day, lives on rice, drinks no whiskey, and never makes a row. When he wants to go on an opium spree, once a month or so, he finds another Chinaman, who comes in quietly, takes his place, does his work just as well as he did it himself, and he turns up again all right the very day he said he would. Paddy wants two dollars a day for eight hours' work, though his clumsy fingers can't pick as many hops in eight hours as Johnny does in four, spends his extra dollar in getting drunk, and even has the face to complain because the Chinaman wants to have his bones carried back to his own country instead of leaving them for fertilizers! Confound it all," she added, with a sudden spring to her feet, her arms gesticulating, her face burning, her light eyes kindling into a sudden glow, "I want to swear when I think about it! I declare, I sympathize now with England in regard to the Irish. If their own wrongs can't give them one iota of respect for other people's rights, they ought to be exterminated. *I'd dynamite 'em!*"

A subsequent edition of these remarks, curtailed in one direction, expanded in others, but expurgated in none, which was issued more publicly, had the effect of at once endearing her to and repelling from her two or three highly conservative British females of the party. "Really, Miss Allen," one of them had volunteered after such an explosion, reft of its anti-English avowals by Mrs. Sherwood's natural kindly sense of her momentary audience, "our new acquaintance has some very just ideas. But isn't she just a little

—odd, you know? We have met Americans several times of late, and been charmed with them. How would you account, now, for some of her very extraordinary expressions?"

"For example?"

"Now, really, Miss Allen! But then perhaps they *don't* strike you so oddly. And, now I remember, I think you were not with us yesterday."

"No," said Bertha, "I had some letters to write. I hope it wasn't anything very shocking."

"Oh, no; only a little queer. We took donkeys, you know, to relieve the monotony of walking and climbing. She is a slender little creature, and she sat perched up on hers, her two pretty feet well displayed, and getting a remarkably good gait out of him. I was jogging along sedately in the rear, my beast not seeming inclined for anything but a walk. I rather like the motion, you know. You have all the leisure and enjoyment of walking yourself, without the fatigue. Presently she jumped down and ran back to me, brandishing a stick, with which she began to belabor his sides roundly. I *think* what she said was, 'Confound the darned poky little brute! I'll give him a send-off.' It was very kindly meant, I'm sure, but at my age and size I didn't at all enjoy the jouncing about I got for the next two or three minutes."

"Yes," put in another of the ladies, "I spoke to her last night about some very pleasant Americans we met at Rome,—very cultivated, charming people,—Bostonians, I believe. She said she had met them also, 'and plenty more just like them,—Boston Unitarians who go to Rome and pretend they are Catholics.' That must be a mild form of slander, or satire perhaps, for the people I spoke of went with us to the English Church. Then she went on to add that their 'airs and their culture and their ignorance' made her 'sick.' They talk books and pictures by the hour, and quote Emerson as if they had brought him up by hand, and they know no more about their own country than they do about Central Africa, nor



half so much. Fancy one of them asking me if there were many Indians now in Indiana! Mr. Jebb tells me she is surprisingly well up herself in current American politics and finance, and has cleared his ideas on several matters. He says, too, that she drops nearly all her slang and shows hard sense in discussing such things. But we ladies think her exceedingly peculiar as a talker on general topics."

"Did you hear," chimed in a third, "what she said to Mr. Cartwright at the ruins yesterday? The poor man looked bewildered, and it was positively most extraordinary."

"About the fleas?" asked Bertha. "She told me she 'struck him all of a heap' when she tried to relieve his embarrassment on being caught by her in the act of shaking out his shirt-sleeve. What did she say?"

"Don't be bashful! In this country we all carry wash-bowls with us, and undress at every street-corner.' Fancy that, now!"

"Ah, well," said Bertha, laughing, "I think myself that she rather enjoys exploiting her peculiarities. She says she has been pent up so long that when she meets people who can understand English she likes to treat them to what she calls 'American' as well. She brought me a letter from the family with whom she came abroad,—excellent and admirable people, of the best social standing,—who speak of her in the most friendly possible way. I take her on her own terms, which are reticent on nothing but personal history, and begin to like her better every day."

"She is certainly very amusing, but we find her a trifle too animated now and then. Her vocabulary is positively amazing. The other day when we drove over to Anacapri, and she insisted on taking the reins and the whip, the mixture of tongues in which she harangued both the man and his horses was something too extraordinary. I wasn't quite sure I liked it, though I haven't laughed so heartily in a year. Our friend Mr. Cartwright, who expects to bring out a book next spring on

'National Types,' tells me he makes a regular practice every night of noting down her remarks in his commonplace-book. He says he is sure she is quite the typical American woman."

"No doubt he is duly thankful for an opportunity to write up the American woman without the trouble of seeking her in her native jungle," said Bertha. "May I venture to hope that his intentions are quite exclusive? We shall all be interested in seeing his book."

"Oh, of course he knows there are great differences. But isn't there something in his idea that many of the very charming people one meets over here are a little sophisticated by travel and intercourse with—us, don't you know?—and, of course, with other foreigners? Mr. Cartwright is very clever. We met some very remarkable Russians in Paris last winter, and I assure you his studies of them, and of the Japanese envoys whom we also saw there, showed surprising insight."

"Splendid idea!" said Mrs. Sherwood, to whom Bertha afterward confided a portion of her newly-acquired information about Mr. Cartwright's designs and methods. "It reminds me of my patent clothes-line. I have a post rigged up in the back yard with revolving arms, and the girl stands on one spot with her basket and hangs up the week's wash without budging an inch. If I hadn't forgotten how to spell, I'd write a book myself on 'How and Where to Observe National Types.'"

In the two days which Mrs. Sherwood and Miss Allen had spent alone together their acquaintance had fast ripened into intimacy, a result hastened on one side by a natural candor that seldom made confidences by halves, and on the other by a steadily growing sympathy which invited and rewarded frankness. To-day Bertha had been unfolding the economies of the little *ménage* in Paris where she had made her home for a dozen years.

"I have no history," she concluded. "A woman like me, always plain to the verge of ugliness, and growing fat before

getting to be forty, is pretty sure to have none. I had a little money from my father, not enough to tempt a fortune-hunter, but quite enough to place me beyond all dread of want and all need of exertion. I thought once that I had a taste and perhaps a talent for painting, and, as I had no ties to keep me at home, I went to Paris with the intention of studying art. I had good masters, and they gave me encouragement, but I fear I am lazy. To aim at doing good things well means hard work. I couldn't condescend to anything less than that, but I find I don't like work. Perhaps it would have been better for me if I had had no money at all. I envy the happiness of the industrious, but I have given up the hope of sharing it. I find life rather monotonous: perhaps I shall grow religious, as I grow older, through sheer *ennui*. At present I have rather lost my hold on all the things I used once to fancy I believed."

"I have half a mind to propose to share your quarters with you," said her listener, after a long pause, "or rather to enlarge their boundaries so as to make room for both. I think we should not quarrel, and my heart warms to an American who stands neither on shoddy nor petroleum and who is not suffering from Anglomania. I am no longer rich, but I still have plenty to allow me to indulge in moderation tastes that were always inclined to be luxurious. I am more like a boy than a woman, you tell me. I was brought up with boys; but I always had, and have still, a genuine woman's love of dress; and of late years I crave excitement as an hereditary drunkard craves liquor. I think I will stay, if you will have me; and yet I fairly pine for America."

"You have friends to whom you long to return?" asked Bertha.

"Friends? None that I care for. On the contrary, what drove me abroad, and what is like enough to drive me back again if I return, was the stifling sense that I was living under the same sky and breathing the same air with the man who has ruined my whole life,

beggared me, and made me an old woman before my time."

There was a look of friendly and sympathetic inquiry in Bertha's eye, but she said nothing. Presently her companion began anew.

"There has been no one here whom you could ask," she said, with a twinkle in her blue eyes, "so you can't be supposed to know whether I am a widow or a wife. Which did you take me for?"

"Well, the latter. Chiefly, I suppose, because you never mentioned the dear departed."

"And did you construct a theory about it?"

"I failed in several. You wouldn't fit, somehow, into any of the categories. You are evidently not a woman who would abandon her husband for any light reason, and you don't seem a likely person to have been abandoned. You say you are not rich, and yet you have the ways of one who has never known a wish she could not gratify, and the belongings of one in that position still. Your get-up last Sunday was quite too stunning. I saw Mrs. Jebb eyeing your lace overdress with eyes almost green with envy. You shouldn't put such temptations in the way of weaker and poorer women. And then, to tell the whole truth, you don't appear to me to have suffered seriously in your affections. If you have a heart, I don't think your husband has broken it."

"Upon my word, you use your eyes as closely as you hold your tongue. You haven't asked me any questions; if you had, I should probably not have answered. But to-night, and to you, I feel inclined for once to make confession. I seem very open, I suppose, to every one, and in fact I am so. I have no thoughts I am ashamed to utter, and I have never in my life done a thing that I should blush to tell. And yet, even when I talk most freely, there are things I avoid as a burned child avoids fire. They make me too sore. . . . 'If I have a heart,' you say. What but her heart should make a woman suffer when her husband is unfaithful to her?—not unfaithful because she wearies him and

he loves another woman better, but simply because that is the nature of the animal?"

"Her pride might, I should say, or perhaps her vanity. If it were her heart, don't you think she would be apt to be a little more subdued and 'chastened under the afflicting rod'? You are as hard as steel. My imagination declines to picture you in love with a man capable of such infidelity as you describe. You seem a shrewd judge of character, and honesty as transparent as yours ought to have attracted honesty, or, at any rate, to have been repelled by dishonesty."

"And yet I married a man who robbed me of half my fortune and then gambled it away, after first doing the same thing with the other half which I gave him out and out at our marriage to establish him in business,—a man, too, who was always protesting an affection which he complained was not half requited, while at the same time he was bringing me to a shame which was open and patent to all eyes but mine. Even I—"

She stopped for a little, and then went on in a different tone. Putting her hand upon her with a sympathetic pressure, Bertha felt the tension of her muscles and noted the quickened throbbing of her heart.

"I can't talk about it, after all. There are women who can reconcile themselves to things like that, but I am not one of them. We had lived together five years childless. Then an accident—a misdirected letter brought to me when my baby was but a few days old—laid in my hands proofs that I never would have stooped to seek. I showed them to him, but I wasted no more words than were necessary to tell him my determination. But when he protested against the scandal of deserting him, I reminded him for once of all I had intrusted to him. I had never before upbraided him. I had never told him even when I discovered him to be a liar and a thief, for then only my money was concerned. If I had chosen, I could have put him into prison, for he

had abused a power of attorney I had given him to pay taxes in my absence to get possession of nearly all I had retained in my own name and throw it to the dogs in Wall Street. He denied that, but I showed him the forged signatures which my lawyer had brought me. I had had them in my desk two years. Then he wilted, confessed everything, and begged like a whipped dog. The house was mine. I gave him twenty minutes to get himself and his belongings out of it. I have never seen him since."

"And the child?"

"It died. My milk turned literally to gall, perhaps: at all events, they laid its death to the excitement under which I labored."

There was a long silence; then Mrs. Sherwood began again, in a voice less vibrating and passionate and with a return to her habitual manner.

"Now," said she, "do you still think I have not 'suffered in my affections,' as you put it in that nice, old-maidish way of yours?"

"Well, have you? You volunteered confession: suppose you make it still more open. One remark you dropped would have suggested my question, even if my own intuition had not previously done so. What sort of man did your husband seem to you? Why did you marry him?"

"A handsome man, intellectual and cultivated. His father was one of the first lawyers of our State, and universally respected. My husband was his only son, educated at Harvard, and polished off afterward by this Europe which I love so much."

"Did you love him?"

"Didn't I act as if I did? What better proof of love can a woman give? I trusted all I had and all I was to him. I am not one of the soft sort, if that is what you mean. He complained of that sometimes, but I told him he had sought me, not I him: I could be nothing other than myself."

"Did he make no other criticism on you?"

"Oh, yes: like our English friends,

he found me dreadfully unpolished, and was always trying to burnish me into a sort of reflection of himself. You call me as hard as steel; but that sort of polish I could not and would not take."

"But did you love him? Did you think him necessary to you?"

"You are very persistent. No, then; I didn't. The man I loved was shot at Gettysburg; but even he never knew I loved him."

"Well, then, why did you marry? Did your husband love you?"

"He said so."

"Did you believe it?"

"What an arch-inquisitor you would make! I don't think I ever did believe it. If a cousin of mine had had the money, she would have had the husband too; and I suspect she might have had a good one. I suppose I always knew that, in a sort of semi-conscious way. He wanted money more than he wanted anything else. He got it: he ought to have been contented."

"You puzzle me more than ever. I had supposed that in every marriage there must be some sufficient motive on both sides. I assume you are right in your reading of your husband's; but what was yours? Why should you have married at all? You were young, you were rich, you had loved and lost, but you might have loved again—"

"No," interjected her listener.

"At any rate, you could have gone where you liked and done what you pleased. Why did you marry?"

"I have asked myself that question a thousand times. I do not know. I think I must have been crazy. I loved his mother dearly, but even she warned me."

"And why?"

"She said we were unsuited to each other. Still, I knew perfectly well she thought it would be a good thing for him in many ways. Her very opposition, mild as it was, helped to push me into it. Love him? To confess the very bottom truth, I had a sort of instinctive aversion to him, and, what is more, a certain sense—I can't call it a conviction, for I always refused to admit

it to myself, but a certainty nevertheless—that he wanted my money and not me. That is why I gave it to him, and why I did not upbraid him when he stole what I did not give."

"I think I understand you there. You condemned yourself so sharply, when it was too late, for giving what you ought to have withheld, that you punished yourself by not retaining what he wanted."

"I think now that is true. At the time my self-condemnation was less articulate."

"And, now, which do you blame most severely,—yourself or him?"

"Give me your own verdict. For ten years I have been so full of the crowning wrong he did me, so bitter under the sense of personal degradation, so Ishmael-like under my banishment from home, so full of grief for the child I had longed for to make my life less empty, that I have thought of his sins only: I had forgotten mine."

"You are not divorced?"

"Divorced! I would not drag his name and his mother's through the mire to recover my money; yet he is able to-day to restore it to me. I would not drag my own through the shame of a divorce court to save my life. Pride alone would prevent my seeking that sort of freedom, even if I thought it right,—which I do not. Two or three things have clung to me since the days when I learned my prayers and my catechism; and that is one of them."

"Well, then, I think you have sinned at least as deeply as you have been sinned against. More so, perhaps; for your husband in seeking wealth and pleasure doubtless acted after his nature. You warred against yours. What right had you to violate your instincts? You had not even the poor excuse of poverty, which so many women plead. Everything was against your marriage, nothing for it. You must have walked to your own undoing as deliberately as your husband did to his and yours, without even his plea of inclination. You speak of your prayers and your catechism. Why didn't you remember, before it was too

late, the text in your New Testament which warns you not to desecrate the temple of the Holy Ghost?"

"I did remember it."

"Then I must say I think you have met a natural punishment. What do you suppose our instincts are given us for? I doubt if we ever disregard them without committing sin and incurring penalty."

"Don't you suppose my husband followed his instincts?"

"Perhaps I use words badly,—but I should say that he followed too far certain natural desires which in themselves are innocent. Pride like yours, which rises—or falls—to sheer obstinacy, is never innocent."

"I am proud, I know; but how did you discover it? I thought I had been as mild as a tame sheep."

"I beg your pardon if I have watched you too closely, but I could not help it. Your account of yourself to-night reminds me of our drive this afternoon, when you ran the risk of breaking your own neck and mine in your struggle with the horse."

"Horse, indeed!" said Mrs. Sherwood, her nostrils expanding, her slender figure straightening and stiffening as if she felt the reins still in her hands: "I haven't seen a creature that deserved the name for the last year. I have driven horses ever since I was five years old,—spirited beasts, that never needed the whip, but always took their own way unless they felt they had met their master. I have held such horses in till my hands were blistered and my muscles hardened into iron; I have driven them in the Alleghanies along the brink of precipices where one false step would have thrown us down a thousand feet; I have controlled their fear in thunderstorms which ploughed up the ground under their hoofs and showed all hell burning in the chasms of the rocks filled with metallic ore. Do you think I propose to come to a place like this and let one of their darned pesky little brutes, half mule, half jackass by nature, though they pretend to call them horses, stupidly shod, wretchedly trained, not fit to

draw a New York swill-cart, get the upper hand of me? Not if I know it. I had no fear this afternoon except that you would shriek, or try to jump out, or make a confounded fool of yourself generally, after the manner of women. If you had, I would have dropped the reins and shut you up before I finished with the brute."

"Just what I supposed," said Bertha. "Happily, I am phlegmatic by nature. There was really danger, though, for one moment, that we should be backed down the cliff. I knew you would let us both go over rather than give in, but I forgot the peril in the interest of watching you and wondering how you could be so idiotic as to put our two lives and your own good sense into the scales with a brute's ignorance and obstinacy and find them of equal weight."

"You are complimentary."

"You don't need compliments. And when you block my road up that Hill Difficulty, your marriage, by a stone so impassable as your motive—"

"You want to turn it over and see what is underneath it. Turn away. You won't find either dirt or wriggling worms."

"No earth-worms, I am very sure. But if the old Serpent himself isn't there,—not in the shape in which he tempted Eve to indulge her natural appetite, but in the very garb in which he plunged to his own ruin,—I am all out in my reckoning. What stupid bait he offered you I can't be sure, but that your good angel did all he could to warn you is very clear. Do you remember the Apology of Socrates?"

"I never pretended to learning."

"Nor I: I happened upon a translation of it lately, in a school-book. He said his demon never advised him what to do, but only warned him what to leave undone. That is what I call instinct. Say conscience, if you like, or, better yet, immediate divine inspiration,—which is what I take it to be. If we disregard it, we do it at our peril."

"I had such notions once myself. I was taught to believe in and expect divine guidance and to ask it. But I



was taught predestination also, in its straightest, bluest, Scotchest form. Of late years I have asked for nothing. When my time comes, I hope for the mercy of God, but only because I believe in his justice. Though, for that matter, I have experienced little of either thus far. Since he is the author of all things, and foreknows all things, to whom else can we attribute our errors and our sins?"

"That sounds to me flat blasphemy. You are too honest to believe it. Every memory of your struggles against yourself, and your very bitterness against the man who wronged you, give it the lie. Own up."

"I can't just yet, but perhaps if I stay with you I shall some day. And now good-night: the hour is late. Shall we take the first steamer for Ischia in the morning?"

"I cannot go to-morrow. I expect a friend from Paris. Wait until Monday, and we will go together. I wish to take the waters also."

"Follow me, then. The fever for motion has seized me. I shall go over to Casamicciola, but I will drive back to the landing for you at what hour you please on Monday. A day or two of solitude will do me good; but after that I hope we may remain together." The tears came into her eyes. "Hard as you think me, I have a heart, and it has suffered frightfully. I have never had a real, unflinching, downright friend. I feel the impulse to cling to you and not to lose you. You seem to belong to me, to be a part of home."

Slow to emotion and little impulsive as she was, Bertha felt herself stirred to unwonted feeling. "I too," she said, "am often lonely: since it pleases you, we will make our home together. God keep you!"

Bertha Allen rose late next day, as was her custom. Her friend had been gone for an hour or two, and the sultry heat of the day, increasing toward evening, made Bertha regret that she had not left a message at the hotel and gone with her to enjoy the island breezes. As she hung over the balcony alone

that night, a heavy mist blotting out the stars and a hot, sulphureous vapor rising up around her, a dull presentiment oppressed her with vague trouble. She thought of the ruined life whose story she had listened to, and wondered what the future could hold for it of hope and promise. She pondered on the inequalities of fate and endowment, and an old text, long unfamiliar, passed in and out of her mind at intervals like a melancholy refrain,—“Or those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay; but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.”

She was standing on the cathedral steps next morning, when she heard the tidings of the dreadful fate that had befallen the villages of Ischia. Slow as she was to emotions of the narrower and more personal sort, the large action of natural forces, even in their customary benevolent routine, had never ceased to appeal to her imagination. She sometimes thought she grew more responsive to it as she grew less so to other calls. An appalling catastrophe like this, had it given her no private pang, would have thrilled and quickened her with a feeling in which there would have been at least as much exhilaration as human pity. But, despite her efforts, she had not been able to shake off the unique effect which her new friend had wrought in her mind. In the note-book, which she kept with a painstaking and conscientious diligence that would have done credit to a realistic novelist or a reporter anxious to work his way up in his profession, she had already jotted down that she had never before been so thoroughly persuaded that “character is destiny. Given more beauty and fewer Puritanic scruples,” she had added, in that vein of moralizing which was perhaps due to increasing age and a general sense of failure in the conduct of her own life, but which occasionally led younger friends of the same sex to look up to her as a modest and too-little-known philosopher, “and this woman might

have served for the heroine of an antique tragedy or one of Octave Feuillet's novels. The elements of her own ruin were in germ within her, and she had been bruised and broken: herself against external forces, which were only the incarnation of that self-will which must be mastered before it can become efficient in the mastery of others." There was a slight rhythmic ring in that bit of summing up which pleased Bertha as she read it over, and she let it stand without interrogating herself too closely as to its precise import. Such meaning as it had to her could probably be expressed less sententiously by saying that Mrs. Sherwood's confidences had left upon her the impression of a nature too audacious in its efforts to fashion its own course and assert its supremacy to circumstances.

As she now made hurried preparations to go over as soon as possible to the scene of the disaster, a presentiment that all was over for her friend grew on her and depressed her painfully. Yet the cynic who declared that most men find some savor of delight in the taking off of even their closest intimates might have found some justification for his saying in Bertha Allen's instinctive acquiescence in what struck her as the dramatic fitness of such an ending. The half-developed artistic sense in her, which had been the source of not a few of her own mistakes, had seen in it the natural crushing of a little unreasoning force by a greater one. Her resignation gave way, however, to a rush of delight, which she did not stop to analyze either then or afterward, when, on reaching the landing, the first sight which met her eyes was Mrs. Sherwood, pale and with her right arm in a sling, in the act of disembarking from the little steamer. She brought her back to the hotel, rejoiced over her as over a recovered treasure, nursed her with tenderness through an attack of nervous fever brought on by the shock, and then carried her off to a coast village, where the cooler breezes of the North fanned her into strength and vigor. And all this time she refrained from

questioning her, though that some change, deeper than met the eye, had been wrought in her seemed evident.

Conscience, which "makes cowards of us all," sometimes produced that result on Bertha Allen in a way which had a different appearance at first sight. It now and then insisted on excesses of candor which verged on brutality. In one of these she took her friend into the secret of her thoughts during the brief interval when she believed her dead. She had carried out her paint-box "for one more try at the impossible," as she said, and the two were spending their morning in a coast meadow, beyond which lay the smooth and shining sea. By this time their friendship had reached a point which seemed to her to promise a solid and enduring amity, such as is perhaps rarer between women than men, or, at least, more seldom chronicled, and she bethought her that openness on this point was justly due. Whether or not she thought of it as a possible door by which her listener might also profit, her note-book gave no evidence.

"The fact is," she went on, after a pause, her brief confession having met no immediate response, "you seemed to me to have made such a mess of your life, driven yourself into a *cul-de-sac* where you had no room to turn round and seemed bent on breaking your head against the wall in front of you, that I found myself thinking of the earthquake as a sort of happy release which even you would not have been sorry for."

Mrs. Sherwood's eyes lighted up with the amused sparkle which seemed of late to have been quenched by a flood of sombre memories and bitter thoughts.

"It is particularly kind of you," she said, "to include 'even me' among the number who would not have been sorry. Ah! don't spoil that speech with explanations. I know precisely what you mean. To tell you the truth, I had been wishing, not ten minutes before the shock came, for a sudden and speedy ending."

"Then you were disappointed?"

"Don't believe it! This is the second

time I have looked Death full in the face and felt him brush against me as he passed by."

"Do you mind telling me about it?"

"This water in front of us reminds me of it. The light sparkled on it as it does out there this morning; and I remember how I looked at it for what seemed an eternity, and was, perhaps, fifteen minutes, expecting every second to feel it going over my head. I was a young girl. I had been driving, and had a coachman with me, but, as usual, I held the ribbons myself. We were crossing a rapid stream, which emptied into the Ohio not far from our house, on a bridge from which one of the side-railings had been torn by a late freshet. Whether the horse stumbled, or whether there was a loose plank, I don't know, but he took fright and started, and, as I stood up and gave the reins a sudden jerk, the traces broke, and the whole thing went over into the water. We were near a point where the stream curved suddenly: the carriage drifted into the eddy, and the horse was drowned. As for the man and me, we had just time to catch at the overhanging branches of a tree which grew on the point. Our weight pulled it down so that the water was up to my chin. Think of that for a situation! I could not have held on five seconds more, when the boat came and took us in."

"It was a bad quarter of an hour, I should say. Do you remember your sensations?"

"Perfectly."

"I am curious. Of course you did not see that panorama of your past life, about which there is so much romancing in stories of escapes from drowning?"

"Why, of course. Yes, I saw everything in its minutest details,—things I had utterly forgotten until then, but never since. Some of them dated back to babyhood."

"Your sins?" asked Bertha, with a little laugh.

"Oh, everything, bad and good, serious and funny. Not all of them my own, either. For example, I recalled an anecdote about a girl in our neigh-

borhood, brought up in his own fashion by a scoffing old Tom Paine sort of a father, who used to boast that she had never said a prayer in her life. She and the man she was going to marry had had a bad runaway not long before, and just as they seemed on the point of being thrown down a precipice—they didn't go, by the way, and the man used afterward to torment her with the story—she flung her arms around his neck and whimpered, 'John, let's pray.'"

"Well?" questioned Bertha, as her friend stopped speaking.

"Well, I remembered that, without the least inclination to follow her example. I said to myself that I should be in eternity in perhaps two minutes, and that if there were unsettled accounts between my Maker and me I should know it pretty soon, but had no time to look after them then. I felt ashamed, in fact, at the thought of trying to do out of pure fright what ought to be done for some better reason. You know," she added, noting a curious change in her companion's face, "I think there was not anything very serious on my conscience. At all events, I saw death before me that time, and I was not conscious of anything but a will to meet it squarely."

"You are an incomprehensible person!"

"You think so? A miss is as good as a mile, you know. As a matter of fact, I was really no nearer death than I am this minute. For downright accuracy I think I should prefer knowing what a man who actually died—on the gallows, say—thought about it the moment before, than what the man thought who only came within one of it."

"And this last time?"

"I was horribly frightened. I had been speaking to a little English boy in the parlor of the hotel just before, and then had strolled out for a bit. It was close and dark, except for the hotel lamps,—a twilight without a moon,—about nine o'clock, and I was thinking of going in again, when there came the frightful rumbling and the oscillation

that turns you sick ; then a gulf opened between me and the house, and they went down. I tell it to you as if I saw it, but the fact is that it all seemed to be within me rather than outside me,—the noise, the cries, the horrible smell, the clouds of dust, the yawning pit : it was like a dream. My head was in a whirl, my heart gave a thud and came up into my throat, and I suppose I fainted. At all events, I don't know how I was saved. I simply found myself under somebody's care, with my arm badly strained and a wretched headache. This time I did not think of death until all immediate danger of it was over."

"And then?"

"Then I found I had an immense desire to live. Since then I have been coming to the conclusion that before I can do so with comfort I have some debts to settle with my conscience."

There was a long pause, in which Bertha alternately contemplated her palette, with its suggestive dabs of paint, and the landscape in front of her, while Mrs. Sherwood measured slowly the footpath, running between wild flowers, along which the maids carried night and morning their shining milk-pails. She came back again and sat down on the grass behind Bertha, who, according to all appearances, would have no brushes to wash that night.

"I don't know," she said, "whether you will believe me, but I think you may,—or, which is more to the purpose, that I may believe myself,—when I say I think the shock and nervous fright have had very little to do with the resolution I have been coming to in these last few days. I have a notion that I owe you more than I owe 'my brother the earthquake.' Of course I may be mistaken. At all events, I have been looking at my own side of my disasters. I seem to myself to have been living like a chick in a shell, with a crust of self-will, pride, self-consciousness about me which let me see absolutely nothing beyond my own wants."

Bertha gave a nervous little laugh. "You think you came near being addled?" said she.

"Or boiled hard. Now, as to what is to be done about it, I see my way to only one thing. I have neither wish nor hope to bring about a reconciliation between that man and me. We are best apart ; we ought never to have come together. But we did do so, and we did it through my fault. I don't believe in divorce. I told you that before. A marriage that can be broken seems to me no marriage at all. I would never have made such a one, and I never will give my husband his freedom in that way."

"Then I don't see that you can do anything at all."

"I can tell him, in the first place, that I forgive him, which I swore I never would do. And then I can tell him that to the first wrong of accepting him at all I own that I added a hundred others which you would not understand, though he will. There is no law, human or divine, that I know of, which binds me to more than that."

"And after that you will go back with me to Paris and we will settle down together?"

"Well, as to going back,—yes. As to settling down,—I don't know."

Bertha turned round with a sudden apprehension. "Don't go too far," she said. "Are you likely to be as headstrong in the new direction as the old one? Clear your conscience, if you think it wise and necessary to do it in that way ; make everything straight with the 'law,' as you say, and then take into account that I think you have made yourself a necessity to me."

Her companion gave her a grateful smile :

"I don't say no. Certainly I never made myself so to anybody else. Only I can't help doubting whether I have a clear right to throw down my side of a yoke I took up of my own accord. If I had nothing to reproach myself with, I fancy I should be sure. At all events, I shall not decide that question without hearing what he has to say. Besides the law, you know, there is the gospel. And now let us go in to dinner."

ELIZABETH G. MARTIN.

## A SCHOOL WITHOUT TEXT-BOOKS.

FOR ten years I have had an opportunity of observing, more or less, a school for boys and girls which is as unique as it has been successful. I know of no similar school in its entirety anywhere; and yet it is in a land famous for schools, for unique schools even, and for successful ones,—in a land where education is made the very first business of the state. The school budget is greater than the war budget in the republic of Switzerland, and yet the army of the country is not insignificant. It is, in fact, eight times as large as the army of the United States, and is thoroughly equipped for war.

The school which I am about to describe cannot be called an experiment. It was established at Zürich forty-eight years ago by a nephew of Froebel, and for thirty years it has been managed by the present director, Mr. Friedrich von Beust, an officer in the German army exiled in 1848. It is, therefore, out of its infancy. Thirty years' faithful experience of a man who is himself an originator of school-methods ought to be worth attention.

The peculiarity of this school is that in most of the branches taught in it no text-books are used. The wonder is that all elementary schools are not taught on the same principle. Some of the boys leaving this primary school at the age of twelve to enter the gymnasium have never owned two dollars' worth of books in their lives. They have never seen the inside of an arithmetic or a geography or a natural history or an elementary geometry, and yet these are among the best-trained boys in these branches who pass examinations for high schools. Many of the best-trained pupils entering the Cantonal school of the city of Zürich come directly from the Beust Institute.

Some other important things may be asserted of these twelve-year-old boys. They have had a good time in going to

school. They have not been crammed. They have not studied at home or out of school-hours. They have had pleasure combined with work. They have no crooked backs or aching heads or compressed lungs resulting from overwork in the school-room. Their lessons have been plays, and their plays lessons.

Once a fortnight in summer, and occasionally in the winter, these boys and girls go on a day's tramp to the mountains. This is not on a Saturday or on a day when there is no school. It is on a school-day, and this is part of the routine. We shall learn much of Mr. Beust's methods if we join in such an excursion. It will cost but a trifle, for the rule is that every pupil must carry his dinner with him and spend not a penny on the way. Each boy and girl wears a tin botanizing-box slung over the shoulder, also a little canteen filled with wine-and-water or perhaps cold tea. We all go third-class on the steamer or railway, at trifling rates, reduced to suit school-boys' pocket-books. Perhaps we shall ride ten miles or twenty miles into the country, and then the foot-excursion and the lesson begin.

The school-government is not lost sight of on the excursion. A teacher marches ahead, another behind, and the children keep in line, talking and laughing as they walk. Every half-hour there is a rest under the shadow of some tree or at some interesting spot. "Boys, what sort of a tree is that?" inquires Mr. Beust. All gather round and examine the tree carefully. "Classify it," he continues. "What family? what genus? Has it spreading roots or not? How is the age of trees determined? Is this tree indigenous to Switzerland? What are its leaves used for? What sort of fruit does it bear? Are there such trees in your father's garden? Who of you can measure the girth of this tree and tell me its exact diameter? Who can calculate the height



of this tree?" So the questions will continue, the teacher supplying the information when the scholars cannot answer them.

"Girls, what plant is this? Analyze it for me, and put another like it in your botany-box to examine to-morrow in the school-room. Is that wheat or oats growing in that field? What is the difference between the two? What countries produce most wheat? Do any people of whom you know make bread of oats? Does Switzerland import most of the wheat she uses? and, if so, where does she buy it? Can wheat be brought to Switzerland from Hungary on ships? In what direction from us is Hungary? On that hill is the ruin of a castle. Who can tell me when it was built? when destroyed? Was Switzerland a republic at the time that castle was built? How long has this country been a republic? Are there any other republics in the world? Who was George Washington? What lake is that? Was a great battle ever fought on Lake Sempach? Then who can tell me what armies fought that battle? Who won? Who can tell me about Arnold Winkelried? In what year was that?"

The boys and girls march down along the lake, and the teacher points out the historic spots. "There stood the Swiss infantry, here the Austrian cavalry. At this point a thousand Austrian cavalry, in their effort to escape, sprang into the lake, and were drowned."

"Is this lake salt or fresh water? Name all the salt-water seas you know in the world. What makes some bodies of water salt? This lake is about six miles long and two miles wide. What is its superficial measurement?"

The little steamer pulls up to the landing, and we all go aboard to cross the lake. Mr. Beust's son Fritz, as zealous a teacher as his father, obtains permission from the captain for the boys to go below and examine the engine. He explains as simply as possible the origin of the application of steam and its uses. This is a simple engine, and well suited for his purpose. Within a week half the boys in the school

will perhaps be possessors of toy engines and locomotives, and will know more about the principle of steam-engines than most big boys who have spent a year over the study of natural-philosophy text-books.

As our little steamer moves over the lake, we pass a sail-boat. Mr. Fritz is again called on to explain, because the boys cannot, how it is that this sail-boat is running against the wind, and not with it. Not half a mile away another sail-boat is moving in an opposite direction. This seems remarkable. It is all cleared up, however. One must be able to explain all such things, else it were better not to be second in command of this expedition of boys and girls who are exploring woods, field, and lake, and who are athirst for knowledge. Our own boat moves slowly enough from hamlet to hamlet, and Mr. Fritz has time to explain the principle of "tacking" in the wind and the management of sails and rudders. Mr. Beust finds the opportunity a good one for telling the boys something about big ships,—how the "lead" is cast, about the "log," and finding the latitude. He also promises to take the whole school some day to see a little iron steamer launched which is now building on Lake Zürich. That will be a red-letter day for the boys and girls,—the crowning feat, as it were, in their marine experience.

They all see so much in a day like this I am describing, hear so many things that are new and novel, that most of it might speedily be forgotten were it not that the excursions will be repeated and repeated again, and in the class-room these same things will be talked about daily. Here will be the method. Some noon-day, when the bell rings, Mr. Beust will say, "Boys and girls, how many of you can tell me exactly what our route was on last Monday's excursion? Hold up your hands." Every hand in the room will be up. "What valley did we pass through? What rivers did we cross? and by what mountain? How high is that mountain? What did we see of note on the way? Was that a salt lake we were

on? Where does that river have its source? What becomes of all the water that flows into that lake? Which of you got a sample of that peculiar plant we found? and who can come forward and analyze it? Of what sort of rock was that mountain composed? Who has a specimen of the rock? How was that kind of rock formed?"

Of course all will not be able to answer every question, and the teacher will go over the ground again and explain, just as he did to-day on the boat. Most of these questions will be asked in the natural-history class, which is one of the chief features of the school. The very youngest scholar must begin learning something of nature, and gradually progress into other things more difficult. What is more natural, if a child is asked to add three apples to two apples, than to continue the instruction by explaining that the apples are round, and not square, that an apple may be divided into two but not three halves, that apples have no stone as peaches have, and that the tree does not usually grow in the forest? Even the primary colors may be taught from as simple a thing as an apple, and the child, without an effort, has learned much more than the mere fact that three apples added to two apples make five apples. Here has been a lesson in natural history. Mr. Beust makes this and drawing, as I shall notice later, the very groundwork of all his instruction. The boy who is describing a card-board figure in elementary geometry must be able to tell what that card-board is made of, and where the material of which his pencil is composed comes from. The scholars in the geography class must not only know where the rivers run, but the causes acting to make some green, others muddy, some swift, and others sluggish. There is a sort of mental accretion going on all the time. Something is being learned in every direction, and the knowledge is not theoretical only, but practical.

Let us sit alone under this spreading oak while the boys and girls are taking their twelve-o'clock dinner by that pretty brook, and recall some of Mr. Beust's

methods in the school-room. Some of these methods must be unusually good, for Mr. Beust received substantial recognition of the fact at the World's Fair in Vienna in 1874, as well as at our Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia.

Let us first, in imagination, go into the class-room devoted to "*Natur-Geschichte*," or natural history. The room is very plain and very simple. The walls are covered with maps,—good ones, too,—especially of Switzerland. More than one of these maps, correct in every particular, were made by some of the pupils in the geography class.

"Children," inquires Mr. Beust, "how many of you have brought specimens with you for this class?" Every hand is up. One boy draws a tallow candle out of his pocket, another a slice of cheese, another a bit of sealing-wax from his father's office. One little girl, whose father is a cotton-broker, has a bunch of raw cotton that has come from Egypt, or perhaps from Louisiana. Another spreads the wings of a bat out on the desk before her, and a third has picked up a broken whalebone on her way to school. What a collection lies on the desks when the boys' and the girls' pockets have been emptied for the occasion! There is even the skull of a little monkey in the improvised museum.

The boy who has brought the skull is asked to tell what he knows about the monkey. Perhaps it is not much. There are no wild monkeys in Switzerland, he knows, and he has been told that they do not burrow in the ground, and that they do not eat grass, and that their homes are in trees or on rocky cliffs. Mr. Beust takes the skull and gives the boys and girls information beyond all this. He classifies monkeys, and tells about their habits and peculiarities. Then he asks the boys what monkeys they have seen. There is a travelling menagerie coming to town, and he will arrange to take them all in at quarter-price. In fact, the town president would not allow the menagerie company to exhibit were a great reduction not made for the school-children in advance. Mr. Beust opens an enormous

atlas of natural history and shows the class pictures of every variety of monkey, tells them of the chimpanzee and the gorilla, and he may even give a hint about the "connecting link." For half an hour he lectures in an easy, off-hand way, asking questions here and there, while the eyes of the boys and girls glisten with pleasure. There is no class-recitation: it has been simply a talk about the monkey, illustrated by charts and bones. To-morrow some of this talk will be repeated, and on some excursion it will be talked over again.

The little girl with the bat is asked if she knows of any relationship between the bat and the monkey. She thinks she does, and the boys laugh. They are too quick, however, and the laugh is against them when the teacher explains that all things that have wings are not necessarily birds, and the resemblances and the kinships of the monkey to the bat are all explained. Even the tallow candle will receive a few moments' talk, and the sealing-wax, and the broken whalebone. The pod of cotton will receive as much attention as the monkey,—much more, in fact,—and the handkerchief in the boy's pocket will be traced in a simple manner back to its origin in a pod of cotton.

The attention of the class has been perfect, they have understood everything, and not a book, except the atlas, has been thought of. There have been no lessons to learn, there is no fixed task given out for the morrow. "In the morning, boys," says the teacher, "we will continue this talk about cotton, and I shall be glad if you yourselves can tell me some new thing about it." This has been object-teaching, in a sense. It has been the application of object-teaching, not to infants, who can understand no other method, but to advanced boys and girls, who by this means have in one hour acquired more knowledge that will be remembered than recitations from text-books could teach in a week. The words said by the teacher have been fixed in the boy's mind by his looking at and feeling the very object concerning which he was

talking. Not only memory has been called into play, but the senses as well.

So has it been to-day, too, in this excursion to the woods: it has not been conning over text-books. The boys and the girls have seen, discovered for themselves, in a way and even as a pastime, the very things made so difficult to understand by the text-books.

We proceed on our march, and pass a farmer cleaning wheat. The boys saw the fanning-mill. They will never forget it, it was so new to them, and it was so carefully explained by the teacher. And did not the boys and the girls themselves turn the fanning-mill with their own hands, and did they not see the farmer's eyes shine in gladness at being able to help a boy to learn a new thing? No! they will never forget all that. One thing the boy has learned to-day. He knows now the process of cleaning the wheat from which his bread is made. Another day he will go to the mill and see that same wheat ground, and then he will see the village baker put the leaven into the flour. He will perhaps help with his own hands to heat the oven, and when the bread is baked and cooled he will see it weighed and sold to the servants of the neighbors at five cents the pound. In June he saw the wheat growing in the field. He knew how it had been planted in the seed, and now he sees the bread ready for his mother's table. He knows all the processes from the little grain of wheat upward. He knows what bread costs. He has learned, without study, without books, without effort, and almost without knowing it, one of the secrets of life.

The ten-year-old boy who reads that hawks' nests are built of sticks and hair and mud and leaves has but a faint notion, after all, of what a hawk's nest looks like. The boy who goes to the woods, climbs the tree, and brings the deserted hawk's nest home with him knows all about it, and will not forget the incident as long as he lives. The little girl who watched the mill-wheel go round and round as it was turned by some mountain-brook need

not hunt in picture-books to know what a water-wheel is like; and her little brother at the same brook and on the same school-journey learned, almost without being told, the difference between a buzz-saw and an up-and-down-saw. He knows, too, how boards are made. He may be a stair-builder some day, and his original stock of information as to boards has been gained at headquarters. No book and no carpenter can tell him more. This is the first step toward industrial education, so much needed at the present day in America.

Let us return to the school and watch the class in arithmetic. That study certainly cannot be made interesting to any boy, we think, and Mr. Beust cannot teach it without text-books. There is our mistake. The boys and girls are interested now as before, and there is not a text-book in the room. These boys are ten to twelve years old. They are good reckoners, for boys. Let us see how they learn it.

Mr. Beust leads his pupils to calculate on concrete or real things only. There is no purely abstract mathematics in his school at all, and yet it may be safely maintained that his boys and girls have a better knowledge of the fundamental principles of mathematics than boys and girls of the same age in any other school in any country. If the problem in this primary arithmetic-class is to divide a yard-stick into three equal parts, Mr. Beust's pupil does not figure mentally over it much. He simply cuts the stick into three pieces and lays them side by side, when the eye helps to fix the result in the child's mind. This is only a child's first problem. Were the separate measurements of a trapezoid to be proven, cut card-boards, laid together, would be used to answer a similar purpose to the yard-stick. More human organs than ordinary are brought into play in the process. The strain is divided, while the process by absolute measurement is made surer and easier than by adding, dividing, and multiplying alone. The principle once thoroughly mastered by

this method at the beginning, there is no trouble in entering with full understanding into the purely abstract. The process is not only mental, it is also physical. The boy has not only learned the lengths of the divided yard-stick, he sees what they look like. Best of all, the solving of the problem by this system has been a pleasure, and not a labor.

A ball or a cube or a cylinder will be calculated in the same way. First the paper or card-board objects to look at, to take apart or put together,—first a physical adding up, and afterward a mental one. A gallon and a half of water is divided into fractional parts on the same plan. Any boy not an absolute idiot sees and understands the process.

The metrical system is used in all these reckonings, and is well suited for such a method of teaching, principally on account of its simplicity, partly because of the equivalents in the different measurements.

A boy who is told to give the difference between the solid contents of a cylinder ten inches high and one twenty-five inches high, neither of which he has ever seen, may give it abstractly correct, but solving the problem has not enlightened his mind as to the fact that one of these cylinders is much larger than the other in appearance. He gives the answer to the problem, but he does not know the real meaning of it. How differently and how much more thoroughly *that* boy comprehends the same problem who has the two wooden cylinders standing side by side in front of him, where he may measure them! His eyes and his hands and his calculating faculties all combine in the work to be done. There is ease and variety in the method, and the thing learned is not so easily forgotten.

Most novel of all, perhaps, are the geometrical figures of card-board and the flat and relief maps made by the pupils in geography. This card-board business is, in fact, practical geometry, taught in a separate class two or three times a week. In this class every boy

and girl is furnished with a box of drawing-instruments, card-board, scissors, and gum. Wooden models of geometrical solids are placed on the desks, and the first part of the lesson is to draw these correctly on the card-board. A limited knowledge of drawing has been obtained by the boys and girls in the very first writing-class, as drawing lines and circles and angles and all sorts of little figures is taught with the writing, and the exercise relieves the monotony that results from following a set copy. The little ones, after drawing a circle or a square in these blank-books, are permitted to ornament the figures with designs of their own invention. What child would not find pleasure in learning to write and draw by such a method?

But to return to this card-board or geometry class. The figures of the models have been neatly transferred to the card-boards, and now these same figures must be neatly cut from the cards with the scissors. Then comes the process of making boxes, cubes, cylinders, prisms, etc. They must be made neatly and be exact as to measurements. The next process is to calculate their solid dimensions, their superficial measurements, or perhaps only their edges and lines. This is done in a thin blank-book, not on slates, and the calculation is kept to be examined by the teacher. The cleverness of the boys and girls in making these card-board figures is astonishing. At the recent Swiss National Exhibition the work of this class was exhibited and attracted great admiration; so, too, did the beautiful relief-maps made by the geography class. A stranger entering the class-room of these relief-map-makers might think himself in a boys' and girls' workshop. On a bench in the corner are fret-saws by the dozen. Opposite is a wooden press. Close by are varnish-bottles and glue-pots and heaps of stiff, heavy paste-board, all to be used by the little workers in map-making.

The outlines of these relief-maps have been drawn or printed in light lines on thin paper. This paper is

pasted on the card-board, and all the elevated portions of the district, mountains, etc., are built up layer by layer, the card-board having been cut to the proper shape and line by the fret-saws. The sections and layers are glued together as built up, and when finished the boy goes over all the outlines with his pen, making them distinct and giving them the proper shading. The scale of construction is added, and the map is varnished and put up on the wall, a proud monument of a boy's cleverness and perseverance.

In the geography class proper no books have been used, and few maps, save those made by the teacher and class. Mr. Beust goes to the black-board and begins to draw a map of Switzerland. With a blue pencil he makes the great rivers. The boys and girls do the same on the sheets of paper before them. With yellow pencils he marks the railroads, with red the mountains. The class do the same, following and duplicating the work step by step, and answering as they go along the teacher's frequent questions about the locality they are drawing. "How high is that mountain?" he asks. "What great battle was fought in that valley? Who of you ever visited that town? Tell me anything you know about it. Did the school ever make an excursion there? What day was that? Who has it noted down?" So the work goes on,—the map and the questions. The boys and the girls have been on a little journey, so to speak, and the hour has passed before they knew it.

In the botany class the system will be much the same. Every scholar is the possessor of an herbarium filled with plants and leaves and flowers gathered on school-excursions, and as the analyzing of the flower proceeds the story of the march of the boys and girls to the country is gone over again.

Perhaps this common-sense method of teaching boys and girls cannot be introduced wholly into our public schools, where cramming, overworking, and back-breaking are too frequently the order of the day. The methods belong more to



private schools, where a single honest and able teacher may control and direct as he will, and where the varying opinions of a dozen directors and a hundred parents do not have to be hourly considered. Some of these methods, how-

ever, could readily be adopted by individual teachers, and the brighter eyes and eager hearts of the children in their particular class would soon furnish overwhelming proof that they were doing a good work. S. H. M. BYERS.

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### CLOUD-LAND.

SOMEWHERE, the legends say, there lies a land,  
Older than silent Egypt, whose dim coast  
No human foot has trod, no eye has scanned,  
Where never mariner was tempest-tost  
Nor pilgrim fared along the lonely strand,

And where in brimming cisterns hyaline  
Flashes the fountain of eternal youth,  
Whereof who drinks shall know not any sign  
Of fading cheek, or palsy-parchéd mouth,  
Or age's long, slow languor and decline.

Some say beyond the sunset's latest ray,  
Far down the ocean's azure brink, it lies;  
And oftentimes I have seen at close of day  
Strange semblances reflected in the skies,  
In cloudy pageant soon dissolved away,—

Domes, temples, palaces, and misty gleams  
Of shapes more fair, behind thin purple veils;  
Vistas of hills and plains and winding streams,  
Dusk forest solitudes, and pastoral dales,  
Sweet haunts of quietness and pleasant dreams.

Surely the old belief was not all vain;  
There must be ultimate, divine repose,  
And love that dieth not, and end of pain;  
But none have found beyond the twilight's close  
The hidden highway to that dim domain.

Yet the relentless turmoil and unrest,  
The inborn, feverous craving and the strife,  
The wingéd spirit prisoned and oppressed,  
Urge us still onward toward the ideal life,  
Onward, forever, in untiring quest.

CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

## IN AN ORCHARD.

ONE of the chief provinces of my little rural realm is an orchard,—an orchard of apples, of course. There are so-called orchards of other fruit. There is, a few miles away, a many-acred field of cherry-trees, which last spring was a creamy sea of blossoms, and in midsummer, like the treasure-cave of the "Arabian Nights," one bewildering mass and maze of rubies and rose-diamonds and black garnets and all manner of hanging jewels. An orchard of peaches is a pretty sight in the season of ripeness. A peach-tree will hold more sunshine than any other. It somehow seems as if the sunlight got entangled amid its boughs or oozed out of the mellow globes. There is something very opulent and comforting in an orchard of dwarf pears, where one walks through obsequious lines of servitors no taller than one's self, each holding his tray full of melting and buttery Bartlett's, or juicy Seckels, or blushing Duchesses, all within reach of one's hand. But, after all, these fruit-gardens are not orchards in the proper sense, any more than the plays of Dryden, Byron, Bulwer, Tennyson, Swinburne, and George Eliot are to be confounded with the large, irregular, and original growths of the Elizabethan drama.

I need hardly say it is an old orchard. I should have nothing to write of one of your horticultural tivoli-boards, your pruned and precise files of apple-holders, with smooth stems and bunched tops, like bouquets on wires. My neighbor may congratulate himself on the rectangular apple-hatching machine he calls his orchard, and ply his potash-water to the trunks, and his saw and knife to the branches, after the most approved methods of agrestic war. That means business. But my orchard means character. The trees are venerable with at least a half-century of experience and consecrated by a long fidelity of fruit-bearing. They are, moreover, replete with an

untouched and untrammelled personality. Their youth was an escapade of wild luxuriance. No sharp censor watched every little twig of personality or gauged their growth by any foot-rule of art or agriculture. They grew up and grew out at their own sweet will and on the lines of their own proud strength or yearning weaknesses. Accordingly, to-day each tree is a gray and unique personage. Every one is as distinctive in form and feature as my fellow-villagers, and, I think, a good deal more so than many of them.

Some, of indolent temper, lean almost on elbow upon the grass, like unmutated and living statues of Hercules. Others are as erect and stiff as a grenadier of the Old Guard, scarred, too, with many a Moscow wound, which they are too proud to conceal. The heads of some have become piteously thin by reason of poor soil and burning suns, and are beyond the reach of any "invigorator" which Pan himself might brew or any "dressing" which Queen Titania might extract from the honeyed flowers by pale moonlight. Time has told upon their once fair forms, and many a piteous stump is outstretched where the lithe and sinewy bough thrust out its garlanded armful of red fruit or served as the robin's perch or the squirrel's elevated road. The moss has gathered like a stubbled beard over their faces, and the lichenous tint of age is on them. The smooth skin of their sapling days has long since given place to a shaggy and scaly bark, where the woodpecker takes his "grub" and taps like a sheriff at the doors of innumerable insect-chalets.

For the most part, however, they rise high into the air in graceful outline well filled in with green, and touching tips with their next neighbors, so that the orchard walks are avenues of arched coolness and embowered shade. There is a calm dignity and worshipful benig-  
nance

in their aspect which invites to something like a personal affection and confidence, as if they would gather us under their wide and fostering wings. Many a summer's afternoon have I thrown myself at their feet and felt, as Bryant said to Mr. Nadal, "how small a thing a man is beside a tree;" and yet how much the two have in common, and what friends they can be to each other if the one have a green and living heart and the other is a tree,—that is, if neither of them is "a stick"!

Who was the classic "party" that renewed his vitality by touching his native soil? No one can understand that fable who has not tried the virtue there is in poulticing his spinal column with the porous plaster of the warm, dry earth. "Reclining" on your elbow is not what I mean, but extending yourself along the ground, backbone to backbone, with not even a Jacob's pillow under your head, and lying there till the vital heat has pervaded your very bones, and the subtle chemistry of the soil has instilled its medicament into your veins, and the balsamic scents of soil and air have soothed your nerves like a cup of Dame Nature's own herb tea. This is the true hypodermic infusion, an unpatented brace which straightens out both body and soul; and, if under the trees, you are at the same time drinking the *elixir vitæ* of the blue heavens. It is not pleasant, and hardly possible, to lie out under the naked and glaring firmament except as one is screened and skylighted by the leaves. Nor do we know the sky till we have looked at it from a horizontal posture, any more than the frescos of Michael Angelo. It seems then so much higher and yet so much deeper. The interstices in the tree-tops serve the purpose of the hand-glasses through which we look at pictures, if they are not in fact telescopic. We realize the fine metaphor of the sky as "the upper deep." It is like gazing into the fathomless depths of some inverted well. We do not catch its exact tone or wealth of blueness except when we look vertically into it. It is seen, moreover, to be a more vital thing, buoyant

and billowy with a tidal and electric life, and no mere cast and concave mirror. It is very "good for the eyes:" I know of no eye-water like it. It is a cooling and clearing bath for the brain, these celestial wells from which our spirits may "drink repose," as did Longfellow from his "cool cisterns of the midnight air."

Well, behold me under my favorite tree in the old orchard. I love the woods, and pleasant it is

to lie amid some sylvan scene,  
Where, the long drooping boughs between,  
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen  
Alternate come and go,

and all that, which Mr. Longfellow says so prettily. But I agree with Solomon in giving the preference to "the apple-tree among the trees of the woods."

It is a perfect summer day, a rare one in our ill-balanced climate, which is so apt to "slop over" with fervent heat, or, as this year, to send us shivering in-doors in August. It is Sunday, too,—one of George Herbert's *Sundays*,—

so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky;

a fair day, though not in the sense put upon that word by the Weather Bureau to distinguish it from clear,—viz., "fair to middling," as the produce reports say,—but, according to the authoritative definition of Joseph E. Worcester, LL.D., "free from speck, spot, or blemish; . . . pleasing to the eye or mind." Yes, and pleasing to the very soul. For it is a veritable *Sabbath*, "a rest that remaineth" after the heat and burden of six days alike for eye and back and fingers and brain and weary heart and warring spirit. I go to church on Sunday morning, for it is the Lord's day, and I must have my share in celebrating him; and in the evening I know of no dinner-party or any gathering which can claim precedence to his invitation and the courtesies of his open house. But in the afternoon I sabbatize in my orchard in the sense both of resting and of worshipping. I can understand the temptation to worship in groves which so easily beset the Hebrews; and it was a

peril from which the Shepherd of Israel had to recall them again and again, by going forth and driving them back into the Temple which they had deserted and despised. But with us the danger is all the other way. He needs to come often into his temples and drive us out, lest we imagine God to be a sort of Arabian genie whom men can shut up in a box, and lest we forget that the world is full of Beth-els such as Jacob found under the walls of the heathen Luz, and said, "Surely God is in this place, and I knew it not." On the Sabbath our blessed Lord walked through the corn-fields with his disciples. He walks with me along the green aisles of my orchard, and reclines beside me under the trees, while he lets me into the spiritual secret of the Song of Songs:

As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood,  
So is my Beloved among the sons.  
I sat down under his shadow with great delight,  
And his fruit was sweet to my taste. . . .  
His left hand is under my head,  
And his right hand doth embrace me.

But I am only a plain piping Tityrus, and no spiritual Anacreon like King Solomon, and have no idea of "relating" my poor "religious experience," nor, in fact, anything which I have not "perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen." Nay, I must not fail to credit the trusty and not sufficiently honored sense of smell, for the new-mown hay lies all about me, and its "bottles" stand all unstopped and exhaling their exquisite aroma into the air; and the unshorn fields of clover and blooming grain and young corn, the tender grape and the multitudinous odors of the garden, and the scent of the warm but not droughty soil itself, combine to impart a delicate *bouquet* to the clear and sunny atmosphere which is like wine of God's own vintage.

Do you ask what is perceived by the ear? Many a person, and any one in certain moods, might pass through my orchard and hear nothing, unless perchance it thundered or a dog barked. To have ears to hear is not the sole requisite for hearing. The ear is a valve which is easily closed, and most

people do effectually close it by piling their brooding thoughts and egotisms against it from within. And, besides, the cadences of nature are so symphonized that one must key himself up to the same plane of sound, or he may miss them altogether.

But as I lie here in my orchard to-day, with every stop unclosed and every nervelet tuned, I am conscious of a continuous concert about and above and beneath me,—a sphere of music better than any imaginary music of spheres. The concert is both vocal and instrumental, and my musicians are mostly viewless. Nature is a Wagner, and does not parade its orchestral brass and catgut, puffed cheeks and angularities of motion, before the audience.

I detect an undertone of wind-harps and bee-murmurings and fly-buzzings; the field-cricket has not begun his ceaseless sing-song. There is just stir enough in the atmosphere to keep the pulses of the air athrill. I find nothing so questionably æsthetic as that which Longfellow heard as he lay upon the ground beneath his patriarchal tree, and "all the broad leaves" over him

Clapped their little hands in glee  
With one continuous sound.

I never could quite understand how any such hand-clapping could produce a sound

As when a bell no longer swings,  
Faint the hollow murmur rings  
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

At any rate, there are no *claqueurs* at this concert.

But this soft underflow of humming and harmonious sounds is only the harmonic background, out of which are continually issuing and through which are thrilling all manner of specific sounds, not one of which is discordant, while some are rich in melody. An industrious little woodpecker is drumming smartly on the very tree above me, like another Burns tapping cider-barrels with his exciseman's hammer. It is always a new surprise to me that this little fellow should be able to execute such a resonant and magisterial rap

on the soft tree-trunk. Now and then a locust chimes in with an equally official sound, springing his shrill rattle like a policeman. And yet—whether from a good conscience, or what not—this is to me one of the most comfortable sounds in nature. Perhaps it is because the locust is the very chamberlain of midsummer, and his salvo the note of sunshine and the signal of harvest. You will not hear much of him on dull or cool days, or on any day till the sun is well up. His is no alarm-clock, to tumble people out of bed. His stroke is that of high noon, and his mission is to lull the senses for the noon spell and the siesta amid the soft languors of the summer afternoon. He loves old sunny gardens redolent of box and balsams and peaches ripening by the wall. He loves the close and still air of orchards, where the mellowing apples begin delicately to flavor the air, or the newly-reaped fields, on which the grain lies like flakes of fallen sunshine, and whose smell is as the blessing of God. Mine is not “a good ear,” but it always seems to me as if he must be a master of the scale. At least, when his first note strikes upon my ear I have a confidence that I shall be lifted on the wing of sound as gently, as gradually, and as surely as any *maestro* on earth could do it. I know he will not stop till he is done, though the heavens fall, and I resign myself to the slumberous influence and the sunny and mellow suggestion of his diapason. And each time he winds himself up and goes off again, it is as the recurrent *motif* of a Wagner, causing to pass before me in manifold march of interpretation the operative theme of Midsummer.

Out of the harmonic groundwork is springing, too, in all directions the flight of bird-voices, never wholly suppressed, and at times a very rocket-burst of quick, varied, piercing trills and roundelays. Some of these bird-notes are only little incessant lisps, like those of the small chickens. Others are intricate and sustained carollings, or long and triumphant crescendos, or soft, sweet, liquid warblings, like the unconscious

dripping of a fountain or the ripple of some rivulet of sound. There are sudden and not unpleasant cat-calls and whistlings, and curious metallic vibrations, and a world of vocal suggestions, if not of musical “ideas.” There are delicious gurglings and chucklings of contentment and bliss. There are cooings as if love were in the air, and there are plaintive cries of mother-birds solicitous for their half-fledged nestlings. And not unmelodiously the old cock lifts up his clarion in the distant barnyard, as if to keep himself and family from the disgrace of going to sleep in the daytime. All of which, and a good deal more, the hearing ear may detect and eliminate from the atmosphere by the simple but subtle chemistry of attention.

But my half-shut eye is not without employment as well as my wide-open ear. My orchard *matinée* is not all concert. There are incidents and agents and situations, dramatic movement and innumerable *dramatis personæ*. I am an Adam, and there pass before me the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air, and the creeping things, undisturbed by my still presence and unconscious of my close observation. A vagrant butterfly floats past, or settles a moment on a tall weed. Scarcely more a living thing does he seem than the wavering breeze which just then brushes my forehead as gently as a feather. What wonder that the imaginative Greek saw in the one an image of the flitting and glimmering soul, and felt in the touch of the other the wing of some invisible and roving sprite? A grasshopper leaps upon my breast, but finds his mistake before I can woo him with the old refrain of my school-days to “leave me some molasses.” The cow saunters heavily by, tearing the grass with her great mouth, breathing hard, and leaving a milky odor in the air. Close behind her trips and pecks a satellite chicken. Then come two sparrows, who would not sell for a farthing, and yet are fighting over some wretched claim, as if the world was not wide enough for both. Next a robin, with a red “wes-



kut" as ample as that of the Senior Weller, appears upon the scene, running as if sent for. He skips a few paces, then suddenly stops, whether because he sees me or on general principles of weariness I cannot say, stands up very tall and straight and still, like a feathered Uncas or Leatherstocking, is reassured, and proceeds to pick up a worm for Robinette in the nest yonder.

Scarcely, however, has he flown with his prize when Grimalkin emerges from the corn, treading as stealthily as a panther from the jungle, and her kitten at her heels, equally intent upon the still-hunt. Robin was not a moment too quick nor a thought too suspicious. Alack! in what sin that kitten is being brought up! Can this be the meek innocent which an hour ago was lying at the door-step with its mother and little sister, the impersonation of cherubic animality, gambolling with the glee of a conscience void of offence, and untainted by a thought other than of peace and fellowship with the twittering birds? Look at her stealing along on velvet footstep, with a wicked light in her eye, every muscle rigid with unhallowed rapacity, her brief tail squirming with excitement. O thou little Agag, treading delicately, how could I hew thee in pieces before the Lord! But stop, O man: who art thou that judgest another? Has not this creature, who was made with a taste for game, as much right to hunt for a living as you have to put buckshot into little birds or ragged hooks into little fishes? Not you, as an individual, to be sure. You do not happen to be endowed with the dynamic laziness necessary for a sportsman. But you eat greedily enough what others kill. Why should you bless those Esaus for their savory meat, and curse this Jacob of a kitten for looking out for himself? Look to the beam in thine own eye and the blood on thine own chaps!

But I will save that poor bird, nevertheless. It is just the season when the mother-birds are stirring up their nests and giving the young ones warning that it is time they were making a start in

the world. It is a perilous epoch in bird-life, and an equally "providential" era in cat-life. The fields are apt to be strewn with the little feathered wind-falls, utterly at the mercy of the stalking Grimalkin. Rollo and Jonas and myself have organized a life-saving service, and have deserved a medal from the Humane Society, not to say from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals: the cat would probably take a different view of the animal which was cruelly used in these transactions. It looks very much like cruelty to children, the way in which these small things are hustled out of the snug round nest, often dropping over the side in sprawling helplessness upon the ground, or left tottering upon a branch to find their own way back. But it is a rough kindness and a clumsy wisdom in the end. And perhaps human nests would sometimes be the better for a little less coddling and more stirring up and starting out. God himself is not content always to "cover us with his feathers," but tells us that he deals with us as with eaglets, who have great flights to take and glorious heights to reach and cannot afford to be nestlings always. And if some fall and perish, it is, I suppose, the old law—taught by Moses millenniums before Darwin—of the "survival of the fittest."

But time is precious. I must not forget to play a more than Good-Samaritan part to my birdling by anticipating the thieves among whom it has fallen. There it has sat ever since, in a sort of dazed condition, like any stuffed bird. It lets me come near enough to put my hand almost on it. Then, startled by my approach and by the frantic call of its mother, it concentrates every drop of remaining force into a venturesous attempt at flight, and flounders to the top of the fence, and thence to one of the lower limbs of a tree. And there it squats stupidly, either exhausted or self-satisfied after its exploit, the old one meanwhile hopping and flying about it in vain endeavor to persuade the little imbecile to one more exertion, and

showing again and again how to do it. It makes a feeble feint, but soon gives it up, and sits balancing uncertainly on the limb, with enormous blinking eyes and palpitating bosom, responding to the maternal command only so far as to thrust its beak forward while its body clings to the bough. *It flies with the mind only.* Suggestive emblem (think I to myself, with a reminiscence of editorial sorrows) of many a would-be poet, whose sensibilities and aspirations are as genuine as Sappho's or Pindar's, but whose art is immature or the power of sustained flight hopelessly lacking, and his verses accordingly a mere feeble and imitative lifting of the beak and wing. Sad emblem, too, of many of us whom the Father stirs out of our nests, but who find a law of moral incapacity in our members warring against the law of aspiration in our minds, and, though to will is present with us, how to perform we find not.

But the tragic aspects of my orchard include other actors besides the cat and birds. That well-known "rodent of the family of *Sciuridae*" also figures in the rôle of leading villain. Enter brown squirrel with the haste of Richard on the field of Bosworth. Such is his ravenous and reckless hurry that he runs near enough to where I lie, as in a proscenium-stall, for me to catch him. The next moment I am sorry that I did not, for the murderous thief was after a robin's nest in a neighboring tree. Up he goes along the trunk "in the twinkling of a bed-post," and out among the branches, and is soon lost in the thick leaves. But a breezy flutter and rush of wings and a clanking cry of rage and terror soon notify me that my bold Robin Hood is not to have it all his own way in the merry greenwood, and that a robin without the hood, or gloves, for that matter, is handling him just now. The conflict is "short, sharp, and decisive." The siege is raised, and the brown knight retires precipitately from the field, followed from limb to limb and from tree to tree by the swooping, screaming, furious mother-bird. And not till he has put a good many

tree-tops between himself and the nest is he permitted to pause or go unshadowed by his Nemesis.

Heigh-ho! this is getting to be rather exciting for a siesta. Surely the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together, and strife seems to rhyme to life as much in an orchard as in the couplets of young poets. But I try to settle down again.

Somehow the spell is broken. I am found out. A horde of insects insist on paying me their unwelcome attentions. It were vain, if not fraudulent, to disguise the fact that rural rhapsodies are to be largely discounted, that Arcadia must not be too closely inspected, that malaria is the modern Naiad, and that there are other creatures besides fairies in the woods and fields. Here, for instance, I find myself adopted as the mountain-path of a colony of ants, who swarm along my legs and down my back till I fancy myself another Gulliver among his Lilliputians. I have an unpleasant sense of having transferred to my own person the entire entomological population of this old and teeming tree. And the air has grown uncomfortably full of gnats, not to speak of my special *bête noire*, a great buzzing and blundering bluebottle fly. If this creature would only keep up a continuous row, and go away when he is done, he might by dint of patience be endured. But his method is a series of sudden raids from unexpected quarters, attended by a gross and stridulous din and an insane banging of himself against all available objects, and each lull or seeming departure is but the portent and preparative to a new descent. If there be anything worse, it is that pestilent and persistent species of gnats whose habit it is to go circling and curvetting within an inch or less of your eye, as if drunk or affected with St. Vitus's Dance, but always on the line of and in the closest proximity to your eyelash. And here comes a mosquito, with his "most unkindest cut of all." It is the last drop in the bucket, and I overflow. But, not being a swearing man, I arise and take up my shawl and walk.

But ere I leave my orchard I spend a little while in watching the progress of a hornets' nest on the dead limb of an apple-tree. Rollo informs me that it is a "white-headed hornet." But I presume a white sting is every whit as sharp as any other color: so I stand off at a prudent distance. Hence I must not be held responsible for strict scientific accuracy, not being ambitious to be enrolled among the "martyrs of science." With a thrifty instinct akin to that of the original Dutch settlers of these fat valleys, they have "located" themselves on the border-line of the orchard and the garden. For your hornet—and in fact his whole vesperian circle of relations—is a genuine sybarite and epicurean. He likes a good apple, and rejoices in a melon like Israel in Egypt. He loves to bury his head in a luscious peach or a mellow pear, and will not disdain tomatoes and other "garden-sass." He is too much of a gentleman to make his own honey, so he takes to the road and exacts tribute from the bees and the "honey-dew" from the aphides on the trees. He "goes to the ant," the sluggard that he is, and considers her ways only that he may eat her up, and is not wise for all that; for the first frost puts an end to his brief summer life, with hardly survival enough to insure perpetuation of the species. He goes to (and for) other insects, especially the flies, and is partial to a meat diet. I emphasize the word "gentleman," for it is the male who is above work,—a perfect Turveydrop,—leading a life of idle luxury while the females of the family and the drudging neuters do the building, foraging, and defence.

The nest is an inverted cone, like a boy's top, and as gray in color as the Confederate uniform which proved so full of stings to our countrymen. It is composed of a thin, papery, water-proof substance, fabricated, with a subtle chemistry akin to the processes of the paper-mill, out of wood. It appears to be a congeries of cells within, opening upon successive galleries formed by the convolutions of the material. The door

is an oval slit in the apex (that is, in the under side) of the cone. Hence a vertical hall-way extends to the very roof, so that the cells and galleries are all accessible to the goodwives who are constantly flitting in and out on honeyed thrift intent on behalf of their lazy lords and helpless babes. The house is not completed, and probably will not be before the wintry writ of ejectment is served,—as is the case with too many of our schemes and structures. The convolutions are formed, of course, upon the outside, and each one while in process serves the purpose of a rounded roof with low projecting eaves or awning,—a most ingenious device for protection from the rain. A master-mason—or, to be more scientifically exact, a mistress-masoness—is at work upon this outer canopy. This winged weaver has a bunch of the building-material in her mouth, and runs to and fro along the extreme edge of the thin fabric, weaving new strands into it, the increment of many such shuttlings being wholly imperceptible to my eye.

The foundation of this inverted house—for this is a case where they do "build from the top downward" and the underpinning is in the rafters of the garret—is a small bough, not an eighth of an inch thick, which is dexterously built into and through it so as to hold it by a grasp not easily severed, and then only at the cost of total disintegration. The environment, moreover, has been so cunningly selected that other twigs are caught and embedded in the nest, while others still—including the main stem, about a third of an inch thick—buttress it on all sides.

But I am not a "scientist," but only a looker-on in insectdom, and I must not lay myself open to the slur of being an "apple-tree bore." So, without stopping to moralize on the bearing of all this upon the question whether a God still walks and works among the trees of the garden, or whether this queer and conical structure, shaped and hung aloft like an old-time pulpit, has any message of faith and fidelity to us, I

will hie me to my own nest yonder, where the goodwife has been getting tea for her lolling, loitering drone.

Surely one of the prettiest effects in an orchard is when the level rays of the afternoon sun are lighting up its dark aisles, burnishing the boles and branches of the trees, casting long shadows over the grass, and making the swarms of in-

sects look like the fine spray of a sunlit fountain. Even thus, I musingly say to myself, the lower my sun sinks toward the westward hills the more brightness may it get into my life! And may it discover more fruit than this orchard of mine has to show in its off-year!

F. N. ZABRISKIE.

### INDUSTRIES OF MODERN GREECE.

I STEP out upon my balcony and look down on one of the broad and handsome streets of modern Athens, having just below on the left the National University, on the right the new Academy and the marble palace of the distinguished archæologist, Dr. Schliemann, and beyond, encircling the view, the wonderful mountain-contour, so clearly defined and yet softened through the pure Attic atmosphere, which beautifies, glorifies, and lends mystery to all that it touches. Almost inevitably my thoughts are carried from the present to the glorious past, to the age of Pericles, then to the desolation of fifty years ago, until I reach once more the fast-growing, modern capital that is creeping up the sides of Mount Lycabettus and stretching itself out across the plain toward the olive-groves and the port of Piræus. The past, however, touches one with a deeper power, and the more one cares for the antiquities the less one cares for the present town: its growth and embellishment are not the fruit of native industries, but chiefly of imported wealth, brought in by the Homogenes, or foreign Greeks, who, having made their fortunes elsewhere, return to spend them ostentatiously in their own country. They have expensive tastes and habits that excite the envy of their less opulent neighbors, and the latter are often tempted to emulate the new-comers and spend

more than they can afford, so that one hears many complaints of extravagance and high prices. Whatever is original and peculiar to Greece is fast disappearing, and a few years of railroading through this hitherto nearly untraversed country will eradicate every trace of individuality or Oriental character.

One wonders by what resources yet to be developed Greece will be rendered self-supporting. At present the currant-crop is by far the most important, and brings returns yearly of many millions of francs. Unfortunately, the last harvest, though very abundant, did not find the usual market, so that of the whole amount of currants nearly half remained unsold and had to be stored to await purchasers. Wine, tobacco, oil, olives, lemons, and possibly wheat, are the products which must be brought forward as a foundation of permanent wealth. Much Greek wine goes to America under the name of French wine, because it is first sent to France, there prepared for the sea-voyage, bottled, and exported from Bordeaux. Both wine and tobacco were taxed for the first time by a law which became active September 1, 1883. The conditions of the wine-tax do not seem illiberal, as enough for the so-called necessary use—i.e., five hundred okes, or eight hundred quarts—is allowed free to each family. The wine is so good and so plentiful that for a drachma per oke one gets a

very fair wine. (The drachma has the exact value of a franc, and the septa of the centime.) Therefore it is with reason argued that a family who can afford to buy more than five hundred francs' worth can well afford to pay a tax to the government.

The tobacco question has greatly exercised the Greek smoking public of late, so that a serious disturbance was feared when the idea of taxation was proposed in the Boulé. Tobacco is considered by many as much a necessity as wine, and yet none is allowed free. The tax is levied thus: the retail dealers in tobacco, after buying it in the mass, do not have the power of cutting it, as they did formerly, but must take it to the government establishments, where it is cut by machines at the rate of two drachmas per oke. This is nearly forty per cent. of the value; but, as each individual pays only a few septa more on a small quantity, the tax is not so very onerous. It is the retail dealer who feels it most. The government revenue will probably be sensibly decreased by numerous devices for evading the law; but money must be raised, and various taxes have been proposed, all of which are naturally unpopular.

The manufactures of Greece are very slight and undeveloped, but a few may be mentioned by way of giving an idea both of stuffs and of methods of working. The establishment of most interest in Athens is the Ergasterion, or "Workshop of the Poor Women," started, ten years ago, at the suggestion of Miss Calliope Kekajà, a lady who feels intense enthusiasm for America and Americans, having been educated at the school opened, about 1830, with money furnished by the American Mission Society and conducted by our countrywoman Mrs. Hill. The latter, so well known as a benevolent and energetic teacher, still lives in Athens, though too aged to take an active part in the work which later became a private enterprise of her own, while the American Mission School is kept in another building and is a distinct department. Miss Kekajà, like many other

Greek girls, grew up with an idea of the superiority of everything American. Seeing many distinguished people, and reading all standard English and American authors, her favorite among the latter was Ralph Waldo Emerson. He has been said to resemble an old Greek in his ideas, which may have influenced her predilections. At present Miss Kekajà is at the head of the Zappian, a large girls' school in Constantinople, and she is exerting a very salutary influence in a city where all women are kept in a dependent and often debasing condition.

The object of the Ergasterion is to combine a work of charity with the development of native manufactures. There are more than three hundred women and girls employed in the various departments of carpet-making, lace-making, and the weaving of silk and cotton stuffs. The rich ladies of Athens immediately espoused the cause of this school with zeal, and its success was further insured by a subsidy from the government until it should be self-supporting. The patronage of her majesty Queen Olga was also secured. She takes a great interest in it, and, besides giving many orders, pays frequent visits to the institution and personally superintends the work. The present building was the gift of a wealthy merchant, and has very suitable and commodious work-rooms. Its situation is most favorable, both from its having the fresh sea-air and because it commands the lovely view of Egina and the mountains of Morea. Being on the road which leads to the Acropolis, it attracts the attention of passing strangers, who, if they stop once, will be probably tempted to pay a second visit.

The most interesting, as well as the most extensive, department is that of woollen fabrics. The entire process of preparing the wool and making the dyes, as well as the weaving, is carried on here. The best designs for carpets are Cretan. Here, as in Venice, in order to revive the nearly-forgotten art of lace-making they had recourse to the old women who remembered the



choice patterns. The oldest inhabitant was the person the most sought after. To the Cretan designs many others have been added, as nearly every Greek village has a distinct traditional pattern of its own, which could be either copied or adapted.

The indifference of the saleswoman, who takes the orders and is the general manager of the establishment, has always annoyed and baffled me. I could not decide whether she thought I wished to pilfer her patterns, and therefore would not tell me their source, or whether it was the simple indifference of a woman who was tired of answering, and who took no genuine interest except in the gains of the establishment, when I have asked her about the origin of a design. She answered, with effusion, "It is Greek," as if she were giving much information. Upon insisting, I perhaps have discovered the name of a village from whence it came, and then she would say, "But we have altered it." One of the best carpet-patterns came from a village less than an hour's distance from Athens, and the woman said it was worked by hand into an old apron. In the copy it is, of course, woven.

A cotton stuff, having a heavy, cord-like thread running lengthwise through the finer yellowish texture, is extremely pretty and durable, and is much used both for curtains and dresses. It is called Mesolongi, being either invented or much used in that village, which is known to the world as the place where Byron died. Mr. Tricoupis, the present prime minister, is a native of Mesolongi, and his father made a memorable oration over Byron's body. After a few days the remains were taken to England; but an empty grave was consecrated in Mesolongi to the poet's honor. These reminiscences lead the mind away from the Ergasterion; but nearly every article there has such an obvious history that it delays one unawares.

The lace-making is much attended to, and many of the patterns are curious and pretty. For a drachma and twenty septa—that is, a franc and twenty cen-

times—the pique, one can buy a very nice linen lace. The pique is sixty-four centimetres, or about two-thirds of a yard. Gold and silk lace are specialties, and the price of the gold lace is high, as it contains some genuine metal to prevent it from tarnishing. Here, as elsewhere, it is marvellous to see these lace-workers, many of them tiny girls, twisting the threads with bewildering speed, sticking the pins in and out of the cushion on which is their design; and then to hear that with constant labor they cannot make more than a finger's length of an elaborate pattern in a day, is depressing. All the work here is done by hand, and for this reason the prices in general seem large; but the materials have the advantage of being genuine and durable, and by watching the processes one learns to appreciate something of the method and of the difficulty of making in this way even an inch of cotton cloth. The clumsy wooden looms are hard to move, but the individuality of treatment gives a charm to the result that the lightning-like precision of machinery fails to accomplish. The workwomen are paid by the pique, and not by the time; and this is the only fair estimate, as many of them come perfectly ignorant and have to learn everything. As a rule, Greek girls have great facility with the fingers and great perseverance in learning needle-work, while the custom of remaining much in the house gives them habits of industry. Many poor mothers bring their infants with them to the Ergasterion, where they may be seen sleeping or crawling about in the work-rooms. This gives a domestic air to the place, and one is struck by the contented faces of the workers. Indeed, everybody has good reason to be pleased with the success of this enterprise, and the market is always increasing for their wares, since they have become better known to Europe through the International Exhibitions at Paris and Vienna. At both cities they were awarded several prizes, and the Mesolongi stuff in particular was much admired.

Wandering through the Hermes and

Eolus Streets, where are the principal shops and business-places, one sees, almost exclusively, imported European things,—dress-materials, tailors' goods, household wares of every description, canned goods, etc., etc. All seems to have been brought and put together in a heterogeneous mass in these small shops, and the merchants are very doubtful what they have or have not in their stock. They are very obliging, hunting about in their dark nooks and corners till at last they generally find what one wants. Order is indeed a virtue not yet much in vogue in Greece. The book-shops strike one as the only Greek emporiums until, following along the Eolus Street almost to its end, toward the Temple of the Winds, we come to the Bazar. Not far away the Acropolis is soaring above into the blue sky, and from its slopes crooked pathways run steeply down among the old and falling houses, all these narrow streets converging from every quarter of the town toward the market-place, which is always swarming with noisy, chattering venders. From the Eolus Street we turn to the right into the first portion of the Bazar, and perhaps it is the most interesting, as here the Greek costumes of the more ordinary description are made and sold. The shopkeepers sit in their little booths, with their goods neatly packed up about the walls. They are sewing and talking politics, and welcome the stranger with open arms as he turns the corner into the Red Lane, as this is often called. The man at the head of the lane has the best post, and is apt to sell more than the others, although the hope of a better bargain may tempt many purchasers farther on. The prices are very similar at all the booths. Let us see what we can find at one of these shops. Every one is engaged in embroidering white woollen jackets with black or dark-blue or dark-red braid. These jackets belong to the man's costume. The pattern is drawn with a pencil on the stuff, which is so thick and hard that they stick the needle up and down, as in an embroidery-frame. The braid is very pretty,

sometimes very elaborate, and the edge of the jacket is usually finished with a row of balls, which gives a charming effect. If one asks where these designs come from, they answer, as the woman did at the Ergasterion, "They are Greek;" or perhaps it will be suggested, "They are Albanian;" but they do not know much about it, and think it very foolish that every one else is not satisfied with this explanation. The shopkeepers are very pleasant, however, and their black eyes shine and their white teeth glisten brilliantly as they talk. They are very polite to ladies; although I am told that twenty years ago a woman could not have gone into the Bazar without hearing many unpleasant remarks made, and even now maid-servants seldom go to market unless they are very old and ugly, of which they will be often reminded before they come home.

The jackets are not expensive, when one considers of what substantial stuff they are made and what labor it is to embroider them. The prices vary according to the design, but from twenty-five to fifty francs is the usual cost. To the man's costume belong two jackets, but the inner one, a kind of waistcoat, is often omitted. The outer one, fastened at the throat and rounding out to reach just above the waist, has a very peculiar pair of sleeves, cut from one piece of cloth, and suspended from the shoulder. Underneath, they are not fastened to the jacket, on account of the stiffness of the cloth, and the shirt-sleeve is therefore exposed. The sleeves are joined together again below the elbow, but, except in cool weather, they hang freely from the shoulder, and are of no use whatever except as an ornamental appendage to the attire. The next indispensable part of a man's costume is a fustanella. This is an immensely full white petticoat of cotton cloth, reaching to the knee. There are many degrees of fulness, according to the fancy of the wearer, but a model one should have more than a hundred gores and measure about fifty piques round. It is an absolutely unpractical garment, because

unless it is clean it is not beautiful, and to be clean requires constant change,—so that only a luxurious person can indulge in them, especially as they are difficult to wash and iron. King Otho, who always dressed *à la Grecque*, introduced a longer fustanella, to reach below the knee. Rumor said he was thin and ungraceful; but it might be that, brought up to be clad otherwise, he did not feel at his ease in a skirt like that of a ballet-dancer. It makes the uninitiated smile to see a man tilting about in a fustanella, and also suggests the idea that vanity is inseparable from the petticoat, as all men seem to become conscious and to assume a coquettish air as soon as they get on a clean, wide-spreading fustanella. The next item is the cloth leggings, those that are to be had ready-made being heavy plain white ones. Then there are the garters, either of silk or cotton, long enough to be wound about the leg several times, and fastened with a loop and string.

A few doors farther on we find the peasant shoes, and this brings us to a most attractive shop, where several men are working in leather. These people have been lying in wait for us a long time, and a bulletin had probably been passed along telling them whether we were of the kind who bought or the kind who only examined every article, asked the price, made them pull down all their things, and finally went off, saying, "Too dear, too dear," or "We will come another day." If we were *bona fide* purchasers, then they asked if we were "good people." The epithet "good" would not perhaps mean simply that we paid the first price asked without question, but that we were fair. It might also be asked whether we were experienced, and then, with an upward motion of the head and a rapid opening of the fingers, "*They know*," is answered. I think they prefer this, because it is very provoking to natives to be asked to give their things below cost, and the Greeks of this Bazar are not so poor as to make great sacrifices, although they are anxious to sell, as their traffic is not large. If one inquires into the

reason of a price, one gets a satisfactory answer,—e.g., there are so many pounds of wool in this blanket, and wool is worth such a price. But to return to the leather-merchants, whose chief occupation is making shoes of red and green leather. These are very strong and comfortable, and are shaped like a boat, turned up at the end in a high prow, which is surmounted by a colored silk or woollen tassel. Some shoes are further ornamented with gilding. They are very inexpensive, a pair for a grown person costing from eight to fifteen francs, according to the finish, while fascinating little ones for children cost only two or three francs. We find here also bags of undyed leather, edged with red and green, for school-bags, tobacco-pouches that ingeniously open and shut, also harnesses for horses and donkeys, much ornamented with brass. The ornamentation of the leather-work is frequently of successive eyelet-holes, finished with little silver rings, and it is more effective than one would suppose.

The shoes bought, we must get a fez. It can be found at the jacket-shop, but better at the fez-manufactory on the Eolus Street. The tassels must be got at a silk-shop, and bought by weight. A silk belt, either broad or narrow, is also indispensable. The Greek sashes are gorgeous in color,—orange, green, and purple: more delicate tints are not as good. Blue and white stripes, being the national colors, are much in vogue. The weaving of the belts and garters is done in the shops, often by some old man, who looks both comfortable and picturesque as he sits cross-legged winding his skeins. He will also work your initials very prettily into the sashes in Greek letters.

The peasant costume for women is not so often found ready in the Bazar. It is usually either made by the wearers themselves or has come to them by inheritance. A handsome costume is an expensive purchase. The chemise, long enough to form a skirt, is very richly embroidered about the bottom in silk, and the two jackets of white cloth are elaborate. These are sleeveless; but a fine pair of

embroidered sleeves makes a separate part of the dress. Silver ornaments for the head, neck, and arms, a red apron, a sash, and a silk gauze veil complete the costume. The last-named items are luxuries, however, and vary according to the means. Rich maidens braid long strings of coins into their tresses; and at a country dance, where the costume is seen in its full splendor, the eyes of the suitors are as much attracted by the back view as by the face of a fair creature. For every-day use nearly all women of every age wear a handkerchief over the head: pretty and curious ones are sold in the Bazar of thin cotton gauze, stamped with bright borders.

The summer clothing is the same as in winter, except that a jacket the less will be worn, and the men wear cotton ones, trimmed the same as the woollen ones. A frequent dress with workmen and gardeners consists of baggy blue Turkish trousers, a red jacket, a fez, broad sash, and long blue stockings over the knee. It is a most becoming dress, as are also the shaggy, white, close-fitting coats that the peasant boys wear. The great brown capotes, the hairy rugs, white woollen mittens,—in fact, all the peasant articles,—are brought mostly from Lamia and other parts of Thessaly, and a larger supply is stored in the cellars than is to be seen in the shops.

The gentleman's dress is identical with that of the peasant, except that it is made of fine broadcloth and trimmed with silk, silver, and gold braid, beautiful work, which will last for generations. The dress of the Athenian ladies, on the contrary, is not like the Albanian costume. It has a long, flowing skirt, a velvet jacket trimmed with fur and gold, a long fez hanging over the shoulder and finished with a heavy gold-and-silver tassel, and fine silk laces. A few people of the old *régime* still wear it, and it is singularly becoming. At the palace balls in Otho's reign every one came in the costume of his region, and the spectacle is described as peculiar and brilliant; but, with few exceptions, only the court servants are now seen in costume on such occasions. Reduced families

are very glad to dispose of their old dresses, but, as they ask the same price as the garments cost when new and fresh, they are slow in finding purchasers. The Greek tailor, "Ellino Rajitis," who still hangs out his sign, must do a losing business. One regiment, called the Evzones, have for uniform the Albanian peasant dress, and they are the jauntiest-looking soldiers imaginable.

Still another department of the Bazar is that of the native pottery. This reminds one of classic days. The forms and colors are fine, and the same use is made of these vessels in domestic life as formerly. There are huge cisterns made for water, wine, and oil, and every day you meet women coming from the street fountains bearing great jars of water on the shoulder. As they walk along, there is something in the poise of the head and the uplifted arm that makes one think of an ancient statue, so fine and graceful is the attitude. No one dressed after a fashion-plate could attain such an effect. The potters make tiles for the roofs of the houses, and they must do a brisk trade, as house-building is so active. During the past few months I have seen fine, large, solid houses rising on all sides. Some of the workmen employed on these are Bulgarians, not speaking a word of Greek. They receive high wages for this labor,—so that whole families emigrate and work together. The small boys are very useful in climbing up the ladders and in fetching and carrying various things. The first process is to build the outside walls more than a foot thick of broken granite, and this is well plastered together and protected with mortar; then the roof-frame is made and covered with earthen tiles. The inside is finished by degrees,—floors, doors, and windows; the walls being usually not papered, but washed in color. This costs little, and can be renewed often, thus keeping the dwelling fresh and clean. The greater number of the houses are built in apartments to accommodate two or more families. The more luxurious palaces, of which there are not a few, are often adorned with

marble in the stairways and entrance-halls, but in general the floors are laid with unpainted pine boards, and not, as in Italy, with stone.

If you wish to refresh yourself after wandering about the Bazar, and are not too fastidious, you can sit down at a small table on the sidewalk, before one of the cafés which abound in this quarter, and call for a cup of Turkish coffee or a glass of Rezinata wine, and at a public bakery you can get a kind of toasted bread or cake as an accompaniment. The sweets, as a rule, are not very inviting, as they are made with poor butter or oil. One sweet, called Galito Bolito, is, however, very nice if well made. Masses of a white, flaky stuff, called Halvas, are to be seen for sale at some seasons of the year. This is a Turkish dish, and is a great delicacy. A cup of Turkish coffee is the favorite beverage, and I have heard of people drinking twenty-five cups a day. The Greeks hold that it has less effect upon the nerves than French coffee.

A very characteristic class in Athens is that of the itinerant vegetable- and fruit-dealers. The gardening interest is concentrated at Colocothu and Patissia, two villages situated in the olive-groves, the former on the banks of the Cephissus. There are two hundred gardens, of different extent, but none exceeding a few acres. They are separated from each other and from the roads by walls made of great yellow, baked, clay blocks, overgrown with moss and flowers. These gardens are not very well kept, as the owners mostly let them out to tenants, who get what they can out of them without much trouble or expense to themselves. They come into town in the early morning, driving a donkey literally covered with baskets of fruit or vegetables. His nodding head at one end, his tail at the other, and his pattering little feet, are all that is seen of the patient, useful, and ill-used beast of burden. The farmers either sell their wares at the market or call them through the town in sonorous tones. One cannot praise either the fruit or vegetables: in fact, the food in general

is a source of continued vexation. If you inquire why the things are so poor, you are told that the land is bad, that nothing can grow well; but laziness, the fault of "Madame Fox and I" in the child's story-book, might explain it, at least in part. The farmers seem to have no idea what work means, and they indulge in a continual *dolce far niente*. Last year a tramway was opened to these villages, and this will undoubtedly give an impetus to the farming community, while it affords a variety of charming excursions for the city people. At the present time, proprietors are much more concerned about the selling of house-lots than about the cultivation of the land.

Wherever there is a garden a row of tall, black cypress-trees is planted. These may serve the purpose—as I have heard is the case in Italy—of designating different properties, but they help no less in an æsthetic sense, their tall, pointed spires forming a striking contrast in form and color to the rounded smoky masses of olive foliage above which they rise. At all seasons this garden-region is exquisite, but particularly so in the spring-time, when the flowering almond- and peach-bloom make a lovely combination of tints against the distant blue Parnes range, which bounds the plain of Attica to the north. Later on, the vivid green of the vines planted among the olive-groves, and the ripened yellow wheat-harvest, offer another feast of beauty to the eye. There are several carriage-roads and countless paths winding about, and in March and April the ground is richly carpeted with wild flowers, the earliest and most abundant being the brilliant scarlet anemone.

It is almost inexplicable that the venerable olive-trees should have survived the ravages of so many centuries of warfare and desolation. Many of them are known to be from fifteen hundred to two thousand years old, and their gnarled black trunks are nearly hollow, while the fresh branches grow and the crops succeed each other above. It seems as if the blue-eyed Athené had intrusted



the care of her sacred shades to the wise owl who haunts them ever.

No trace of ancient buildings remains, although the hill of Colondès and the site of the Academy are known nearly with certainty. One of the most poetic glimpses of the Parthenon, framed by the soft-hued foliage, is to be had from this region; and just after sunset, when Mount Hymettus takes on its purple radiance, nothing can be more beautiful. The glow lasts only a few moments, when paleness and grayness settle down and the scene quickly fades into the gloom of evening.

At the village of Colocothu, one summer evening, we met an acquaintance, an oldish man, who had just bought a garden, one of the best and largest there. He went every day to direct the building of his new house, as he and his brother (both were unmarried) had decided to leave the town and take up their abode in their garden. It was the hour for his return to town, and all the workmen had gone; but he was so delighted with his new possession that he lingered, stroking the leaves of the trees and rubbing their trunks, as if they must feel his expression of affection. He was very well-to-do, so that his advent was hailed with joy by his neighbors, who were mostly poor. As we walked with him past the village shop and restaurant, where many were resting after the heat of the day, they greeted him with flattering effusion. One sun-bronzed veteran, clad all in white, except for a blue handkerchief bound about his head, perhaps less politic, or thinking age gave him special privileges, called out, "How art thou, my little John? We salute thee and

we love thee;" then added, "When is the lamb to be killed?" Our friend seemed rather embarrassed at this, because the feast of the house-warming is a roast lamb; but he answered, "The day after to-morrow." This means an indefinite period of time in Greek, as if one should say, "When I get ready." The people do not get roast meat every day, which explains the deep interest in the matter. "We kill once a week, on Saturday," they told us at the restaurant, when asked what they could give us. After Sunday's feasting there remains nothing, and from Monday on you must be content with boiled eggs. Indeed, you do not miss much if you get no meat, as the toughness of it is incredible. It must be well hammered before cooking, and then it is wiser to stew than to roast it.

It gave me a pleasant feeling to see this familiar, easy intercourse of the new-comers with their neighbors, and we thought of the old-fashioned New-England villages, where people take such a deep interest in each other's affairs as to incur the imputation of inquisitiveness. To be a great man in this obscure corner of the world is not an unenviable lot. He has an unlimited amount of leisure; and if to-day is tranquil and agreeable, he can extend to-day into to-morrow and have a stretch of long summer afternoons. In a family where children are to be brought up and educated it would not be advisable to live in the olive-groves, as Plato no longer walks up and down, ready to give instruction to him who will listen; but for two old-bachelor brothers it seemed a happy retreat.

EUNICE W. FELTON.

## A WEEK IN KILLARNEY.

## CHAPTER IV.

NEXT morning I saunter downstairs to breakfast in a mood of absolute benignity. There is no fret or jar in any of my thoughts. All my geese are swans, and everything I look upon is dyed with the hue of the vivid rose.

Carrie is not lost to me, but has gone before, and I, in a leisurely and impatient fashion, going in search of her, follow my nose into a room off the hall. At the first glance I believe myself to be the sole occupant of this room, and, stepping into the embrasure of a window, gaze out in a blissful wonder at the ever-increasing charms of the sparkling lake. Presently, however, I become aware of two voices at the lower end of the room, coming from the embrasure of another window. One of them I know to be Carrie's; the other, to my surprise, belongs to Brooke. They have both come out of *their* window, and, unaware of my presence, as I had been of theirs, are now standing where I can see them, apparently in close confab. What on earth can he have to say to Carrie so early in the morning? I feel it is a case that calls for my supervision, and determine *not to listen*, but to stay where I am.

"Yes, I do believe there is hope for me," Brooke is saying, in a jubilant yet rather faltering tone. "Oh, Mrs. Desmond, can you guess all that *that* means to me?"

As he says this there is a fever of tender anxiety in his odious eye. Good heavens! is he making love to her? Am I to learn in "the morning, oh! so early," that I have been fooled and betrayed by a young man who *ought* to have been expelled from Cambridge, even if he had not been? Surely first thoughts are truest. Did not my first prejudices against these two strange sojourners in Paddyland spring from a true instinct?

"Yes, there *must* be hope for me!" says Brooke, gazing at Carrie with all his depraved soul in his eyes. As he speaks, he takes her hand. *Her* hand? *my* hand! Was it not given me at the altar? There he is, holding *my* hand. Never! I'd see him—far first. But, if not mine, whose? I go into a mental calculation as to how many hands I really possess, and come out of it much the worse for wear.

"Hope!" He had said distinctly that he had "hope." Has she, then,—the wife of my bosom,—been encouraging him in his villany? Has his pretended affection for Miss Kingsley been but a blind to lay my suspicions? Alas! where are all my peaceful musings of a moment since? Gone to the winds! never, perhaps, to return to my desolate breast. I feel vaguely that this is an occasion on which I should rush forward, dash my hand against my forehead, and cry aloud, "Fool! madman!" to an admiring audience. It occurs to me, too, however (happily in time), that more may be gained by an astute obliteration of my person than by any heroics: so I remain *perdu*, and with a lowering brow prepare to listen and see with all my might.

I am richly rewarded. Carrie, with a fervor worthy a better cause, deliberately squeezes the hand of the degenerate Saxon,—under my very nose, as it were, she does it, and without a blush!

Still fired with a grim determination to see it out with them and know the worst, I refrain from springing at Brooke's throat and felling him to the earth.

"Yes, ye—es; there is *hope*!" says Carrie, in the tenderest, most sympathetic voice, that yet has, as it seems to me, a tincture of hesitation in it,—no doubt a last remnant of grace as she remembers her marriage vows and dwells for a faltering instant on her treachery to me.

"Oh, Mrs. Desmond, if you could only know how happy you make me when you say that!" exclaims the vile Brooke, in a tone of ecstasy. Joy sparkles in his hateful eye. Stooping his gaunt frame, he presses his confounded lips in quite a rapturous fashion to the hand that I had deemed mine own but an hour ago.

Paralysis must have seized upon me at this moment. All is a blank. Later on I turn. I make no attempt to annihilate Brooke, because presently, when I return to consciousness, I find him still alive, and still in close converse with Carrie. I nerve myself to listen once again. One more chance of life shall be accorded to this most wretched man.

It is well I so decide. Certainly mercy is "twice blessed." I congratulate myself on my wisdom and Christian forbearance. It was most fortunate that I abstained from the momentary madness that assailed me and would have urged me to the slaughter of a fellow-creature. Now, in one blessed instant, dispelled are all my fears, restored is my faith in the only woman I ever loved.

"You remember the night before last, how she went out alone with me into the moonlight?" Brooke is saying, as I once more come to myself. "She never did that *before*, you know, and—and she looked at me that night so—so *kindly*!"

It takes him some time to say this, and he rather hesitates over the last word, as though searching vainly to see if his memory cannot with truth supply some warmer word. Of course I at once grasp the situation, and know by his woebegone look that he is growing confidential over Miss Kingsley. Poor Brooke! Dear Brooke! I always felt somehow, intuitively, that he was a thoroughly good sort of fellow! Good Brooke!

"She—she doesn't always care to be alone with one, you know," he goes on defiantly. "That is,"—with anxious look,—*"she feels, I mean, a natural maiden modesty that forbids her to make herself conspicuous with any one in particular."*

"Quite right, of course. I can quite understand," says Carrie encouragingly, and just as if she means it. Yet I can remember a time when she made herself remarkably conspicuous with me on various occasions and thought nothing of it. And now here she is upholding a weak-minded young man in most prudish doctrines.

"But the other night, you may have noticed, she seemed to forget all that; all was different," says Brooke exultantly. He looks glad, triumphant. *Why?* Would he have her always, then, forgetful of the vaunted maiden modesty? Oh! fie, Brooke, fie!

"Yes, I certainly *did* notice a change for the *better*," says Carrie, smiling, whereupon I acknowledge to myself my inability to sound the depths of the female mind.

She looks at him inquiringly, and then goes on a little nervously:

"One doesn't quite like to *ask* it," she says, "but did she—I mean, did you—that is—in fact, was there anything said that might—eh?"

"Said?" says Brooke.

"Why, yes; anything that might lead her to think that——" She pauses. To me her pause is full of eloquence.

"What?" says Brooke stupidly.

"Why, that you were—— Oh, you know what I mean," says Carrie vaguely, but looking at him with the very *largest* encouragement in her eyes.

"I don't," says Brooke hopelessly; and instantly the knowledge that I am on the brink of inextinguishable laughter covers me with confusion. With the aid of a handkerchief and the window-curtains I manage to stifle it.

"That you were *in love* with her?" says Carrie, rather impatiently, and in a higher key.

"Oh, *no*!" says Brooke, as though shocked. "I shouldn't dare,—not so soon, I mean. She isn't that sort of girl at all. She is altogether different from other girls. There is something—something very special about Miss Kingsley, as it seems to me."

"Perhaps so," says Carrie, just a little dryly. "But at least she is a woman,

and I never yet knew one who didn't like to hear a man say he adored her. However, as you say, there *may* be something out of the common about Muriel."

"Muriel! what a divine name!" murmurs Brooke, as though the very mention of it overcomes him.

"It is out of the common, too," says Carrie, smiling. "Now, you speak to me as a friend of Muriel's, of course. You will then let me ask you if you are in a position to marry?"

"I have a thousand a year," says Brooke,—“not enough for HER, I own, but still—”

"People can live very happily on a thousand a year," says Carrie kindly. "And Mr. Jones?"

"He *says* he has five thousand pounds a year," says Brooke sulkily, and quite as if he believes Jones to be lying consummately in so saying.

"It doesn't matter what any one has," declares Carrie sweetly. "Muriel is too dear a girl to be led by a mere desire for a rich establishment. It is whom she really *prefers* is the thing, and—"

"Well, I'm positive she prefers me to Jones," says he, firmly. "Of that I am assured. She has never yet permitted *him* to gaze upon the moon with her, *alone*. I lay great stress upon that, Mrs. Desmond, and believe I am right in so doing. He has manœuvred over and over again to get her away from the rest of us for even five minutes, but all in vain. He has even tried in the most ungentlemanly way to cut *me* out in her good graces,—*me!* Ha, ha!" Oh, the sardonic mirth in that wild laugh!

"It is all a great pity," says Carrie, who is evidently at a loss for a pretty hypocrisy.

"I think the other night proved to him who has the best chance *now*," goes on Brooke feverishly. "Did you see his face when I went to where she stood in the window, looking like an angel in the moonbeams? She welcomed me there: he must have seen *that*?"

"Yes, he saw that," says Carrie. Is there regret in her tone? Here she is encouraging one suitor whilst, I verily

believe, she is feeling sorrow for the other. Were Jones at this moment in Brooke's place, I am certain her sympathy and advice would be just as freely administered.

"Then I hope he learned a lesson," says Brooke vindictively. "His manner toward me all yesterday was distinctly aggressive, but"—loftily—"I overlooked that. I could afford to; it was but the outcoming of a wounded pride. No, she would never grant to Jones the grace she showed to me. She would never favor *him* with a private audience."

By this time Miss Kingsley has plainly risen to a sovereign's height. I cannot help thinking that he has made very poor use of the "audience" granted *him*.

"She certainly hasn't, up to this," says Carrie.

"Mark my words," says Brooke solemnly, "*she never will!*" She positively *shrinks* from him. I have frequently noticed it. She would not go anywhere alone with Jones for the heaviest bribe that could be offered her."

Even as he says this with an air of settled triumph an awful thing happens. The door is flung wide, and Miss Kingsley (*in her hat and scarf*, and attended by Jones!) enters the room, her arms laden with branches of flowering arbutus and trailing leaves of water-lilies. Her eyes are sparkling, her cheeks flushed, her lips red and parted. There is an expression of thorough enjoyment about her whole dainty person.

"Oh, we have had *such* a good time on the lake for the last hour and a half, whilst all you lazy people were abed," she says, smiling. "It was a morning to make one even in love with one's misfortunes."

A dead silence follows her little speech. It is fortunately broken by the entrance of the bull-terrier, who, passing close by my place of concealment, gives me the opportunity of emerging from it swiftly as he goes by, and following him in a leisurely, dignified manner up the room. With quite an

abstracted, absent air I come up at his heels, feeling all the time, as I bring my mind to bear upon his physiognomy, that *he* ought to be at mine.

Alas for Brooke's complexion! As he gazes upon the new-comers his self-complacency, his look of victory assured, vanishes, and his color changes from sickly gray to green, and then to ochre: it stays at ochre.

"It was the loveliest row I ever had in my life," goes on Muriel gayly, the soft color of her cheeks brilliant. "We got into one of the very daintiest of little bays, where the arbutus-trees hung over our heads, and let their white bell-blossoms drop into our hands. See! we despoiled them. I brought you home this little branch, Carrie, to make you pretty for breakfast; and this for you, Mr. Desmond, to pull to pieces. You see, I know what pleases you." She smiles archly, and as though unconscious of the smothered storm so near her, while Brooke, standing right before her, glowers at space and bites his nether lip, and doubtless conjures up a possible moment in the future, fraught with delirious joy, in which he shall rend in pieces the perfidious Jones and tear him limb from limb. Oh, where are all his boastings of a minute since, his vain imaginings? He had declared aloud his belief that nothing would induce her to favor Jones with a *tête-à-tête*, and here now has she come to give the lie to his fond declaration. It is surely not to be borne. He will rouse himself, and step bravely forward and confront Jones, and tell him to his face—

"You see, I did not forget you either, Mr. Brooke," says Muriel sweetly. "I brought you this."

She holds out to him a tiny spray of forget-me-not. Did that wondrous isle, into whose bay they wandered, produce that too? I don't think Jones knew of the forget-me-not; his face clouds as he sees it presented to the gloomy Brooke.

"But you are not to treat my offering as Mr. Desmond is sure to do," goes on Muriel coquettishly. "You are to be made lovely with it, like Carrie. See! I shall pin it into your coat for you my-

self, because I know the utterly hopeless stupidity of all mankind."

It is impossible to resist her gracious ways. She is standing now very close to Brooke, pinning the flower with her slender fingers into his coat, and as she speaks she lifts her eyes with a smile to his. In spite of all that has gone before, it is a moment of triumph to Brooke. She is usually calm and gentle and placid as a sleeping lake, but to-day some spirit of gay coquetry has awakened within her. Her mood is full of uncertainties, every movement is full of arch life. Beneath her touch Brooke's discontent vanishes; he is all at once another man. A fig for Jones! What signifies a row with *him*, when it has finished with a forget-me-not for *another*?—forget-me-not! that lovers' flower, that essence of all true sentiment. Courage returns to the heart of Brooke, and color to his cheek. Clouds break up and melt away, the skies again are blue. It is ever so much a finer morning than it was ten minutes ago,—a morning *almost* fine enough to greet Miss Kingsley.

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,  
With night we banish sorrow;  
Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft,  
To give my love good-morrow.

This is our mood. Our moral barometer is at "set fair." So struck am I by the smiling benignity that lights the countenances of the belligerents that I fall away from a stern resolution formed since I rose this morning. Led astray by a kind-hearted but humiliatingly weak belief in human nature, I commit a fatal error: I invite *both* to accompany us, later on, to the Gap of Dunloe. Both—need I say?—accept the invitation.

#### CHAPTER V.

ONCE again Con, the palateless, draws up his horses before the door with a resounding "Tock!" and we all enter the shandrydan that seems to be our only resource in the vehicle line. The manager (who has a wooden face like a



figure-head) comes out to wave us a polite *au revoir*. As Miss Kingsley again elects to sit next Carrie, thereby giving preference to no man, the new and much-to-be-admired harmony existing since breakfast remains unbroken. With a renewed sense of security I notice this, and again hope springs within my breast as we drive along the bank of the Lower Lake, from which we have a good view of its beauties before gaining the road.

I have frequently been told by her who should know me best that my heartlessness at times is astounding. Yet I think in my secret soul that, in the main, I am a kindly man. *Now* it occurs to me that in the many times that I have been taken sight-seeing by troublesome but well-meaning friends, it has ever been expected of me that I should fall into raptures over every curve and stick and stone that we met upon our onward way. Raptures are fatiguing. Perhaps these people with whom I am to-day as guide (being the only one of the party ever in Killarney before) will think it *their* duty to cry aloud their praises of the scenery, until they begin to wish they had never seen it. With a view to saving them this annoyance, I determine to act the Good Samaritan and rescue them from the weariness and grinding torment I so often have endured.

"You will see a charming spot to-day," I begin genially; "but, before coming to it, it may be as well to state that I shall expect no one to cry 'how lovely!' 'how divine!' 'how perfect!' or 'how exquisite!' even at the most supreme moment."

I smile blandly on all as I say this, but no answering smile greets mine. My amiable speech has been received with suspicious silence.

"My dear George, I don't think *any* of us give way to very great extravagance of speech," says Carrie, who appears perversely determined to apply my innocent remark to herself.

"'Divine' is not a word one would care to use," says Miss Kingsley, looking straight at me, with a dear little

smile, but yet an undercurrent of resentment. "It is rather vulgar nowadays."

"By Jove! that's *your* word, isn't it, Brooke?" says Jones, with a most aggressive laugh. "Everything's 'divine' with you, from a *coryphée* to a sunset."

At these words all my fabric, built of brotherly kindness between these two young men, falls to the ground. Brooke's eyes blaze, his sallow skin grows gray; wrath, subdued with difficulty for some hours past, now bursts forth with redoubled fury.

"You are difficult to understand; you can explain to me your words by and by," he says, in a smothered voice, almost inarticulate with rage. Does this ambiguous speech mean murder, a duel, assault and battery, or *what*? I am horrified. With the best intentions possible, I have been the cause of a collision that may end—*anyhow*. Still, I cannot feel myself to blame. "A noble cause," quoth Sir Philip Sydney, "doth much ease a grievous case," and truly mine is noble. I had meant to create comfort and good-fellowship all round, and the Fates alone, of their malignity, have upset my righteous designs.

"Now ye may get down and take a look at the ruins," says Con, in his own vernacular, which I alone—proud boast—can translate.

It is a welcome reprieve. We all scramble to the ground, and go up to inspect the ancient ruins of Aghadoe, to which Con has insisted on taking us *en route* to the Gap.

The ruins of this old cathedral delight Carrie. For one so bright and full of life, it is astonishing how partial she is to old bones and musty tombs and the melancholy remnants of humanity with which the grounds of Aghadoe are strewn. Over the round tower—or at least what remains of it—Miss Kingsley and Jones fall into ecstasies. To them, too, the Romanesque door-way in the cathedral is a "joy forever." And indeed it is a "thing of beauty," not to be lightly passed by, with its pillars and its semicircular arch, connected by an exquisite fretwork. A delicate sunlight

falling upon all wakes it to even clearer beauty.

"Ah! see those chevrons," says Miss Kingsley, standing back, with her hand to her brows, in an æsthetic attitude, to gaze upward at the arch. She is so far forgetful of her usual calm as to lay her hand excitedly upon Jones's arm.

"And those beads in *mezzo-rilievo*," supplements Jones, taking advantage of the elevation of the moment to lay his hand on hers. To my amazement, she does not resent this, or make any attempt to restore her fingers to her own keeping for quite a minute. When she does so it is slowly and absently, as though unaware that any one has sought to retain them for even a short space of time.

"How sad that all such interesting mementos of a past age should fade out of our lives so irrevocably!" she says, with a little sigh, turning her limpid eyes on Brooke, who is lost in gloom and declines to emerge from it.

"Is there anything that shows such delicate kindliness as ivy?" says Carrie softly, gazing up at the straggling, fond, clinging ivy that covers the crumbling stones with its loving tendrils. "See how it seeks to hide the defects of its old friend!"

"Yet the defects can be seen," says Brooke, in a hollow tone. After which we all go back to the waiting Con.

A glimpse of fresh mountains, as yet unseen by us, makes us presently forgetful of Aghadoe. Here is Bull Mountain, and a better view of the Reeks than we have had up to this. And now the little touch of the purple mountain that comes to us from beyond Tomies rises clear and dark against the sky, and Con tells us we are coming closer to the goal of our expectations. We turn the corner of a road all lined with glowing yellow furze that is never out of bloom ("when furze is out of blossom kissing's out of fashion," says a frolicsome old adage), and from behind a hedge springs upon us a gossoon, wreathed in rags and smiles, and armed with roughly-prepared sticks made out of the wood of the very furze we have been admiring.

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"Dear me!" says Carrie, rather nervously, edging up closer to me as she notes this bare-legged apparition. But not for purposes of war comes he: to sell is all his design.

"A stick, gentlemen? A good furze stick,—a K'larney stick, sir? An illegant shillelagh, yer honor! Buy it, sir, *do!* 'Tis dead chape it is,—on'y one shillin', yer honor!" cries he, running with easy grace as fast as the horses until we come to a hill, when the latter slacken speed, and the day is his own.

"Oh, what curious sticks! how quaint! And those little ones, how pretty!" says Miss Kingsley, smiling at the half-naked lad, who instantly acknowledges the power of her nameless charm, and goes down before her as abjectly as either Jones or Brooke. He has, however, more audacity than either of those more presentable adorers, and smiles back at her, as she ceases speaking, with the pretty, shy, vivacious humor of our peasants. Like all his race, he loves a pretty face, and, indeed, beauty in any form.

He has good reason to smile at Miss Kingsley, for she brings him luck. The moment she gives it as her opinion that the sticks are to be admired, a regular rage for them sets in. Jones and Brooke instantly regard them as objects of priceless worth. The sum asked for them seems absurdly low. The gossoon's stock is speedily disposed of, to Carrie's infinite satisfaction, who, in spite of his undeniable good looks, continues to regard him as an advanced brigand.

"What have good looks to do with it?" she whispers back to me when I venture to remonstrate with her. "I feel convinced that he is a Land Leaguer, and that that tattered garment hides a revolver."

"Why not say an assegai at once, or a boomerang?" suggest I, with fine scorn.

Each of our youths has by this time cumbered himself with not only one unwieldy weapon for his own use (with a view, no doubt, to the amicable settlement of future debates), but with a

second slighter rod that one cannot help seeing is meant for Miss Kingsley.

I, too, led away by her favorable mention of the furze sticks, buy one, because I don't want it, and Carrie makes herself miserable with another, with a view to depriving the brigand of a second mode of attack when the revolver fails him. It is a road-traffic connected from time immemorial with the Gap, and we all feel we have done our duty nobly by it when the boy stands stickless before us.

"Miss Kingsley," says Jones, handing her the little stick he has bought for her, just as Brooke is stooping forward to make a similar offer, "pray take this: it will help you to ascend the path at the Gap that Mr. Desmond has been telling us about."

"Yours is too thick, I *think*," says Brooke, with elaborate politeness and a ghastly attempt at mere friendly interposition in which rivalry holds no part. "This" — holding out his — "will, I fancy, suit her better."

Here is a dilemma for our pretty lady. I watch the next move (hers) with an anxious eye. Once again we stand on the brink of a precipice, on the verge of open war. Something tells me it is Jones's day, that his will be the chosen reed; and, if so, what will Brooke do? Will he "go for" the favored one and fling him beneath the wheels of our chariot? In breathless suspense we all hang upon Miss Kingsley's coming words. She hesitates. It is plain the situation is a little too much even for her. It is indeed a difficult moment, which she employs in dropping a bracelet from her arm and making diligent search for it. But a bracelet, however careful you may be not to see it, does not take long to find when four officious eyes are bent on its discovery, and presently we feel the final moment has come. Brooke and Jones are holding out to her in a truculent fashion two hideous sticks; she has opened her lips to pronounce sentence, when Providence, in the shape of the gossoon, comes to the rescue. He has stolen closer to her side of the

wagonette, and now suddenly whisks from behind his back a straighter, a smoother, a more refined stick than any he has sold. It is indeed a very dandy among furze sticks.

"Maybe the lady will take it, to please me?" he says shyly, thrusting it into Muriel's astonished hand; and before she has time to recover herself, or bestow upon him any largess, he has sprung away from us and disappeared through a gap into a field on our right.

"Oh, what a funny boy! what a *pretty* boy!" says Muriel. "See! there he is again." We have nearly gained the top of the hill, and, looking back, can see the picturesque boy in his very unpicturesque rags staring eagerly after us. Muriel waves her hand. He tears his torn cap from his head and waves it high in the air; then we turn a corner, and lose him out of our lives forever.

"He was a *very* pretty boy," says Miss Kingsley thoughtfully. "And how sweet of him to give me this little present!" She looks affectionately at the rough little stick in her hand. She seems, indeed, inordinately grateful for it. Out of what a dilemma has it not lifted her! "These Irish peasants have such charming ways," she says.

"Here was the very spot, yer honor, where the murder was done last March," breaks in Con at this appropriate moment. "They battered out his brains ag'inst thim stones, ma'am, an' left him so that his own mother didn't know him, except by his clothes. May the saints have mercy on us, an' make it up to him, the poor crathur!"

"You are right, they have *very* pleasant little ways at times," I whisper to Miss Kingsley, who gives me a reproachful glance in return.

"To look at them, one would think them the best-humored people on earth," says Carrie mournfully, "and yet what terrible things they are capable of!"

"Ay, fegs," says Con, "an' not a thing did that poor sowl do but pay his rint regular. 'Twas a bloody deed, an' the night white wid the moon. Glory be—— How could they do it, wid the stars of heaven shinin' down on 'em?"

Here we come to a cottage, or rather hut, out of which half a dozen seminaled little children rush tumultuously and run after us. The race, at all events, is sometimes to the swift, because they beat Con's horses all to nothing and come up with us in no time, breathless, but triumphant.

"A ha'penny to buy a book!" shout they, as though with one lung. Now, this book for which the demand is so loud and unanimous is a primer belonging to their National school, used by these ragged urchins. They believe no well-minded person will refuse them a copper for the purchase of so useful an object, though, in truth, I doubt if the money received by them for that purpose ever goes to the furtherance of their intellectual pursuits.

"And I'm sure I hope not," says Carrie, whose principles are plainly of the loosest. "I hope they will be able to buy gingerbread or sweets with it, or something of that sort."

"They won't, thin," says Con, who has grown very affable toward us, and has shown a friendly inclination to strike into our conversation on every available opportunity. "The parints o' thim spalpeens just lives by the money they makes out o' the tourists in the summer and autumn. More shame to thim, say I, for the bringin' up o' their dacent childher as beggars."

Here we pass another cottage, from which a second shower of children pours out, to mingle with those already in our wake. Soon quite a little army is in full pursuit. One lanky, long-legged girl, echoing loudly the popular cry, attracts special attention.

"Why, you ought to have read every book in your school by this time," says Carrie, laughing at her. "You are too big to go to class."

"Sure, couldn't I read somethin' at home?" says she, with a merry twinkle of her large wild eyes. "Haven't ye ne'er a book in yer own house, ma'am?"

"Hard study will spoil your pretty eyes," say I. Whereupon Carrie tells me not to put silly thoughts into the child's head.

"Sorra fear," says the child, with a grin, throwing back her head until her brown locks shake again.

"Oh! look there," says Miss Kingsley suddenly,—“at that boy with the dark eyes. Isn't he like an Italian, like something of Murillo's?"

She bends forward, and seems wonderfully taken with a little black-eyed chap who runs panting beside us, with flowing locks and a face like a dirty angel.

"Isn't he a picture?" she says enthusiastically. "How I wish I hadn't given the others all my small change! I suppose"—hesitating over a half-crown that lies in her palm—"this would be foolish, eh?"

"It would be wrong, disgracefully extravagant," says Carrie severely. "Put it away; we have all given them quite as much as they can possibly expect. *You*"—with flagrant inconsistency—"haven't anything small about *you*, have you, George?"

I haven't. A careful search in every pocket proves this.

"Let us ask Con for some change," I suggest brilliantly, finding we are all destitute of the lesser coinages. "Got any change, Con?"

"No," says Con sternly; "an' if I had I wouldn't give it to ye. What folly it is, throwin' yer good money about like that! 'Tis too much thim young scamps have got already. An' 'tis shame ye ought to be takin' to yerselves for helpin' thim in their idle, beggin' ways."

No entreaties can soften the obdurate Con, though we now firmly believe that if he stirred in his seat he would clink with coppers. Even Miss Kingsley's blandishments are of no avail. He treats us as though we were all children committed to his care by the wooden-faced manager, and declines to help us to squander our substance. Miss Kingsley gazes wistfully at her live Murillo, still running in trustful expectation by our wheels. Fear of Carrie's severe rebuke alone keeps her from dropping her half-crown into his small brown palm. She is beginning to look posi-

tively unhappy, when Jones, stooping over the side of the wagonette, drops to the boy a large silver piece. His great eyes light up with pleasure and gratitude as he stops short and gazes at the unlooked-for possession. With a glad heart, no doubt, he thinks what a welcome addition it will be to the scanty purse at home, what good things it may bring to the meagre larder.

"Now, that was good of you," says Muriel, turning to the fortunate Jones with sparkling eyes: "you were more generous than I was. I quite hesitated over this wretched half-crown."

It is evident to all that Jones by his kindness to the boy has scored one, and Brooke grows gray with suppressed envy.

And now we can see where the mountains divide, and where, far off, the famous Gap must be.

A man, riding up to us, asks if we will ascend the narrow pathway on ponies; but all decline his offer, and declare our intention of doing it on foot.

He is scarcely gone when another man emerges from a hovel on the roadside and lays his hand on the side of our vehicle. He is a most miserable-looking wretch.

"Yer honors will want a man to give ye the echoes," he says, in a low, melancholy voice, barely above a whisper. "I'm the one for ye: it's meself can give thim in fine style," he says, with a consumptive wheeze.

"To give the echoes?" says Miss Kingsley vaguely.

"To shout until the mountains ring again," I explain pleasantly.

"To shout!" repeats Miss Kingsley, with a glance full of eloquent meaning at the husky man.

"Oh, George, don't get *him*," entreats Carrie, in a tearful whisper. "He *couldn't* do it; he looks as if one good honest shout would be his death."

Being quite of her opinion,—although smitten with regret that I am so, and must therefore decline his services,—I inform the melancholy man that we all, both great and small, are of an organization so delicate that the sound of an

echo would reduce us to powder. Having thus delivered myself from the shower of abuse that a blunt refusal of his offer would certainly produce, we proceed upon our journey, until we are again stopped by two women, who plainly regard us as legitimate prey, and pounce upon us from a slated cottage as we pass by.

With a request that sounds like a command that we will taste their "mountain-dew," they present to us small glasses of goats' milk dashed with whiskey.

"Dhrink it, ma'am, if only for luck's sake," say they to Carrie and Muriel, and, thus adjured, they get through it without any very remarkable grimace. On the whole, it is not a very bad compound.

And now we near the Gap. The road rises, and little wooded heights appear. Upon our left tall fir-trees rear their stately heads, one towering above the other as they mount by gradations up the hills, as though bent on dressing them in their stiff, dark greenery. There is a gleam of silvery rocks among them, a glitter of running water; through the branches a suspicion of pale-blue smoke comes from some cottage half hidden.

"It reminds one a little bit of the Tyrol," says Muriel musingly.

And now we come to the spot where the first echo is to be heard, and, getting out of our wagonette, we prepare to listen to it. I have forgotten to say that we picked up and engaged another guide with a more promising voice than our first friend, who tells us he has been "giving the echoes" to tourists for the last twenty-four years. He is a wiry-looking little man, with a comical eye and a tongue that refuses rest.

Leaving us now, he moves a few yards from us, facing the mountain, and makes ready for our entertainment. First he clasps his hands firmly behind his coat-tails, thereby giving them a gentle swing upward, bends his body in two, and finally gives vent to an unearthly screech that makes Carrie (who is unprepared for it) jump. From moun-



tain to mountain this sound flies, as though it were the yell of some imprisoned monster chained in some vast rocky dungeon near us. Five times it is repeated, ever growing fainter and more bitterly wailing, until it dies away among the distant Reeks into an impressive silence. Again our guide lifts up his voice, but this time there comes from him a soft, clear note, tender, loving, melancholy, that floats from hill to hill, making sweet music to the listening ears. Ever softer and softer it becomes, until it too fades away into space. We are all enchanted, and are expressing our delight, when another sound checks us. Mocking laughter seems now to come to us from behind the stern mountains that close us in on every side. It is everywhere: near us, far off, over our heads. We scarce know where to turn for it. "Ha—ha—ha! Ha—ha—ha!" Weird and wild it rings through the air, until at length we begin to feel just a little uncanny. Our guide is openly enchanted

with the effect he has produced upon us, and throws in a final shout before taking us farther on our way.

But we are not to go yet. A man, who has apparently sprung out of the earth at our approach, proceeds to fire off for our delectation a tiny cannon placed on a projecting piece of ground about eight feet square. For the use of this little plot of ground, he tells us, he pays his landlord six pounds a year: so it is to be hoped the tourists who stay to hear his cannon fired pay him liberally. The effect of the little explosion he gives us is really wonderful, and suggests the idea that a short-lived battle has just taken place somewhere behind these massive mountains. Having bidden our cannoneer a kindly adieu, and added somewhat to the "sixpence a shot" charge he has brought against us, we go on up the stony road, and soon arrive at the entrance to the Gap.

*The Author of "Phillis," "Molly Bawn," etc.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A LESSON IN HOCHDEUTSCH.

WE were four American ladies on our way to Heidelberg. We had left Cologne in the morning, and had been all day gazing at the wonders of the Rhine. Eyes and memory had been sorely taxed; we were tired, and when we arrived at Mannheim the question naturally arose, Shall we stay here overnight, or push on to the place of our destination? The most resolute among us decided for the continuation of the journey. We inquired about the trains, and, finding there was one at ten o'clock that night, concluded to take it.

Mannheim is not the most interesting of places to wait three hours in. The monotonous uniformity of its streets and houses has a depressing effect; we had seen too much already to give it any

attention, and, after we had satisfied our appetites at one of the restaurants, we concluded to make ourselves comfortable in the ladies' room of the station and there quietly await the hour of departure.

As already stated, we were four,—Miss Carrie Strong, a maiden lady, the acknowledged head of the party, her niece Louise, a pretty, golden-haired girl of seventeen, a gentle young Quaker widow who had been a school-mate of Miss Strong, and myself. It will be seen that we were a well-knit party, united by ties of both family and friendship. The fact is that we had unlimited confidence in our leader, Miss Strong, who, though her delicate build seemed to belie her name, was in every respect

a superior woman. Strongly anchored in New-England principles, she had both a will and convictions of her own, and belonged to the race of born leaders and speakers. Her forte was language: she spoke fluently the three principal languages of the Continent,—French, German, Italian. She detected any false pronunciation on the instant. A clear appreciation of what constitutes a true vowel or nasal sound was one of her several hobbies, and, indeed, it was largely to gratify this particular hobby that she had determined to spend a couple of years in Europe with her niece.

Four ladies in a *Warte-Saal* will scarcely sit silent, the less so when they are all impressionable natures and alive to the things around them.

We chatted.

"I tell you what, girls," said Miss Strong, the conversation having run for a while on the nation we were going to make our home with for a time, "to keep one's temper while staying in Germany is no small achievement, and you must make up your minds for discipline of various kinds."

"But the Germans are said to be so *gemüthlich*," remarked Louise. "I should think that consideration for others would be a native virtue with them."

"Consideration, humph! You will soon find out how far that goes. There isn't a country where there's more ado made about trifles and less genuine sensibility to be found when it's wanted. What the German soul is made of, heaven only knows! How a fellow can shed tears—real tears—over his great-grandfather's snuff-box (a precious relic, forsooth!) and make a drudge of his wife, is beyond me."

"Friend Carrie, thee is a little too severe, I'm afraid."

"Not a bit."

"But, aunty, you love the German so!"

"The literature, yes. I love the Goethes, Schillers, Heines, Körners; poets have no particular nationality; but the bulk of the nation is coarse, heavy,

sensual, the least spiritual of any I know."

"And the French you call light."

"Light, yes, in one sense; in another, again, they are strong. You give me to choose between a German lover and a French lover, and I should not be long hesitating which of the two I should take."

"The Frenchman?"

"He would wear better in the long run, I am sure."

"If thee means," put in again our Quakeress, "that he would treat thee civilly to the end, whether he loved thee or not—"

"No, no; not that exactly, although in a civilized country I should expect civility from my worst enemy; but that is not really what I meant. Now, you may think me very unchristian if I say that in matters of love I do not much mind bloodshed or suicide. I rather admire a fellow who cuts his lady-love's throat and afterward throws himself into the Seine; or an amorous couple who, not able to marry, get themselves a charcoal brazier, and in its deadly fumes fall together asleep forever."

"For shame, for shame, Carrie! Thee does not know what thee says! And there is Louise listening to thee as if thee were in earnest."

Pretty Louise put an arm round her aunt and gave her a hearty kiss.

"I rather think Louise knows what I mean. She is somewhat like me: she loves heroes. A nation may have a bad reputation and not be a less worthy one for that. Behind the light French finger-tips that excel in millinery, and fantastic toes that excel in dancing, there may be—nay, there is, I know—character, a substantiality we Americans especially cannot easily grasp."

"Speak plain: thee speaks in riddles."

"*Toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire.*"

But the *Warte-Saal* had filled with travellers. The shrill whistle of the locomotive, and the thundering summons of the officer announcing the departure of trains, reminded us of the situation. We hurried out.

Self-possession is certainly a laudable virtue under all circumstances, but never, perhaps, does it appear more desirable than at a German railway-station, where the conductors distinguish themselves chiefly by their absence, and where in a dark night the travellers run to and fro asking each other excitedly, "*Erste Classe? Zweite Classe? Dritte Classe?*" with nobody minding. We had run the whole length of the train without getting hold of a single conductor to show us to the customary ladies' car, and were fast losing our chance of getting seats at all, when Louise called out, "This way! this way!" We followed the summons. An empty car! We rushed in. "Quick, quick, before any one else gets the corner seats!" We were just in time, for behind us were two other ladies, who in their haste all but fell over us. One of them, indeed, looked absolutely exhausted, and sat painfully panting in her seat. "Poor Lucy!" said her companion, with solicitude. "The last thing for you to do! Such scrambling! But did you ever see such wretched management? Dark as pitch, and not a conductor about! One must travel out of England, indeed, to come across such negligence!"

"Or out of America," added Miss Strong, *sotto voce*.

However, it was soon all forgotten again. We arranged our parcels and congratulated ourselves on being so comfortably situated. What more could we wish? Here we were, six ladies, with a whole car to ourselves!

The illusion lasted but a moment.

"What's the matter, Louise?" asked Miss Strong, seeing the young girl standing transfixed before her seat. She had just disposed of her shawl-straps, and was preparing to sit down, when an object invisible to us arrested her attention.

"What are you looking at?"

"I see a—a—"

"What?"

"A—a—"

"A ghost?"

"No, a—cap!" and she mournfully

held up the object for our consideration.

"Humph!" The discovery was certainly not one to rejoice over. It was the most eloquent of head-gears. It pleaded earnestly for its owner and his claims on the vacant seat.

"Ah, well, dear, never you mind: *à la guerre comme à la guerre!* First come first served!" said Miss Strong resolutely.

Louise took the hint, and, merrily pitching the article on the opposite side, ensconced herself snugly in the desirable corner.

She was no sooner fixed than a face appeared at the window,—a face whose expression was one of unmistakable surprise and disappointment. A voice the deep monotone of which was strongly impressive, and the purity of whose accent could not be questioned, remarked, in German, "Ladies, this car is occupied."

"Occupied!" rejoined our chief, in the same tongue, and with a streak of merriment in her voice. "To be sure it is! We occupy it all we can!"

"It was occupied, I meant."

"I beg your pardon, it was empty."

"In Europe" (with a strong emphasis on the word) "it is customary to respect a marked seat. I marked mine with—"

"Ah, yes, your cap!"

Louise at once rose, and, taking the cap from where she had a moment before so lightly pitched it, gracefully handed it to its owner, relinquishing at the same time the contested seat and taking another. The proprietor of the cap received it without any acknowledgment, and silently took possession of the place he had reclaimed.

"Instance number one of Teutonic civility," said Miss Strong. "What did I tell you, girls? There was scarcely any need, was there, just now, of laying such extraordinary stress on European politeness?"

"Do you think he reflected on our being Americans? How should he know?" asked Louise.

"By my readiness in speaking in our

own defence, I fancy," replied Miss Strong. "Independence is an American vice, you know, in the eyes of German conservatism. Ah, well! it takes all sorts of people to make up a world. Still, one might have supposed that behind such cultivated German there lurked the gentleman."

"Is it such fine German, indeed?" asked Louise.

"Superlatively fine! Never heard such exquisite *Hochdeutsch*. A Hanoverian, I am sure."

The supposed Hanoverian in the mean time sat motionless in his corner. Presently he cleared his throat, and, turning toward Miss Strong, said, in the same impressive monotone as before,—

"Are you aware, ladies, that this is a—a—smoking-car?"

"A smoking-car? No, we were not aware of it; but it doesn't matter, for we don't care."

"Ah! you don't care!"

"No; and if we did there would be no help for it: all the cars are full. In a country where things are so wretchedly managed as in this, travellers must necessarily do the best they can. Dark as Erebus, no officials about; we might have got into a third-class as well as into a first, for all there was to point them out. Never knew worse-conducted railway-stations than the German!"

"There!" (in English to us;) "that's for him and his fatherland both."

"You should have applied to the proper authorities," continued the stranger. "When the cars are full, they are obliged to put on additional ones."

"An additional car for us six ladies? Ridiculous!" And, turning to the rest of us, "Did you hear what he said? He says we should have insisted on having an extra car put on. The man is a fool!"

We were not long, however, in becoming reconciled to the situation, and soon began to settle into repose. Louise even cast occasional glances in the direction of the *trouble-fête*, as if to study his looks, which investigation resulted

in the discovery that he was anything but ugly.

"Just look at him, aunty: he is really handsome," she said, in a whisper loud enough to be heard by the stranger.

"Handsome is that handsome does."

"Oh, well, perhaps he did not mean all he said, you know. He is a German; and if that's their way—"

"Way! In this nineteenth century people should try to have decent ways!" retorted Miss Strong, with uncompromising dignity.

"But it's all over now, and nobody the worse for it. Don't let us think of it any more," again pleaded the niece.

"Over? Don't be too sure of that. We are not out of the woods yet."

There followed another pause, but brief, for a peculiar fumbling in vest- and coat-pockets on the part of our antagonist aroused the general attention. As if to make good Miss Strong's last remark, he produced from the one a cigar-case and from the other a match-box.

"Oh, dear, dear!" broke from the English side of our company. "Do you think he will smoke?"

"As likely as not. There's no telling what he may not do. I shouldn't wonder if he filled the whole car with the densest smoke."

"Dreadful! Pray, madam, speak to him. My sister is not well. It would incommode her very much. Please explain to him, will you?"

Miss Strong, as will be observed, had become our champion: we hung on her as our only protection. She turned toward the Hanoverian, and, in a tone in which borrowed amenity strove in vain to conceal her real feelings, she laid the lady's request before him. The speech sounded to us the perfection of a German harangue. Miss Strong was, as we have said, a born speaker.

"This is a smoking-car," was all the reply he made. She translated the same in all its uncivilized brevity.

"Shocking!" cried Louise.

"I am not the least surprised, ladies," continued our interpreter. "It is the most natural of occurrences, a simple

historical fact. Already in the times of ancient Rome the Teutons were noted as barbarians; they have been barbarians ever since, and there is no nineteenth, no twentieth, no thirtieth century that will ever make them otherwise." Then, turning toward our English friends, "You might travel in America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the farthest north to the farthest south, and you would not meet with such boorishness." Then, revealing her own share in human depravity, she added, "I tell you what: we must revenge ourselves. The Germans have a deadly horror of draughts. The least *zug* will drive them wild. We will open the windows on both sides: you open yours, Julia, and I will open mine."

"A draught!" exclaimed the solicitous English lady. "I should not mind for myself, but for my sister it would be as bad as the smoke. Pray, speak to him once more; try to move him. Be very polite to him."

Miss Strong was an obliging soul. She cleared her throat, and in her most mellow tones said, "My dear sir, I am afraid you did not understand me. I am not a native German, my vocabulary is somewhat restricted: what I meant particularly to make you understand is, that we do not capriciously object to your smoking, although it will make all *six* of us very uncomfortable, but that there is among us one who is an invalid, whom it will seriously affect, who—"

"This is a smoking-car," he repeated, interrupting her abruptly, and coolly putting the cigar he was holding between his fingers into his mouth.

"This is a smoking-car!" repeated Miss Strong, translating the response with apparent calm, though quivering with indignation. "Now, ladies, you see more clearly with what variety of the *genus homo* we have to deal. It is sheer nonsense to address such individuals with kid-gloved speeches. Natures like these sourcrout- and sausage-fed Germans, with beer-bemuddled brains, are only to be reached through the epidermis. Caning was especially invented

for them. This fellow simply deserves"—but she swallowed the rest, and, turning to the oldest of the English ladies, said, "Wrap your sister well up, madam, and let us open the windows." The proposition was at once acceded to. The Hanoverian from his silent corner looked on with perfect equanimity, and offered not the least opposition, as we each on our side proceeded to let down the glass. "There is just one more thing I must tell this man," continued Miss Strong, as the fresh air was freely coursing through the car,— "just one more thing; and that is that if European ladies submit to such brutality, American ladies do not." And, turning to our tormentor, "Sir," said she, in a tone that so appalled us by its dire decision that poor little Louise nestled close up to her and timidly whispered, "Don't, Aunt Carrie, don't! Let him alone,"—"Sir, your conduct is simply outrageous. You spoke just now of authorities: if there is any railroad authority worth the name in Heidelberg, I shall most certainly enter a complaint against you."

The irritating individual made no reply, but, again fumbling in his pockets, he produced an elegant card-case, from which taking a visiting-card he coolly presented the same to Miss Strong, with a bow.

Our chief was too angry to look at it. "You will find, sir," she continued excitedly, "that—"

But here a strange revelation awaited us. The tantalizing traveller did not, as in fairy-tales and in moments of sudden metamorphosis, throw off his disguise and appear as *Prince Charmant*, but it was in every sense as novel and startling. Abandoning the solemn monotone with which he had thus far so provokingly tried our patience, he struck into a key so full of jollity that to us he was to all purposes no longer the same man.

"My dear madam," said he gayly, breaking into Miss Strong's last speech, "suppose we talk English: I am sure we shall get along much better. I am an Englishman."



The effect of this declaration may be better imagined than described. Our worthy leader, misled by the imposing Hochdeutsch of the stranger, had indulged in remarks she did not intend should be understood. Louise had uttered remarks she would have given the world now to have suppressed. We, the rear-guard, were the best off. Before our experienced chief neither the gentle Quakeress nor my humble self had any decided convictions, and we had naturally refrained from expressing any. As a natural result, the profoundest silence followed upon the startling discovery.

Louise was the first to break it. Hiding her pretty head on her aunt's shoulders, she burst into—sobs? No; a hearty laugh.

It was evident that we were all beaten; but certainly not by fair means.

When the first shock was over, Miss Strong rallied and tried to make a stand:

"The jest is scarcely—"

"Allowable or timely, I confess," rejoined our victor, with a deprecating look toward Louise; and, being unmistakably a man of sense, he proceeded at once to propitiate the parties he considered it was his interest to make friends with. He made a clear breast of it,—pleaded guilty,—acknowledged that when he found that his accomplished German had denationalized him in the company's eyes he had yielded to the temptation to play the farce out and thus under cover to study the party. But so cleverly intermixed with well-placed compliments touching the rare perfection with which our leader spoke the supposed Hanoverian and the youngest member of the party, which seemed to us full of significance; but we forbore to exchange a word on the subject, the situation we had been

driven into too clearly proclaiming the wisdom of holding one's peace.

It is needless to say that the obnoxious cigar and match-box had long since disappeared into their respective pockets.

There is a French game called "*Qui perd gagne*,"—a game we have often seen played in history. The last Franco-Prussian war might be considered an illustration of it. In our own little skirmish, where we so decidedly lost our ground, we likewise proved the winners in the end. Our antagonist turned *cavaliere servante*. There was yet an hour and a half before reaching Heidelberg: he insisted on Louise again taking the corner-seat; he folded his overcoat to supplement the upholstery and laid it across the rough edges of the window for her arms to rest upon; he wanted to know where we intended to put up; he gave us the benefit of his own experience in regard to Heidelberg quarters. He had been on a visit there before, and had tested its several hotels; he was of the opinion that the Schloss Hotel, to which we were bound, would in the long run prove monotonous; he was certain the Schroeder or the Victoria would be better. They were on the promenade, and overlooked the life of the place. Yet best of all was the English Pension, where he was going himself,—a capital house, excellent table, and charming society.

Miss Strong looked at Julia, Julia looked at me, I looked at Louise, but Louise looked away. I could just see the contour of her cheek, which seemed unusually flushed.

It was close upon midnight when we arrived. Our new friend saw us all, the English ladies included, to the Hotel Victoria, and bade us good-night.

The one that most profited by this lesson in Hochdeutsch was not Miss Strong, but Louise. It brought to her feet an adorer, who in the course of time became her husband; and the trip from Mannheim to Heidelberg, with its ominous beginning, was ever after aluded to as the pleasantest in our European tour.

CAROLINE R. CORSON.

## WIT AND DIPLOMACY IN DICTIONARIES.

DICTIONARIES may not be altogether amusing, but there are few dictionaries which do not contain some amusing statements. Dr. Johnson defines a lexicographer grimly as "a harmless drudge that busies himself in tracing the original and detailing the signification of words." This drudgery has been relieved partly by the voluntary and involuntary jokes of the dictionary-maker himself, partly by the reception with which his work has met at the hands of his professional brethren and the people at large. No dictionary could be more sober and matter-of-fact than Weigand's excellent German "Wörterbuch." Every edition of it defines a crab, or *krebs*, as "the well-known insect." The "Dictionnaire des Dictionnaires," by Napoléon Landais, contains this entry: "*Yanquis—nom d'un peuple des Etats-Unis d'Amérique*,"—"Yankees—the name of a people who live in the United States of America."

The amusing definitions which abound in Johnson's dictionary of 1755 are fully matched in Richelet's French dictionary of 1698, and in Riemer's Greek dictionary, which used to be popular in Germany. Johnson defines oats as a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people. Richelet observes under the head of *bain*, or bath, "*Quand les médecins ne savent plus où ils en sont, ils ordonnent le bain à leurs malades*,"—"When doctors do not know which way to turn, they order their patients to take a bath." He defined the Augsburg Confession as "*la déclaration de la création de Messieurs les Protestans*,"—"the declaration that Messieurs the Protestants had come into existence." Johnson defined excise as "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid." Richelet remarks under the head of *épicier*,

or grocer, that "these people wrap some of their merchandise in gray paper, or in a few sheets of wretched books, which one sells to them because one has been unable to sell them to others. The translation of Tacitus by the little man d'Ablancourt has had this misfortune." Richelet is cautious enough to express this lexicographic remark as follows: "*Le Tac. du petit A. a eu ce malheur*."

Dr. Johnson defined a Puritan as "a sectary pretending to eminent purity of religion," a Whig as "the name of a faction," and a Tory as "one who adheres to the antient constitution of the state and the apostolical hierarchy of the Church of England, opposed to a Whig." Dr. Johnson copied occasionally from Nathan Bailey's "Universal Etymological English Dictionary," which the elder William Pitt used to read in order to have affluence of language. But Johnson was too shrewd to fall into the blunder of John Ash, who borrowed extensively from Johnson's two folio volumes. Johnson remarked under the word curmudgeon, "It is a vitious manner of pronouncing *cœur méchant*. Fr. an unknown correspondent." John Ash transferred this entry to his dictionary of 1775 and the second edition of 1795, in which it reads, "fr. the Fr. *cœur*, unknown, and *méchant*, a correspondent." Ash, who was a Baptist minister, announced the plan of his work as "extensive beyond anything that has yet been attempted of the kind in the English language." He was right, as he called Gawain the sister of King Arthur, and branded esoteric as bad spelling for exoteric. Under the head of dictionary, William Rider remarks in his work of 1759, four years after Johnson's great work, "How little those books which go by this name in the English language may deserve it, may easily be perceived by considering that none claim any other merit but scraping

together as many synonymes as they can, and leaving the reader to pick out the meaning from the rubbish that is collected." Dr. Webster said in his dictionary of 1828 that curt is "rarely used, and not elegant," and that the word curtly is "not in use."

Such curiosities become quite marked when one traces certain theological, medical, or political words through an entire series of dictionaries. The current edition of Webster's dictionary remarks under consubstantiation that "the Lutherans maintain that, after consecration of the elements, the body and blood of Christ are substantially present with the substance of the bread and wine." Charles Richardson's dictionary, valuable for its elaborate quotations from the best authors, mentions John Milton's remark that "the Lutheran holds consubstantiation an error, indeed, but not mortal." And Milton is right, if the official creed of the Lutheran Church is to settle the question. Webster defines a humanitarian as "one who denies the divinity of Christ and believes him to be a mere man." John Wesley, who published a dictionary in 1753, remarked on the title-page that he was "a lover of good English and common sense," and "N. B.—The author assures you, he thinks this is the best English dictionary in the world." He defines a Methodist as "one that lives according to the method laid down in the Bible;" an Arminian as "one that believes universal redemption." Calvinists, in John Wesley's anonymous dictionary, are "they that hold absolute, unconditional predestination." A latitudinarian is "one who fancies all religions are saving." A Puritan is "an old, strict Church of England man;" and a swaddler is "a nickname given by the Papists in Ireland to true Protestants."

James Knowles, whose dictionary of 1835 contains seventy-seven thousand words, or twenty thousand more than Johnson's, defines a Papist as "one that adheres to the Church of Rome," and a Romanist he defines as a Papist; but in his preface he offers a profuse

apology for the offence given by these definitions. Still more remarkable than the history of words like Catholic and Romanist is the fate of the term ultramontane. Bailey's work of 1721, being the principal predecessor of Johnson's, says that ultramontane is "a name the Italians give to all people which dwell on this side the Alps." Johnson's dictionary of 1755 says that the word means "being beyond the mountains." Todd's edition of Johnson, in 1818, retains this definition. Latham's edition of Todd-Johnson, in 1870, remarks that "in the English and the allied languages *ultra* means to the south of, the mountains being the Alps. The term is chiefly used as an equivalent to Romish, Roman Catholic, and Papal." Richardson's work of 1836 quotes Bacon's remark that a man of a certain kind is not possible "because he is an ultramontane, of which sort there has been none these fifty years." The word ultramontane as now used by Protestants and some Catholics means a person who contends for the absolute authority of the Vatican. Within a little more than a hundred years, therefore, the meaning of the word has been reversed; but it is still a party term. J. Knowles's dictionary defines an ultramontane also as "a foreigner."

An anonymous dictionary of 1689 says that "hasle-nut" is derived "from the A.S. Hæsl-nutu, the Belg. Hasel-noot, or the Teut. Hasel-nusz—all perhaps from our word haste, because it is ripe before wall-nuts and chestnuts." The author says of his work that "the chief reason why I buried myself herein was to save my time from being worse employed." Edward Phillips's dictionary of 1658, which Sir John Hawkins has rashly thought to be the basis of English lexicography, defines bigamy as "the marriage of two wives at the same time, which, according to common law, hinders a man from taking holy orders," the punishment of bigamy in 1658 being in fact death. A gallon is described as a measure containing two quarts. A quaver is described as "a measure of time in music, being the half of a

crochet, as a crochet the half of a quaver." For these crochets Phillips was taken to task in an amusing folio volume published in 1673 by Thomas Blount. John Minshew's dictionary of 1617 explains the word cockney in this way: "A cittizens sonne riding with his father out of London into the country, and being a novice and meerely ignorant how corne or cattell increased, asked, when he heard a horse neigh, what the horse did; his father answered, the horse doth neigh. Riding farther, he heard a cocke crow, and said, doth the cocke neigh too?" Richard Huloetus's dictionary of 1552 defines a cockatrice "as a serpent, called the king of serpents, whose nature is to kill with hissing only." It is a curious fact also that John Palsgrave's "*L'Eclaircissement de la Langue Françoise*," first printed in 1530, and reprinted at Paris in 1852, is not only a good English dictionary, in which the verbs are enumerated in the first person, but also the first attempt at a grammar of the French language. If the Germans had followed the example set by Palsgrave's work, they would have escaped the absurd confusion in what they call their separable and inseparable verbs. Palsgrave mentions the word *ambassade* for English and French, and furnishes a good starting-point for some remarks on the diplomatic terms in our dictionaries.

The word *diploma* is mentioned in the earlier dictionaries, and Bailey defines it as a charter, an instrument, or a license, Johnson as a "letter or writing conferring some privilege;" but the word *diplomatist* is wanting in Johnson and the dictionary of the French Academy. All recent dictionaries of the English language give the word *diplomat*, but the word *diplomat* does not appear in Webster, while Worcester's Supplement has it, and Latham's edition of Todd-Johnson quotes it from the "Saturday Review" of June 3, 1865. In fact, Latham's Todd-Johnson mentions *diploma*, *diplomacy*, *diplomat*, the verb to *diplomate*, *diplomatic*, *diplomatics*, and *diplomatist*, while Richardson mentions only *diploma*, *diplomacy*, *diplo-*

*mated*, *diplomatic*, and *diplomatist*. But Latham fails to mention that *diplomatic* may be used in the sense of shrewd or having tact. In Washington and London the phrase "*diplomatic corps*" is common: it is said to have been coined, in 1754, by a lady in Vienna. The word *diplomat* is mentioned correctly in Anandale's recent edition of Ogilvie's "Imperial Dictionary."

A diplomatic document less formal than a treaty is called a protocol. Ogilvie's latest edition explains the word correctly, while the other dictionaries confine themselves in the main to Minshew's antiquated definition of 1625. The first English lexicographer to mention the word *international* is James Knowles. But neither Knowles nor Webster explains all the senses in which the word is used. Worcester has it nearly right. The word was coined by Jeremy Bentham, and appeared for the first time in his "*Principles of Morals and Legislation*," printed in 1780, but published in 1789. Bentham says, "The word *international*, it must be acknowledged, is a new one, though, it is hoped, sufficiently analogous and intelligible. It is calculated to express in a more significant way the branch of law which goes commonly under the name of the law of nations, an appellation so uncharacteristic that, were it not for the force of custom, it would seem rather to refer to internal jurisprudence." The definition of *international* in Knowles is, "regulating the mutual intercourse between different nations;" in Latham, "connected with the intercourse of nations." Worcester does better, although the use of the word in phrases like "*international fair*" or "*international cable*" is quite recent, and has not been explained by Webster.

The first treatise which uses the term "*international law*" on the title-page is Henry Wheaton's of 1836. The same work mentions correctly the manner in which the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, and the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1818, established four classes of diplomatic officers, ambassadors and papal nuncios being the first, ministers and

envoys second, residents third, and chargés fourth. A chargé is accredited simply by one minister of foreign affairs to another, while ministers, envoys, and residents represent a sovereign government, and ambassadors are supposed to represent in addition a sovereign person. For this reason, ambassadors rank in England next to princes and above the Archbishop of Canterbury, while ministers and envoys rank below the earls. But even residents are accredited to sovereigns, and for this reason fall under the qualification which the new English dictionary of the London Philological Society applies to an ambassador, as one "who has a right to a personal interview with the sovereign or chief magistrate of the country in which he resides."

This country does not send out ambassadors; but our ministers in London, Berlin, and St. Petersburg have a right to a personal interview with the sovereigns to whom they are accredited. Our minister-resident in Copenhagen is accredited to the King of Denmark, and is received by him in person. But our ministers and residents transact business chiefly with the heads of the foreign office, because the latter are the responsible agents of the crown under which they serve, and neither the Queen of England nor the Emperor of Germany can issue any documents which are valid in international law unless countersigned by a responsible minister. The article "ambassador" in Dr. Murray's great dictionary, then, is not sufficiently precise, because an ambassador is not the only diplomatic officer who has a right to a personal interview with the sovereign to whom he is accredited.

The same dictionary is mistaken also in stating that there is any material difference between ordinary and extraordinary ambassadors. The ordinary or resident ambassadors of Russia in Berlin and Constantinople, the British ambassador in Germany, and the German ambassador in London, are "ambassadors extraordinary and plenipotentiary;"

but this title is complimentary, in the same sense in which Mr. James Russell Lowell's is. The latter is called "envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary," although in fact he is our ordinary minister in London and a plenipotentiary in very few things. This complimentary use of the word extraordinary in relation to ambassadors or ministers is not explained by any of our dictionaries. The Imperial Dictionary is mistaken in saying that "an envoy is distinguished from an ambassador or permanent resident at a foreign court." An envoy is a permanent resident at the seat of the government to which he is accredited, whether that government has a court or not. The Imperial Dictionary says also that the word international may mean "pertaining to or mutually affecting one or more nations." What international affair could mutually affect one nation?

Ogilvie's erroneous definition of an envoy has been copied from Webster, and might be used as a good text for preaching a sermon on the easy faith with which some lexicographers have copied from their rivals or predecessors. Nearly every dictionary, Worcester included, has copied Johnson's amusing misprint of adventine for adventive. And on diplomatic terms nearly every lexicographer has been misled by his colleagues, though Todd-Johnson may be unique in defining a minister-resident as "an agent, minister, or officer residing in any distant place with the dignity of an ambassador." The resident ranks below an envoy, who ranks below an ambassador. An ambassador is described quite correctly for the time by Bailey, who said in 1730 that an ambassador or embassadour is "a person sent by a king, prince, or sovereign state to another, either to treat on some important affair, to compliment upon some happy occasion, or to condole upon a death." But the Congress of Vienna introduced a new order of things in diplomacy, if not in the dictionaries.

C. W. ERNST.



## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## How Novels are made.

ONE of the petty grievances of writers of fiction has been hitherto that on a chance encounter with the most indifferent people they are likely to be interrogated in this wise: "Mr. So-and-so, do tell me how you write your stories! Do you know it all from the beginning, or do you make it up as you go along? Are your characters ideal, or are they studies from real life? How nice it must be! I always thought I could write stories myself if I only knew how to set about it." But, now that the *opus magnum* of a novelist is to write his autobiography and confide all the secrets of his workshop to the world, the most intricate methods are likely to be well understood. We already know almost as much concerning Charles Reade's mode of working up from his note-books as we need to be told. Dickens's ways of going to work are no secret, and Anthony Trollope's routine has been shown to be so simple that all one has to do is to sit hard at one's desk and write, write, write eternally, so many words every quarter of an hour, and the thing does itself. Readers of Scott's life will remember how Captain Basil Hall, visiting the still undeclared author of "Waverley" at Abbotsford, pegged away at his diary in his own room, and calculated that, counting word for word, he progressed with his twaddle as rapidly as Sir Walter did with his romances. "And as for the invention," he naively remarks, "it is known that this costs Scott nothing, but comes to him of its own accord." "Give me matter and a push," somebody said before Captain Basil Hall, "and I will make the solar system." "Matter and the push" still defy easy analysis, but it seems probable that the receipt for these first principles may become in time easy of attainment.

The "Pall Mall Gazette," after setting out the way in which plays are

made, is likely to set its staff to work interviewing novelists. When this is done there can be little doubt but that the minor novelists, like the minor playwrights, will flatter the public belief that a few well-chosen strokes supersede the necessity for careful study and persevering effort, and that with an easy command of the requisite skill to create off-hand just the impression desired, followed up with some felicity of execution, the novel is written, the publishers propitiated, and the public enchanted as by magic. But, before the enterprising "Pall Mall Gazette" ferrets out the devices of the Payns, Robinsons, etc., let us fancy ourselves listening to the candid recitals of our own half-dozen prominent American novelists, each of whom is in his way a specialist with a *mot d'enigme* of his own.

"It was not at the very outset," the author of "A Passionate Pilgrim" might be supposed to say, "that the possibilities of the international novel loomed clearly before my mind. I began, it is true, by writing the analytical story, but regarded it merely from the general human stand-point, until I discovered that by turning my *dramatis personæ* into tourists, their imaginations and sensibilities could be as well kindled by the high historic charms of Italian cities and old English manor-houses as by private and personal emotion. Then, my own culture being enlarged and my taste toned down and cleared of all excrescences, I gradually began to look at the American traveller with a new perception, and to measure the enormous gulf which yawned between him and the European with his twenty centuries behind him, until I resolved to be a second Curtius, to throw myself into this abyss and save my country. For in order to realize the depth and breadth of this hiatus a writer must have been an American, and not only an American but a New-Englander. He must have

breathed that thin chilly air, have listened admiringly to crotchety and chimerical transcendentalisms uttered with a nasal twang, have joined social groups where the refreshments offered were uncooked apples and cold water,—he must, I say, have traversed these circles of torment, reached purgatory (which is the goal of most Americans),—when he comprehends for the first time what he has passed through,—and then entered a paradise, where he receives with the eager grasp of a sympathetic spirit the enchantments and refinements of the Old World. Once seize the idea of the situation, and you will perceive that the mere spectacle of a crude, uncouth, rampant American man or woman, confronted with the mellowness, the repose, the patrician indifference, of Europe, contains in itself all the humor, the irony, the inevitable necessity which belong both to comedy and tragedy. Mere romance becomes child's play in the presence of these deeper and more awful realities which banish poetry and idealism. Thus, in writing stories, all I have to do is to see vividly and effectively what difficulties a compatriot of my own would find in any position when he is brought into relations with a European, and the thing is done at once."

"As for myself," the author of "Their Wedding-Journey" might say, "as I am a critic and an essayist, and not, *au fond*, a story-teller at all, and as, besides, all the stories have been told long ago, I take the question of the day which chiefly interests modern minds, and discuss that, bringing it into fresh lights and polishing off all the sharp points. It is, of course, the woman question. They say that I choose my own stand-point; but I think I am no *wronger* of woman, although I may not in the popular phrase talk about her *rights*. It is a liberal education for a man to study woman's foibles, her contradictory whims, her bewildering prettinesses, her fallacies and superstitions. Dogmatic rules of art for the treatment of the feminine question there are none: so in any moment of

doubt I invariably recur to some one of the sex for a fresh study, and so subtle and so infinite are the varieties that she never leaves me at fault for some novel and piquant effect, but almost on the instant does something entirely characteristic,—like filling her mouth with pins, making some enormous self-sacrifice without regarding it as anything in particular, telling an out-and-out fib with the purest unconsciousness of wrong-doing, or sitting down in the midst of a maelstrom and declaring she must be taken home in a boat. The way to write a novel is to take a charming woman for a heroine, then not, try to make formulas and deduce logical ideas about her course of action, but simply watch and wait for her to inspire you, and, looking closely and listening with a fine ear, the thing is done at once."

"I don't myself go in for any small realism," the author of "Fortune's Fool" might say. "To my thinking, there is plenty of the obvious and commonplace to sicken one, whichever way one may turn. The cunning arrangement of a thousand carefully-studied-out effects may do very well for writers destitute of imagination, but the possessor of that unique inheritance must seize an idea original, vital, fruitful, perhaps grotesque, perhaps monstrous, opening up at once before the mind vast heights and cavernous abysses. Taking this far-reaching conception, the artist will with marvellous dexterity embody it in symbols expressive of his individual fancy and feeling. The more of an Impressionist he is, the livelier effect he is likely to produce upon the reader. The one essential is to have an original thought, which perhaps delights, perhaps shocks, and to work this rapidly, boldly, and unconventionally up to the catastrophe, which should astonish rather than please. That is the way an effective story is made."

"After all," says the author of "Mr. Isaacs," "we are young, not gray-beards; and what is the use of criticising and analyzing a world which stretches out before us fair and beauti-

ful, covered with the purple light of imagination that makes the oldest things seem new? Why is it that the emotions of modern novelists are withered, their fancy turned barren, when the world is just as thirsty as ever for romance? No wonder they turn to a heaven-sent story-teller, who, instead of adopting the stiff, conventional, modern garb, puts himself into picturesque and poetic costume, adorned all over with profuse golden flourishes and set off with jewels. By thus avoiding the *niminy-piminies* and giving myself up to the domination of a rich and glowing fancy, my story blossoms spontaneously as a flower. It writes itself, as it were, and all the world knows with what delightful ease, picturesqueness, and, above all, unexpectedness."

"The secret of writing successful novels," the author of "An Ambitious Woman" might say, "is to tell people what they are dying to know. There is a saying that one half the world knows nothing about how the other half lives. But take fashionable life: only a very minute fraction of the world has the faintest notion of what goes on in those charmed circles. All women have a lively eagerness to hear about the competitions, struggles, and experiences of the successful woman who enters society and carries it, as it were, at the cannon's mouth, by her beauty, wit, insolence, or wealth. So by detailing a history like this, more or less conventionally, but with an occasional touch of realism,—above all, painting the black very black,—a book is made which has all the elements of actual flesh-and-blood interest in it."

Mr. J. S., of Dale, might say, "The young man of the period is really *une âme incomprise*, and my effort is to make him better understood. Until I began, it had been a long time since the very young man—the undergraduate, one might call him—had played a really heroic part in novels. Bulwer and D'Israeli appreciated his capabilities, but the more experienced man of the world, of thirty or so, has for a generation or more taken his place, and the

collegiate has been a symbol for crudity, absurdity, and hobbledehoyism. Yet the real truth is that for deep, gloomy, and spontaneous insight into the problems of life there exists no one at the present day with opportunities like the Harvard graduate's. He may have gone into college with hopefulness, ambition, and patriotism, but he is sure to emerge with all these illusions gone. Except in extremely fortunate cases, he will have exhausted the family purse to that degree that he is compelled to renounce the idea of a European tour, and the future holds up before him nothing but a grim spectre pointing to hard, grinding, and remorseless work. Wine-parties and cigars have undermined his digestion, and such a burden of dyspepsia is the result that his fancy sits brooding like an overfed vulture on a picked carcass. After studying a variety of subjects and touching bottom nowhere, life is seen to be a shoreless sea, girt about with mystery and hopelessness. Heine's sparkling antithesis for a moment may light up the blackness, but Schopenhauer is the true prophet of so hopeless a generation. Naturally, then, a group of these callow philosophers offers conversation only a step removed from the profundity of the original thinkers. Everything may be discussed when one has just been through courses of literature, ethics, and metaphysics. As for love, the facilities of very young men for falling hopelessly in love are of course exceptional, since in the very nature of things first love is apt to be forbidden by some remorseless law of reason or ways and means, thus offering a complete and tragical despair which may do the novelist great service."

L. W.

#### Chronic Invalids and Faith-Cures.

To certain minds there is a fascination in any phenomenon which strengthens a belief in the presence of supernatural agencies. It might seem easy to prove that such faith argues a scant measure of really adequate conception of what the Unseen Powers are, since the performances ascribed to them are paltry

and trivial, and not only imperfect at all times, but liable to hinderances and defeat. The strength of the faithful lies, however, in their infinite faith and their infinite hope, and those to whom their delusions are most obvious are apt to be touched by the pathetic side of the picture, and almost wish to have them flattered and confirmed in their beliefs rather than to be convicted of absurdity and shamed out of them. Certainly if a stimulating, sympathetic influence can be brought to bear upon invalid women, to revive the torpid will, thrill the nerves, and rouse a fresh impulse toward active life, one should have a weighty reason before putting any impediment in its way. Many things have happened of late which are called "miracles," "faith-cures," and the like; and women who have been almost life-long invalids have left their couches and resumed their places in their family circles. We do not intend to look too curiously into the facts of these reported cures, but simply to try to deduce some connection with our experiences of every-day life, and to ask whether chronic invalidism is as hopeless a doom for so many women as it has been made to seem for the past fifty years. Grief, fatigue, and sickness all incline the sufferer to take a horizontal position, and the doctors have urged persons so afflicted to maintain it. "Go to bed and lie flat on your back" is the invariable counsel; and it is a valuable one: it enforces immediate rest; it may arrest disease; it offers, too, a chance for experiment when the medical man is a little at fault about symptoms, and allows him an opportunity to find out what is really the matter, while ordinary pursuits and excitements are suspended. Most women are tired,—we all know "The Tired Woman's Epitaph,"—and it is a blessed thing to have the work taken from the weary hands. The trouble is that once removed from the jading and depressing influences of every-day life, allowed to feel that her place is satisfactorily filled and that she ought to make no effort, it may become a difficult enterprise for her

to resume active life at the earliest possible moment. "A lady's doctor" is the phrase for an accommodating physician who sympathizes with nerves, indolence, and dread of exertion, who insists on the necessity for perfect ease of mind and absence of all struggle to rise above the pain and lassitude of sickness into every-day occupations. And it is largely from the patients of these "ladies' doctors" that the believers in the faith-cure and its subjects are recruited. But, since a *sine qua non* of a faith-cure is the patient's dismissal of all physicians, the medical fraternity are likely to set to work and perform their own miracles. Most doctors have found their patients gullible, and gulled they have been, while their complaints have been listened to with unwearied patience, helpfulness in small remedies, and practical imperturbability as to final results, to the substantial benefit of the doctor's pocket. Faith-cures may do good by infusing different ideas into the procedures of physicians, by inflicting a sort of stigma upon that unnecessary invalidism which is merely a love of ease and a horizontal position. The will, the courage, and the conscience must be kept alive in an invalid; and a pious passivity, remorseless endurance, is far from being the best state of mind to be inculcated. Any "faith-cure," of whatever degree of efficiency, is an answer to the question, "Is this a hopeless case?" Probably most invalids enjoy a delightful vision of a complete restoration to health, and are secret believers in a latent strength in themselves, which, when told to take no counsel of flesh and blood, but to rely on a higher power, will enable them to rise up and walk. The mere fact of continuous existence under such conditions indicates an amount of vigor that waits to be called into play. By all means let faith-cures, every kind of cure, abound. Let invalidism be banished from every household where it lurks. Let every woman who lies day after day, trying to bear the monotony and melancholy of her life, ask herself whether she is absolutely compelled to

keep her couch, or whether her nerves merely shrink from the pain of effort.

M. D.

**Mrs. Joe Smith.**

WHEN Artemus Ward said to Brigham Young, "How's your mother-in-law?" he was succinctly inquiring about the health of twenty or thirty ladies.

Many people believe that the man in whose crafty mind the mighty system of Mormonism had its origin was also the husband of at least two wives, and, in consequence, the possessor of a duplex mother-in-law. All the living members of Joseph Smith's family strenuously deny this statement; and the writer of this sketch had an opportunity to discover that it would have required some temerity to make such an assertion in the presence of the "original and only" Mrs. Joseph.

In the summer of 1854 I went with a friend to the town of Nauvoo, from which the Mormons had removed a few years earlier. Soon after that a colony of French socialists had taken possession of their homes; but the widow of Joseph Smith, who was now Mrs. Biddison, still lived in the house she had occupied when her first husband was killed. Mrs. Biddison was the hostess of the Nauvoo Arms, the only hotel in the town, and she had occupied the same position during the days when Nauvoo was the headquarters of Mormondom. At that time there were a great many foreign artisans in the town, engaged in building the Mormon Temple, and some of these workmen boarded at the hotel kept by the Prophet's wife.

My friend and I walked through the town, and examined the imposing remains of the burnt temple, with its colossal marble oxen surrounding the huge granite baptismal font. It has been generally believed that a mob of Gentiles destroyed this temple; but the people of Montrose, on the opposite bank of the Mississippi, thought it was destroyed by the Mormons themselves.

After seeing all that was interesting in the place, we returned to the hotel and partook of the dinner which Mrs.

Biddison, who happened to be alone in the house, had prepared for us with her own hands. The dinner was a very good one, and the hostess sat down with us at the table and conversed with us while we were eating. She was about forty-five years old, of medium height, and rather stout, but quick and active in her movements. Her complexion was clear, though somewhat sunburnt. Her features were good and regular, her eyes very black and piercing, and her hair of the same color, slightly turned to gray. She had married Joseph Smith in the State of New York, some years before he announced his discovery of the Mormon Bible. She accompanied her husband in all his subsequent movements, and they had three children,—two boys and one girl.

Mrs. Biddison acquired a good deal of property in Nauvoo during the lifetime of her first husband, and, as she had never been a member of the Mormon Church, she did not leave the town after his death.

The Mormons offered her son Joseph great inducements to accompany them, but he refused to leave his mother. Her daughter also remained with her, and was happily married. But her younger son went to Utah with the Mormons. Mrs. Biddison expressed herself very freely and openly about the members of the Mormon Church, and spoke in a contemptuous manner of their profession of faith. It was evident that if the Church of the Latter-Day Saints had ever had her sympathy, it did not possess it then.

After dinner, Mrs. Biddison conducted us through the house, and showed us the portrait of Joseph Smith, painted by one of the most skillful artists in Europe. It represented him as a very commonplace, ordinary person, and we found it hard to believe that such a man could have acquired absolute power over a large body of people.

My companion had the boldness to mention to Mrs. Biddison the report that Joseph Smith had set his followers the example of polygamy.

The mere mention of such a rumor



made her very indignant. "No, sir!" she exclaimed. "Joe Smith had but one wife, and I was that one. It wouldn't have been well for any other woman to assert any claim to him in my presence. If other women chose to do such things, it was none of my business. Joe Smith knew very well that he couldn't have another wife, here or anywhere else. No, sir! Joe Smith had but one wife. He ruled the Mormons, and I ruled him." As Mrs. Biddison spoke, her eyes flashed, her nostrils expanded, and her whole form shook with passion. We were thoroughly satisfied that Mrs. Biddison had the ability to

keep Joseph Smith, or any other man to whom she might have a claim, straight in the narrow road of morality and decency.

Before leaving, we saw Mr. Biddison, young Joe, his sister, and her husband. Joe was a fine-looking young man, about twenty-five years old, and his sister a stout, handsome young lady of twenty. They both evidently owed their good looks to their mother, and showed no resemblance to the mean-looking individual whose portrait was displayed on the wall of a bedchamber in the Nauvoo Arms.

J. A. M.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Our Chancellor: Sketches for a Historical Picture." By Moritz Busch. Translated from the German by William Beatty-Kingston. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THERE is not, nor is it at all likely that there will ever be, a Bismarckian "legend." Whatever falsehoods have circulated in regard to the great chancellor have been invented for the purpose not of magnifying but of diminishing his glory. Despite the magnitude of his achievements, his is not a figure that appeals to the popular imagination or captivates the popular heart. The very nation which in a sense he may be said to have created regards him coldly and bends with reluctance under his powerful will. He has, in fact, never sought either to fascinate the multitude or to win personal devotion from individuals. His determined and self-reliant but thoroughly practical nature, neither admitting illusions nor wasteful of energy, has shed no glamour, exercised no spell, attracted no sympathy. Is he, then, indifferent as to the feelings he excites, devoid of any sense of his own isolation? Not wholly, it would seem. One evening, at Varzin, we are told, "after having sat silent for a while, gazing straight before him and feeding the fire, now and anon, with pine cones, he suddenly began to complain that

his political activity had brought him but little satisfaction and few friends. Nobody loved him for what he had done. He had never made anybody happy thereby, he said; not himself, nor his family, nor any one else. Some of those present would not admit this, and suggested that he had made a great nation happy. 'But,' he continued, 'how many have I made unhappy! But for me, three great wars would not have been fought; eighty thousand men would not have perished; parents, brothers, sisters, and widows would not be bereaved and plunged into mourning. That matter, however, I have settled with God. But I have had little or no joy from all my achievements,—nothing but vexation, care, and trouble.' He continued for some time in the same strain." But such explosions are rare, and do not, we imagine, proceed from any deep discontent. They spring from the reaction of a strenuous will, not from the agitations of a strongly emotional nature.

Future generations will perhaps be surprised at the comparative lack of interest, of curiosity, and of conflicting sentiments shown by his contemporaries in regard to a man who, more than any other in modern times, has given force and direction to the currents of history.

The career of Napoleon will seem in the comparison like a raging flood that has swollen and receded, destroying much that was already doomed, depositing incidentally material for new foundations, but producing no permanent structural changes and exerting no creative power of its own. The world already acknowledges that Bismarck's work is solid and durable. It is not merely that he has organized a great empire in Central Europe, where before all was division and weakness, that he has curtailed the limits and powers of the surrounding states, that he has been able to dictate to each its course of action, but that as a result of all this he has established a policy that must continue to control the relations of the Continental governments, so long at least as they retain their present form, making it to all appearance impossible for the general framework to be again shaken by single or local convulsions. No such accord of opinion exists in regard to Bismarck's domestic administration. But so long as the opposition remains split into factions and continues to display an utter incapacity for steady and combined resistance, his measures will scarcely be thought by outside observers to require any elaborate justification on their merits. There is little in the book before us to stimulate interest in the subject, but this is not perhaps altogether the author's fault. What the reader has more reason to complain of is the meagreness of the fresh information communicated in regard to a character and a career which Herr Busch has had rare opportunities for observing closely.

"Summer: from the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau." Edited by H. G. O. Blake. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"No one, to my knowledge," writes Thoreau in 1851, "has observed the minute differences in the seasons. Hardly two nights are alike." He proposes "a book of the seasons, each page of which should be written in its own season and out of doors, or in its own locality, whatever it may be."

And to furnish a work of this kind was perhaps his object in making these notes for at least the last eight or nine years of his life. Previous extracts from his journals show less accuracy and faithfulness in description: they are more subjective, and dwell more upon the aspirations of the human heart than upon the phenomena of morning mists and

evening shadows. Jefferies, Milner, the author of "Country Pleasures," and our own John Burroughs have for the last few years given us delightful records of out-of-door life, but Thoreau's diary is still unsurpassed for minuteness and completeness. He seems to have been moved only in part by an artistic sense, or by the desire of a scientific man to accumulate facts that he may study out their real relations. His love for nature means in a large measure his own revolt from society. "I am tired of frivolous society, in which silence is forever the most natural and the best manners. I would fain walk on the deep waters, but my companions will only walk on shallows and puddles. I am naturally silent in the midst of twenty persons from day to day, from year to year. I am rarely reminded of their presence." The chief point with him is to feel free to think out his thoughts untrammelled by conventional forms and unvexed by argument and antagonism. "How well-behaved are cows!" he observes in one place. "Their company is acceptable, for they can endure the longest pauses. They have not to be entertained." To a temper like this, fields, woods, and rivers are peculiarly acceptable. Out of sight of human habitations, everything interests him; his eyesight is fine, and his hearing acute; his heart leaps up at the waving of the trees and the changes of color on the undulating rye. He is no longer stifled by the want of a spiritual outlet toward something beautiful and worthy, yet he does not easily forget his irritations against the dull men and women who go plodding on through their monotonous and narrow lives, unconscious that the green of the grain-fields is glaucous, that of the evergreens dark, and that of the deciduous trees at first yellow and then blue. It is his scorn of the world which gives the finest point to his sayings. He is Puritan to the core. He is so eager to say "The world is too much with" them that he carries about a considerable amount of self-consciousness of his own superiority to worldlings. "The constant inquiry which Nature puts is, 'Are you virtuous? Then you can behold me.' Beauty, fragrance, music, sweetness, and joy of all kinds are for the virtuous," he says, and again remarks that "perception of beauty is a moral test." But a great deal of emotional intensity, besides a strong literary bent, is requisite for the making of books like Thoreau's,

and the reader must be wholly grateful for the inspiration which sent him into the fields and granted him the patience to study the secrets of the dawn and the evening and the comings and goings of the birds. Had he accepted as a boon the society of his neighbors, he might have found neither time nor inclination to watch the turtles lay their eggs in the warm sand and the night-hawks hover above their uncovered nests. There will always be plenty of people to be feebly acquiescent and conform to social usages, and the world had best not be in haste to condemn a man for putting within its reach what without his aid would have been not only unattained, but unattainable. The special fascination of Thoreau's books is that the man's eager brain is constantly behind his ears and eyes, and that, although he is faithful and exaggerates nothing in telling his story, his intellect and imagination see more than his eyes. Side by side with his observations on frogs and clover one finds detached and fugitive thoughts like these:

"If we only see clearly enough how mean our lives are, they will be splendid enough. Let us remember not to strive upwards too long, but sometimes drop plumb down the other way. From the deepest pit we may see the stars. Let us have presence of mind enough to sink when we can't swim."

"Say 'not so,' and you will outcircle the philosophers."

"A man is never inspired unless his body is also. It, too, spurns a tame and commonplace life. They are fatally mistaken who think while they strive with their minds that they may suffer their bodies to stagnate in luxury or sloth. The body is the first proselyte the soul makes."

"In my experience nothing is so opposed to poetry, not crime, as business. It is a negation of life" (which is eminently characteristic).

"We inspire friendship in men when we have contracted friendship with the gods."

Thoreau's descriptions are sometimes felicitous in the extreme, but his power of expression depends much upon the mood and the strength of the moment. Naturally, these journals are less notable than his "Walden" or his "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers;" but until some equal writer fills his place in our literature, a fresh and genuine book like "Summer" could ill be spared.

#### Recent Fiction.

"The Baby's Grandmother." By L. B. Walford. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

"The King's Men: A Tale of To-Morrow." By Robert Grant, John Boyle O'Reilly, J. S., of Dale, and John T. Wheelwright. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Fainalls of Tipton." By Virginia W. Johnson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A book which stamps the freshness and beauty of eighteen years with juvenility and crudeness, and makes thirty-seven appear the age of crowning feminine charm and fascination, is clearly one for which the fair sex ought to be grateful. It may easily be conceded that the women whose witchery has cost men dearest have been far from young, and every-day experience shows that while female adolescence is idealless, flavorless, and tactless, maturity is full of graciousness and pleasantness, possessed of the art of rounding off the sharp edges of things. And no one need quarrel with the pretty sophistry which makes Lady Matilda, the "baby's grandmother," outshine her daughter and her daughter's compeers; for even rebellious and sceptical eighteen knows that the whirligig of time will bring about a sure revenge,—that she herself will finally be thirty-seven years old, with all the advantages which accrue to that age, while at that epoch the all-conquering Lady Matilda must be well on in the fifties.

Lady Matilda Wilmot is a piquant and life-like creation, whose *verve* and force make her easily surpass a generation of insipid, tremulous, or hoydenish heroines. She brings blue sky, sunshine, and a breezy stir into the room she enters; she gives herself freely and generously, makes the best of everything, and delights in the world she inhabits in an entirely healthy and sane way. She is immeasurably the superior of every one with whom she comes in contact; but a queen needs subservient subjects in order to be a queen. She lives with her two brothers, both of whom are passionately devoted to her, and the younger—Teddy—is, so far as nice drawing is concerned, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the book. He is a half-bright, half-witless fellow, and we do not recall, except in Galt's excellent but rarely-read novel "The Entail," the introduction of a similar "innocent" into fiction. Teddy is, however, after Lady Matilda,

one of the wisest persons in the book, for no one can include him in the group of egotists and noodles whose social and private idiosyncrasies are displayed in Mrs. Walford's way, and who are permitted to make themselves as absurd as occasion requires. Lady Matilda's daughter Lotta, dull, self-satisfied, living in the smallest world of proprieties, and married to the most pompous and trivial of Philistines, offers a delightful foil to the elegant and charming grandmamma. Mrs. Walford's comedy is always excellent, and her situations so ingenious that her characters play their parts and declare themselves with small occasion for analysis. Lotta especially must be heard and seen to be appreciated. "You need never be surprised at anything mamma does," she remarks to her husband when they are discussing Lady Matilda's impulsive ways. "She will say one thing one minute and another the next. For instance, yesterday, what do you think she said about the cook yesterday? I told her that we had begun to suspect now that cook had had a hand in Sarah's leaving, and she stopped me at once, before I had even begun to explain what made me think so, with, 'Well, my dear, dismiss her.' You know that quick way mamma has,—'Well, my dear, dismiss her:' as if it were nothing to dismiss a woman like cook. I would not on any account dismiss her unless I had good grounds, really good grounds, for doing so: so when I tried to explain this to mamma, I was trying to show that we had no direct *proofs* and could not be absolutely *certain* at present, when she cried out, 'Well, my dear, don't dismiss her,' all in a minute after she had said, 'Dismiss her,' two seconds before!"

Challoner, who has a prominent rôle to play, is left at first quite out in the cold, and the situation has done its utmost for him by exciting lively interest and expectation before he is brought to the front at all. Perhaps none but a giant could look the size of life beside such a brilliant portrait as Lady Matilda's. Challoner, at least, shows but a poor creature in contrast with her, even while moved by a strong passion. One grows indignant with a man, indeed, who is neither enough of an Antony to kiss away kingdoms nor resolute enough to take himself off when honor bids him. His love for Lady Matilda, and her love for him, unfolded with a hundred delicate and pretty touches, interpenetrate the light comedy of the rest of the story with

a tragic element, little as it first seems to belong to it: their love is forbidden, and the fates are not propitiated until two lives are sacrificed. Mrs. Walford in all her books, if we remember aright, has the fates at work behind the action of her dramas, with Atropos ready to snip the thread at the right moment. But in "The Baby's Grandmother" we find it difficult to decide whether the tragedy means too little or too much. The earlier part of the book is, however, very successful comedy, and both characters and situations show invention, humor, and abundant cleverness.

If the four *collaborateurs* of "The King's Men" had more clearly explained the motive and meaning of their book, we should better know how to rank it. One requires a sufficient motive for putting the date of a novel sixty years hence; and when the adequacy of the motive is conceded, much daring originality and brilliancy of wit are even then needed in order to make the *jeu-d'esprit* effective. A realistic story may afford to grovel on the earth, but a novel which is all in the air needs to soar, and one is impatient at a mere flapping of wings without a single flight into the empyrean. Had these authors contented themselves with 1894 for a date, they might have succeeded better in solving our present enigmas, for what their story shows is the decadence of to-day's fashions and tendencies. A professional beauty gains an income from the royalty upon the sale of her photographs, English aristocrats hire themselves out to adorn the country-houses of rich parvenus, the King of England is banished, Ireland is a republic, and the Nihilists, after assassinating four czars, have finally taken the government of Russia into their own hands. Now, with a clear field of sixty years ahead one may afford to make a few bolder guesses than these. A great many experiments might have been tried in the interval. The female sex, over-empowered and endowed with the suffrage, might have risen to such heights or abandoned themselves to such extremes as to necessitate their re-subjugation, and a new Rape of the Sabines might have inaugurated a new empire, in which men held supremacy and women were slaves. Then, free education and diffused intellectual and artistic culture having deadened imagination, cheapened the "fairy-tales of science and the long results of time," and banished the final vestiges of creative and inspired genius, it might be

supposed to have been found necessary to burn books, abolish teaching, and bring back the dark ages of ignorance and superstition, in order to create a vacuum which nature might once more rouse herself to fill. As for domestic life, new sanitary conditions would have been found essential. About the year 1900, the whole population of the civilized world having succumbed to dyspepsia, a complete revolution in cookery and the arts of life would have been made. Thus, after such a long look ahead as "The King's Men" offers, we are disappointed to get a glimpse of our descendants going about in the threadbare suits we have on to-day and find already a little the worse for wear. And we cannot concede that any felicity in the treatment of the story seems to justify the serious labors of these four recognized *littérateurs*. The problems of the future omitted, there is a slight degree of interest attaching to Mr. Windsor's lavish hospitalities, and to the fiction kept up in the court of the banished King of England. There are droll accounts given of the princess's retinue and of the enforced table-economies of the royal *ménage* which ought to be amusing. Nevertheless, nothing in the book is actually amusing. The action wavers too much between what is traditional and what is unreal; its literal features are pointless: in fact, it belongs neither to one category nor the other.

Miss Johnson's book begins so well, and offers such opportunities for an interesting development, that we cannot help thinking that more time ought to have been spent upon the last half of it,—that its present confused ending might have been more carefully worked out. A great many wheels are set in motion in the first chapter by an anonymous missive sent at the same time to two brothers, both unlucky, both suspicious of each other, and both greedy of gain, which ran thus:

"How long are you going to leave Tipton Farm to your brother, and not find out the secret? The dog in the fable mistook the shadow in the water for a nice bone."

This riddle, which sends both brothers and their families post-haste to take possession of the family estate at Tipton, is more clever than the solution is finally satisfactory. The situation is an excellent one, and the village of Tipton and its inhabitants are in some respects rather cleverly brought off. The action and the con-

versations are, however, never quite coherent, and the series of phenomena which are supposed to carry on the story lack not only reality, but plausibility. The characters run into absurdity, caricature, almost insanity; most of the inhabitants of the village of Tipton appear, in fact, to be harmless lunatics; yet we doubt if such was the author's intention. The heroine of the book, Frances, is comparatively free from eccentricity, and is a very bright, lovable little woman, neither of whose two lovers seems quite worthy of her. An author with a taste for extravagant oddities needs to establish a firm basis of vraisemblance and order for the mere sake of contrast, as otherwise in the general bedlam it is difficult to make sure of any reality. But the reader who likes eccentricity and whim for their own sake, and apart from their relations to real life, has a chance of finding Miss Johnson's latest book very amusing.

#### Books Received.

Stories by American Authors. Vol. III. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Geology and Mineral Resources of the James River Valley, Virginia, U.S.A.: with Maps and Geological Sections. By J. L. Campbell, LL.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Woman Question in Europe: A Series of Original Essays. Edited by Theodore Stanton, M.A., with an Introduction by Frances Power Cobbe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Methods of Teaching Geography. Notes of Lessons. By Lucretia Crocker. Second Edition. Boston: Boston School Supply Company.

A Commercial Trip with an Uncommercial Ending. By George H. Bartlett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Brief Hand-Book of American Authors. By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Plantation Lays, and Other Poems. By Belton O'Neill Townsend, A.B. Columbia, S.C.: Charles A. Calvo, Jr.

Wendell Phillips: A Eulogy. By George William Curtis. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Mothers of Great Men and Women, and Some Wives of Great Men. By Laura C. Holloway. Illustrated. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

Round the World. By Andrew Carnegie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.